

If It's Neuralgia

and those sharp, shooting, agonizing pains drive you almost crazy, take Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and get relief. They drive out the pain by their soothing effect upon the nerves. When taken as directed they are harmless, and leave no bad after-effects. That's the reason they are so popular with all who use them. Your druggist can tell you what others in your locality think of them.

"I do positively think that Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are the best medicine ever put upon the market. I find them so restful and soothing, and without any bad after-effects. I have suffered with neuralgia so that my system would just ache and quiver, and I cannot take opiates; but I can take these tablets, and they always relieve me. No one that suffers with neuralgia need fear to take them as I know they will not form a habit, for if there was any opiate in them I could not take them. Just one in the morning when I feel bad, and I can do my work all day."

MRS. W. H. BURKETT, Macon, Ga.
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Notice!

I hereby give notice to all persons not to trust my wife, Bernice Mumma, on any account, as I will not pay or stand for any debts contracted by her.

DAVID MUMMA.

Public Sale!

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

On Saturday, the 1st day of August, 1908, the undersigned, Administrator of Charles F. Sheetz, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams County, deceased, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Adams County and to him directed, will sell on the premises the following described real estate:

A Tract of Land situate in Mountpleasant township, Adams County, on road leading from New Oxford to Romeville, about 12 miles West of New Oxford, containing 33 acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Joseph Bienenroth, Abraham Stambaugh and Nicholas Wagner, improved with a Two-story Frame House, frame Barn and outbuildings. A school house adjoins this tract of land and it is convenient to mills and markets. The land is in a high state of cultivation and will make a desirable home. Any person or persons desiring to examine the same can do so by calling on John Herman, who lives on the property. Sale will begin at 1 o'clock p. m., when term will be made known by JOSEPH H. SHEELY, Adm'r.

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ESTATE OF ANGELINE SHANERBROOK, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.—Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned residing in same township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

H. J. SNEEDINGER, Executor.

Route 9, Gettysburg, Pa.

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ESTATE OF PETER K. SMITH, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.—Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned residing in same township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

S. M. SMITH, Administrator.

DISOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the firm name of Drs. Sheetz & Seaks, has been dissolved by mutual consent the 16th day of June, 1908.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ.

DR. GEO. H. SEAKS.

All unpaid bills to be settled at the office of either Dr. Sheetz and Dr. Seaks within 90 days. All persons having claims or demands against same will please present them for settlement.

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Physician and Surgeon,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN,

HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP,

MIDDLEINGS, POTATOES,

COARSE AND FINE SALT,

&c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.

Ladies' China Silk Shirt Waists, in white and black.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Balto. St., Hanover.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William Rinehart of Chambersburg, spent several days at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rinehart, near town. Mr. John Rinehart of South Bend, Ind., is spending some time with his parents at the same place.

Mr. William Jacobs of New York City, visited his brother, butcher Chas. E. Jacobs, Carlisle street. Mr. Jacobs' mother, of East Berlin, also visited at the same place.

Miss Mary Sadler of Qualityville, who spent last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Eyer, near Emmitsburg, returned home on Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Eyer, who spent several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sadler.

Mr. Irvin Ruff and wife of Philadelphia, are spending some time with his parents, Prof. and Mrs. D. Ruff, Philadelphia St.

Mr. Edward Diehl and family of Philadelphia, spent some time with friends in this place and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rardon of Indianapolis, Ind., spent the past week with Mrs. Rardon's cousin, Miss Mayme Slaybaugh, West High street.

John Winand of York, Clarence Yanger of Harrisburg, Ollie Jacobs, York Springs, Lillie Gouchenour of York, spent a few days with J. W. Winand and family of West High street.

Miss Laura Winand of West High street returned home after spending the past week with her uncle, Walter Winand, at Beirmudian.

Mrs. Samuel Mackley and son Clayton of Harrisburg, Mrs. Adams of Gettysburg, spent a few days with Mrs. John Wolf, West High street.

Messrs. Charles Young and John Abel of Johnstown, and Miss Marie McDonald of York, were the guests of Miss Emma Kuhn, Pitt street, Saturday.

Miss Vernie Smith and brother Willie, of Harrisburg, and Miss Iva Hummer of York, are visiting at the home of their uncle, Wm. Gilbert, Carlisle street.

Hymenial.

Norman Zech and Miss Rosetta Britcher, both of York, were united in marriage in the M. E. church, this place, Sunday morning by Rev. W. W. Hartman. It appears the young couple had somewhat of a trying experience before they secured a minister to perform the ceremony. They were to have been married at York on Saturday afternoon but were disappointed in the minister not appearing in time for them to take the evening train for this place so they boarded the train and bro't the license with them stopping at the home of Mr. Charles Bollinger in Mountpleasant township. Sunday morning Mr. Bollinger brought the couple to town and after visiting the Lutheran and Reformed parsonages, and finding both ministers out of town, they went to the M. E. church where the regular Sunday services were already in progress, and the clergyman being apprised of their desire to get married, called them forward to the railing and performed the ceremony, after which the regular services were resumed. The young couple returned to the home of Mr. Bollinger immediately after the ceremony was performed.

July 17, at Dillsburg, by Rev. I. W. Trostle, Geo. Heller and Miss Cora Gardner, both of Latimore township, were united in marriage.

Fire at Pleasant Hill.

About 12 o'clock Monday night a cigar shop and an adjoining stable on the premises of John A. Sterner, at Pleasant Hill, near Hanover, was totally destroyed by fire. Mr. Sterner did an extensive business, and at the present time had in his employ about 30 cigarmakers. The barn, hog stable, chicken house and some other outbuildings caught fire and were also destroyed, with all contents. The new cigarmaking shop of Milton Sterner, a brother, was set on fire and considerably damaged. The fire in the John Sterner factory, it is believed, was caused by an overheated stove, which was in operation for drying tobacco. The building, one story high, and 40 feet long, contained about 100,000 cigars, and a large quantity of leaf tobacco.

B. F. Thomas, formerly a practicing physician, but later a revenue officer, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. F. W. Newman, in York, aged 65.

Ladies' Muslim Underwear, at less than you can buy the muslin and make it for

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

Hanover, Pa.

On the celebrated duck farm of Rev. D. B. Mentzer, near Midvale, at the foot of South Mountain, 50,420 eggs were laid by ducks from December 1 to the present time. During the same period 14,000 young ducks were hatched.

A nice selection Plaid Wool Batiste at 29c, worth 50c.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Balto. St., Hanover

Made Narrow Escape.

Hanover, July 25.—H. F. Bowman of Fulton street, made a narrow escape from an accident in last evening's storm. He spent the afternoon at his farm near Pentland, in the vicinity of Porter's Siding. After the storm had ceased he started for home. As he reached the crossing over Oil creek the water was rushing over the wooden structure, completely hiding it from view. Knowing well the location, he was about to drive across, when he heard someone calling to him from a house nearby. Turning around, one of the occupants warned him not to trust the bridge as it had been condemned by township supervisors. However, Mr. Bowman, who was rather anxious to get home before another downpour, concluded to take chances, when with a crash the timbers were loosed from their foundation and the bridge swept down the stream. Mr. Bowman then turned his horses around and was compelled to drive home by way of Sinsheim.

John W. Fraim of Center Mills, has been awarded the contract to build a railroad bridge in Virginia.

John W. Wierman and daughter Maud, of Wierman's Mill, near York Springs, are critically ill and no hopes given for recovery.

FOR SALE.—One 12 horse power Ames portable Engine and boiler. Good as new and guaranteed. JOHN S. WEAVER.

John Bose, aged 70, expired suddenly Friday morning at 10 o'clock while walking at his home near Zion's View, York county.

Albert, the 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Snyder, of York, fell into a tub of boiling water and was so badly scalded that he may probably die.

York, July 25.—While participating in a social function, at the Wrightsville Country Club, last night, Henry Birnstock, 8 years old, who was playing on the second floor, fell from a window, sustaining injuries that will likely cause his death. He was found unconscious.

The goods which were stolen from Wm. Hammer's cigar store, at Gettysburg, Sunday night, were found in Blocher's lumber yard, wrapped in an old coat. Detective Wilson and Chief of Police Gordon gave the matter their immediate attention and Monday evening arrested two colored men who are thought to have committed the robbery.

Altoona, July 27.—Ever since the storm at Gettysburg many members of Co. E 5th Regiment, have been partially deaf, as though cotton was stuffed in their ears, they say, as the result of the lightning and thunder.

Born—July 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles McMaster, Bonneauville, a son.

Rev. Dr. Korn of St. Paul Reformed church has been granted a few weeks vacation and with his family is spending two weeks with friends at Cove, W. Va.

A very pleasant surprise was given Miss Emma Miller of Oxford township, on her birthday anniversary, July 23, by receiving 96 post cards from her friends. They were much appreciated and she returns many thanks to her friends for their kind remembrances and hearty good wishes.

S.

F. Brande MacCarthy of Philadelphia, has purchased from J. G. Stocker the plant of the Hanover Bottling Works, together with the good will, fixtures, etc., as well as two private dwellings on Abbottstown street, for \$27,000.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Myers of Gettysburg, spent a part of last week at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Geo. N. Laufer, West High street.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration Accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 24th day of August, 1908, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., viz:

188.—First and final account of Emanuel Dehner and John A. Dehner, Executors of the last will and testament of Tobias Dehner, late of Germany township, dec'd.

189.—First and final account of G. W. Koser, Administrator of Wm. Warren, dec'd. of Menallen township.

190.—First and final account of Edward J. Roland, Adm'r. c. t. a. of will annexed of Joseph S. Roland, late of Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

191.—First and final account of W. C. Rogers, Administrator of Jane Marshall, late of Fairfield borough, deceased.

192.—First and final account of Cyrus G. Beales and Charles J. Griest, Executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Gardner, late of Latimore township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

193.—First and final account of Daniel Thomas, Executor of the last will and testament of Fannie Crum, late of Butler township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

194.—First and final account of Geo. W. Minter and Lizzie A. Minter, Executors of Adam W. Minter, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

195.—First and final account of Wm. A. Trostle, Administrator of the estate of Mary Trostle, late of East Berlin, Adams county, deceased.

196.—The first and final account of Joseph Orndorff, Administrator of the estate of David E. Orndorff, late of Liberty township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

197.—First and final account of John W. Coulson, Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Hargett, late of Cumberland township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

198.—The first and final account of Howard C. Hartley, Administrator of Anna A. Hartley, late of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

199.—First and final account of Beatty H. Beechler, Trustee to several estate of Harry F. Beechler, late of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., under the order of the Orphans' Court of said county.

D. F. STEFFY, Register.

Shipwrecked Party Were Stuck on Sand Bar.

Egg Harbor, N. J., July 28.—Ship wrecked at midnight in the middle of Egg Harbor bay, their crippled steam launch fast on a sand bar, a party of four girls and five young men were rescued by Captain Rider, of the lighthouse at St. Albans-by-the-Sea.

Starting out for an after-dinner cruise, the young people enjoyed a splendid evening. When they turned toward land the boat left the channel and ran aground on a sand bar.

Efforts of the men failed to budge it. Frantic signals were unheeded. The bottom of the launch, imbedding itself in the sand, it listed to one side and was in danger of filling with water.

For three hours the men worked like Trojans. They plunged into the water waist deep, pushing and shoving. They blew long blasts of the launch's whistle, and finally by means of a lighted newspaper, soaked in oil, they attracted the attention of the lighthouse keeper.

Thrown From Boat and Drowned.

Oswego, N. Y., July 28.—Two young women, Miss Theresa Parker, of Oswego, and Miss Millie Sutton, of Newark, N. J., were drowned in the Oswego river here as the result of a peculiar motorboat accident. The young women who lost their lives were of a party of seven, three men and four women, who went out on the river in a motorboat. When the boat was caught in a swift current the steersman made a quick turn, and the strain presumably broke the steering gear, for the boat suddenly veered violently about, at the same time hurling Miss Parker and Miss Sutton into the water. They were drowned before the others could assist them.

Boy, 15, Married to Girl, 12, a Suicide.

Sergeant, Ky., July 28.—Lecnard Hall, the fifteen-year-old son of Elder Joseph Hall, a Baptist preacher at Hillard, committed suicide in the home of his father by shooting himself with a shotgun. He was married two months ago to little Miss Rhoda Profit, barely twelve years old, his schoolmate, with whom the boy husband had not lived happily.

Laurel, Del., July 28.—It has just been learned that Harvey Spicer, a well-known politician and fruit broker of Bethel, was robbed of \$3000 in bills just as he was preparing to deposit it with the Sussex Trust company here, late Saturday afternoon. Three negroes are suspected of the robbery.

Arrangements were just being made to close the bank, which keeps open late on Saturdays, when Spicer entered to make a deposit. The wallet containing the \$3000 was left lying at a desk, while he stepped to the telephone in response to a call.

Two minutes later, when he stepped back to the desk, the wallet was missing. In the meantime, three negroes had been in the bank, one of them entering to get change for a small bill. Search was made for the negroes, but they had made their escape.

Sunday the wallet, with all the papers intact and some money, which was in a false pocket in the wallet, was found in a cornfield on the outskirts of the city. The theft was kept quiet with the hope of rounding up the negroes at a negro camp meeting, but the men wanted were not there.

The Officials Are Silent About Strange Theft.

Philadelphia, July 28.—Silent as the Sphinx are the officials of the Traders' National bank, 324 Chestnut street, concerning the mysterious disappearance of a large sum of money from the counting room of the institution on Thursday of last week. The amount is said to be \$15,000.

Because of this positive refusal to explain and the further instructions of silence to every employee in the institution, it was impossible to obtain the details. But from other sources it was learned that the receiving teller on Thursday counted the funds which remained in his hands at the close of business, preparatory to turning it over to the paying teller, who in turn was to have counted it and placed it away in the vault. Leaving his desk for a brief space of time, the teller returned, and is said to have given, or believed he was giving to the other teller the amount counted with an attached memorandum, showing the sum in each package with the figures totaled. When the latter made his usual check, to the surprise of both men, the discrepancy of a large amount, said to be \$15,000, was found. After a second and third count and a thorough search a report was made of the transaction, which caused consternation among the clerical force.

So far as known, no one entered the bank during the interim, and, in fact, since no one within the bank is suspected of abstracting the money during the teller's temporary absence, the transaction remains the deepest sort of a mystery. Although detectives are

at work on the case, no clues have yet been found.

Negro Stabs Two Policemen.

Philadelphia, July 28.—Policeman John Murray was stabbed fourteen times and probably fatally wounded, and Morris Selman, a brother officer, was dangerously stabbed in an exciting fight in the fashionable Rittenhouse square district by William Jackson, a powerful negro. Jackson was one of a crowd loitering in the square expecting a band concert to take place. When ordered to move along he knocked Selman down, and when Murray came up threw him over the first officer. He then drew a knife and, falling upon the two officers, stabbed them repeatedly. Several of his knife thrusts penetrated Murray's lungs and aito ment. A crowd chased the negro and captured him after severely beating him.

Confesses He Murdered His Aunt.

Drawn back to the scene of his crime by a force he could not resist, August Eberhard, the self-confessed murderer of his aunt, Mrs. Ottillie Eberhard, a Venese widow, whom he lured to a lonely spot in New Jersey a few days ago and shot to death, was captured near Paterson, N. J., and is now a prisoner in the Hackensack jail.

What interested the authorities most in the confession Eberhard made to them was the reason he gave for committing the crime. Eberhard said that he was in love with a New York girl, and that he needed money to marry her, and so, knowing that his aunt had \$2500, he plotted to kill her and steal the money. Eberhard says he also intended to kill his pretty cousin, Ottillie Eberhard, to whom he was engaged, so that nothing would stand in the way of his marriage to the New York girl. The police have the name of the girl mentioned by Eberhard, and she will be brought to Hackensack to tell what she knows of the murder.

When Eberhard was searched not a penny was found in his pockets. He said that he had buried the money he stole from his aunt. He led the detectives to a tree near Little Falls, and there dug up a bundle of bills. There was \$2500 in the bundle, which was the amount that was stolen, as the murderer left a small amount of money in the bosom of his aunt's waist, so as to give the impression that she had not been robbed.

Oil Trust's Big Fine Set Aside.

Following the unanimous decision of Judges Grosscup, Seaman and Baker, who compose the United States circuit court of appeals at Chicago, reversing and remanding the case of the government against the Standard Oil company, of Indiana, in which case Judge Landis in the district court had imposed a fine of \$29,240,000, the federal attorneys announced that the government had thirty days within which to file a petition for a rehearing, and that it would be filed within the allotted period. In the case that was reversed the Standard Oil company, of Indiana, was found guilty of accepting rebates on shipments of oil from its refinery at Whiting, Ind., to East St. Louis, Ill. Judge Landis fined the company \$20,000 on each of 1462 counts, each count representing a carload shipment.

The opinion of three judges of the higher court leaves little of the contention that each carload constituted a separate offense. Even the various shipments, of which there were about 500, could not be considered as separate offenses under the ruling of the court of appeals. The maximum fine on this basis would amount to \$720,000 and the minimum \$36,000. It is said that \$223,000 is the total amount the Standard Oil company is alleged to have received as rebates on the shipments in question.

Death of Bishop Potter.

Henry Codman Potter, seventh Protestant Episcopal bishop of the diocese of New York, died at Fernleigh, his summer home at Cooperstown, N. Y., after an illness of several weeks. The end was peaceful and quiet. The prelate was seventy-four years old.

Death was due primarily to embolism of the right leg, following a long attack of liver and stomach trouble, and the end had been foreseen for several days by the bishop's physicians. Bishop Potter suffered a severe relapse Monday, and though oxygen was given, his decline was gradual, and he sank into unconsciousness, which lasted until the end.

Cripple Shoots Two In Quarrel.

Frank Paddaux, twenty-eight, was shot and killed, and Bert Bland, aged twenty, probably fatally hurt at Wanty-Glo, near Johnstown, Pa., by Chester Gibson, nineteen years old, a cripple, who stated in the Ebensburg jail that he did not remember the shooting. It is said that Paddaux and Gibson had been drinking, and, meeting Bland, requested him to buy some sandwiches. A dispute followed the young man's return with the food, and Gibson shot Bland. In attempting to get possession of the revolver, Paddaux was killed. Gibson was later arrested by Constable Bland, father of the injured man.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

Wednesday, July 22.

Samuel Edmerson and Michael Colobar, miners, were crushed to death by a fall of rock in a coal mine at Scranton, Pa.

More than 1300 men have been sent to the country districts by the free labor bureau of New York in response to the appeals of farmers for field laborers.

John Gustav Dahlist, a Swede, unable to stand the torture of seasickness, jumped overboard from the liner Merion, which arrived in Philadelphia, while she was in mid-ocean.

Dr. E. B. McGraw, a well-known physician, was instantly killed, and Andrew S. McSwigan, manager of the Duquesne garden and the Traction company parks of Pittsburg, was severely shocked when their automobile dashed over an embankment.

Thursday, July 23.

V. A. Vincent, of Pennsylvania county, Va., has tendered his resignation as a member of the national committee of the Populist party and declared for Bryan.

While walking in his sleep, Albert Probusca fell from a third-story window at his home in Philadelphia, breaking an ankle and receiving bad body bruises.

The suit brought by Count Boni de Castellane in Paris against the Princess de Sagan, his former wife, for the possession of his three children, has been postponed until July 29, and it most probably will not be reached until the fall term of the court.

Friday, July 24.

John G. Shortall, founder of the American Humane association, died at his home in Winnetka, Ill., aged seventy years.

The Thomas automobile in the New York to Paris automobile race arrived at St. Petersburg from Moscow and later left for Berlin.

Major James F. Meline, for sixteen years past the assistant treasurer of the United States, died at his home in Washington after a long illness.

Arthur W. Kraft, an optician, was shot and instantly killed, and his wife, Mrs. Pearl Laval Kraft, was probably fatally wounded at Louisville, Ky., by Phillip Hans, Jr., in a fit of jealousy.

Saturday, July 25.

Mark Long, aged sixty years, of Philadelphia, was found dead in the rear of Stetzer's blacksmith shop at Yeaton, near Chester, Pa.

Harry E. Hayes, a member of the banking firm of W. J. Hayes & Son, was placed under arrest at Cleveland on a warrant from New Persey charging conspiracy in connection with a bond deal involving \$105,000.

Left alone by his mother, Charles W. Rank, eight months old, of Philadelphia, became entangled in the side slats of his crib, which choked him to death before Mrs. Rank could extricate his head from its terrible position.

Monday, July 27.

Helpless to save her three-year-old son, Mrs. Maria Ross, of Lake Bluff, Ill., saw him burn to death in his home.

Henry Ebhard, twenty-two years old, was found in the woods near Gordon, Pa., with his head shot off, and an empty gun by his side.

After cutting George Shartzer, a Harrisburg, Pa., street foreman, with a hatchet, Joe Smith, a negro, was shot and fatally injured by Patrolman Frank Speece.

Adlai E. Stevenson, formerly vice president of the United States, formally announced his candidacy for the nomination for governor of Illinois on the Democratic ticket.

Tuesday, July 28.

The comptroller of the currency was advised of the suspension of the First National bank, of Friendly, W. Va., with a capital of \$25,000.

The puddle mill of the Harrisburg (Pa.) rolling mill resumed work after several weeks' suspension, and the finishing mill will be started later.

Misses Julia and Mary Close, sisters, of Lancaster, Pa., were injured in an automobile accident near Pleasantville, N. J., when a car in which they were riding struck a telegraph pole.

The trial of Frank Zastera, indicted for the murder of William B. Sheppard and his wife, Josephine B. Sheppard

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXX

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908,

NO 15.

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"I do positively think that Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are the best medicine ever put upon the market. I find them so restful and soothing, and without any bad after-effects. I have suffered with neuralgia so that my system would just ache and quiver, and I cannot take opiates; but I can take these tablets, and they always relieve me. No one that suffers with neuralgia need fear to take them. I know they will not form a habit, for if there was any opiate in them I could not take them. Just one in the morning when I feel bad, and I can do my work all day."

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7-30 DAVID MUMMA.

Public Sale!

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE
On SATURDAY, the 1st day of August, 1908, the undersigned, Administrator of Charles F. Sheely, late of Mount Pleasant township, Adams County, Pa., deceased, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Adams County and to him directed, will sell on the premises the following described real estate:
A Tract of Land situated in Mount Pleasant township, Adams County, on road leading from New Oxford to Bonneauville, about 12 miles West of New Oxford, containing 35 acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Joseph Blevins, Abraham Stambaugh and Nicholas Wagner, improved with a Two-story Frame House, frame barn and outbuildings. A school house adjoins this tract of land and it is convenient to mills and markets. The land is in a high state of cultivation and will make a desirable home. Any person or persons desiring to examine the same can do so by calling on John Herman, who lives on the property. Sale will begin at 1 o'clock p. m., when term will be made known by JOSEPH H. SHEELY, Adm'r.

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H. J. SKEERINGER, Executor.
7-9, Route 9, Gettysburg, Pa.

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DIVOLUTION NOTICE.

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6-25 DR. J. L. SHEETZ.
DR. GEO. H. SEAKS.

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PERSONAL.

Mr. William Rinehart of Chambersburg, spent several days at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rinehart, near town. Mr. John Rinehart of South Bend, Ind., is spending some time with his parents at the same place.

Mr. William Jacobs of New York City, visited his brother, butcher Chas. E. Jacobs, Carlisle street. Mr. Jacobs' mother, of East Berlin, also visited at the same place.

Miss Mary Sadler of Qualityville, who spent last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Eyer, near Emmitsburg, returned home on Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Eyer, who spent several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sadler.

Mr. Irvin Ruff and wife of Philadelphia, are spending some time with his parents, Prof. and Mrs. D. Ruff, Philadelphia St.

Mr. Edward Diehl and family of Philadelphia, spent some time with friends in this place and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kardon of Indianapolis, Ind., spent the past week with Mrs. Kardon's cousin, Miss Mayme Slaybaugh, West High street.

John Winand of York, Clarence Yanger of Harrisburg, Ollie Jacobs, York Springs, Lillie Gouchenow of York, spent a few days with J. W. Winand and family of West High street.

Miss Laura Winand of West High street, returned home after spending the past week with her uncle, Walter Winand, at Bermdian.

Mrs. Samuel Mackley and son Clayton of Harrisburg, Mrs. Adams of Gettysburg, spent a few days with Mrs. John Wolf, West High street.

Messrs. Charles Young and John Abel of Johnstown, and Miss Marie McDonald of York, were the guests of Miss Emma Kuhn, Pitt street, Saturday.

Miss Vernie Smith and brother Willie, of Harrisburg, and Miss Iva Hummer of York, are visiting at the home of their uncle, Wm. Gilbert, Carlisle street.

Hymenial.

Norman Zech and Miss Rosetta Britcher, both of York, were united in marriage in the M. E. church, this place, Sunday morning by Rev. W. W. Hartman.

It appears the young couple had somewhat of a trying experience before they secured a minister to perform the ceremony. They were to have been married at York on Saturday afternoon but were disappointed in the minister not appearing in time for them to take the evening train for this place so they boarded the train and brought the license with them stopping at the home of Mr. Charles Bollinger in Mount Pleasant township. Sunday morning Mr. Bollinger brought the couple to town and after visiting the Lutheran and Reformed parsonages, and finding both ministers out of town, they went to the M. E. church where the regular Sunday services were already in progress, and the clergyman being apprised of their desire to get married, called them forward to the railing and performed the ceremony, after which the regular services were resumed. The young couple returned to the home of Mr. Bollinger immediately after the ceremony was performed.

July 17, at Dillsburg, by Rev. I. W. Trostle, Geo. Heller and Miss Cora Gardner, both of Latimore township, were united in marriage.

Fire at Pleasant Hill.

About 12 o'clock Monday night a cigar shop and an adjoining stable on the premises of John A. Sterner, at Pleasant Hill, near Hanover, was totally destroyed by fire. Mr. Sterner did an extensive business, and at the present time had in his employ about 30 cigarmakers. The barn, hog stable, chicken house and some other outbuildings caught fire and were also destroyed, with all contents. The new cigarmaking shop of Milton Sterner, a brother, was set on fire and considerably damaged. The fire in the John Sterner factory, it is believed, was caused by an overheated stove, which was in operation for drying tobacco. The building, one story high, and 40 feet long, contained about 100,000 cigars, and a large quantity of leaf tobacco.

B. F. Thomas, formerly a practicing physician, but later a revenue officer, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. F. W. Newman, in York, aged 65.

Ladies' Muslin Underwear, at less than you can buy the muslin and make it for
WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
Hanover, Pa.

On the celebrated duck farm of Rev. D. B. Mentzer, near Midvale, at the foot of South Mountain, 50,420 eggs were laid by ducks from December 1 to the present time. During the same period 14,000 young ducks were hatched.

A nice selection Plaid Wool Batiste at 29c, worth 50c.
WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
88 Balto. St., Hanover

Made Narrow Escape.

Hanover, July 25.—H. F. Bowman of Fulton street, made a narrow escape from an accident in last evening's storm. He spent the afternoon at his farm near Pentland, in the vicinity of Porter's Siding. After the storm had ceased he started for home. As he reached the crossing over Oil creek the water was rushing over the wooden structure, completely hiding it from view. Knowing well the location, he was about to drive across, when he heard someone calling to him from a house nearby. Turning around, one of the occupants warned him not to trust the bridge as it had been condemned by township supervisors. However, Mr. Bowman, who was rather anxious to get home before another downpour, concluded to take chances, when with a crash the timbers were loosed from their foundation and the bridge swept down the stream. Mr. Bowman then turned his horses around and was compelled to drive home by way of Sinsheim.

John W. Frain of Center Mills, has been awarded the contract to build a railroad bridge in Virginia.

John W. Wierman and daughter Maud, of Wierman's Mill, near York Springs, are critically ill and no hopes given for recovery.

FOR SALE.—One 12 horse power Ames portable Engine and boiler. Good as new and guaranteed. JOHN S. WEAVER.

John Bose, aged 70, expired suddenly Friday morning at 10 o'clock while walking at his home near Zion's View, York county.

Albert, the 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Snyder, of York, fell into a tub of boiling water and was so badly scalded that he may probably die.

York, July 26.—While participating in a social function, at the Wrightville Country Club, last night, Harry Binstock, 3 years old, who was playing on the second floor, fell from a window, sustaining injuries that will likely cause his death. He was found unconscious.

The goods which were stolen from Wm. Hummer's cigar store, at Gettysburg, Sunday night, were found in Blocher's lumber yard, wrapped in an old coat. Detective Wilson and Chief of Police Gordon gave the matter their immediate attention and Monday evening arrested two colored men who are thought to have committed the robbery.

Altoona, July 27.—Ever since the storm at Gettysburg many members of Co. E 5th Regiment, have been partial deaf, as though cotton was stuffed in their ears, they say, as the result of the lightning and thunder.

Born—July 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles McMaster, Bonneauville, a son.

Rev. Dr. Korn of St. Paul Reformed church has been granted a few weeks vacation and with his family is spending two weeks with friends at Cove, W. Va.

A very pleasant surprise was given Miss Emma Miller of Oxford township, on her birthday anniversary, July 23, by receiving 96 post cards from her friends. They were much appreciated and she returns many thanks to her friends for their kind remembrances and hearty good wishes.

F. Brande MacCarthy of Philadelphia, has purchased from J. G. Stocker the plant of the Hanover Bottling Works, together with the good will, fixtures, etc., as well as two private dwellings on Abbottstown street, for \$27,000.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Myers of Gettysburg, spent a part of last week at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Geo. N. Lauffer, West High street.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administrators Accounts heretofore mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for consent to final allowance, on Monday, the 24th day of August, 1908, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., viz:
188.—First and final account of Emanuel Dehoff and John A. Dehoff, Executors of the last will and testament of Tobias Dehoff, late of Germany township, dec'd.
189.—First and final account of G. W. Koser, Administrator of Wm. Warren, dec'd, late of Menallen township.
190.—First and final account of Edward J. Roland, Adm'r. c. t. a. of will annexed of Josephus S. Roland, late of Hamilton township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
191.—First and final account of W. O. Rogers, Administrator of Jane Marshall, late of Fairfield Borough, deceased.
192.—First and final account of Cyrus G. Bewles and Charles J. Grist, Executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Gardner, late of Latimore township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
193.—First and final account of Daniel Thomas, Executor of the last will and testament of Emma Crum, late of Butler township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
194.—First and final account of Geo. W. Minter, late of Franklin township, Adams County, Pa., deceased.
195.—First and final account of Wm. A. Trostle, Administrator of the estate of Mary Trostle, late of East Berlin, Adams County, deceased.
196.—The first and final account of Joseph Orndorff, Administrator of the estate of David H. Orndorff, late of Liberty township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
197.—First and final account of John W. Coulson, Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Harget, late of Cumberland township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
198.—The first and final account of Howard O. Hartley, Administrator of Anna A. Hartley, late of Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
199.—First and final account of Beatty H. Buehler, Trustee to sell real estate of Harry F. Buehler, late of Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa., under the order of the Orphans' Court of said county.
D. F. STEFFY, Register.

Shipwrecked Party Were Stuck on Sand Bar.

Egg Harbor, N. J., July 28.—Shipwrecked at midnight in the middle of Egg Harbor bay, their crippled steam launch fast on a sand bar, a party of four girls and five young men were rescued by Captain Rider, of the light-house at St. Albans-by-the-Sea.

Starting out for an after-dinner cruise, the young people enjoyed a splendid evening. When they turned toward land the boat left the channel and ran aground on a sand bar.

Efforts of the men failed to budge it. Frantic signals were unheeded. The bottom of the launch, imbedding itself in the sand, it listed to one side and was in danger of filling with water.

For three hours the men worked like Trojans. They plunged into the water waist deep, pushing and shoving. They blew long blasts of the launch's whistle, and finally by means of a lighted newspaper, soaked in oil, they attracted the attention of the lighthouse keeper.

Thrown From Boat and Drowned.

Oswego, N. Y., July 28.—Two young women, Miss Theresa Parker, of Oswego, and Miss Millie Sutton, of Newark, N. J., were drowned in the Oswego river here as the result of a peculiar motorboat accident. The young women who lost their lives were of a party of seven, three men and four women, who went out on the river in a motorboat. When the boat was caught in a swift current the steersman made a quick turn, and the strain presumably broke the steering gear, for the boat suddenly veered violently about, at the same time hurling Miss Parker and Miss Sutton into the water. They were drowned before the others could assist them.

Boy, 15, Married to Girl, 12, a Suicide.

Sergeant, Ky., July 28.—Leonard Hall, the fifteen-year-old son of Elder Joseph Hall, a Baptist preacher at Hillard, committed suicide in the home of his father by shooting himself with a shotgun. He was married two months ago to little Miss Rhoda Profit, barely twelve years old, his schoolmate, with whom the boy husband had not lived happily.

Laurel, Del., July 28.—It has just been learned that Harvey Spicer, a well-known politician and fruit broker of Bethel, was robbed of \$300 in bills just as he was preparing to deposit it with the Sussex Trust company here late Saturday afternoon. Three negroes are suspected of the robbery.

Arrangements were just being made to close the bank, which keeps open late on Saturdays, when Spicer entered to make a deposit. The wallet containing the \$300 was left lying at a desk, while he stepped to the telephone in response to a call.

Two minutes later, when he stepped back to the desk, the wallet was missing. In the meantime, three negroes had been in the bank, one of them entering to get change for a small bill. Search was made for the negroes, but they had made their escape.

Sunday the wallet, with all the papers intact and some money, which was in a false pocket in the wallet, was found in a cornfield on the outskirts of the city. The theft was kept quiet with the hope of rounding up the negroes at a negro camp meeting, but the men wanted were not there.

The Officials Are Silent About Strange Theft.

Philadelphia, July 28.—Silent as the Sphinx are the officials of the Tradesmen's National bank, 324 Chestnut street, concerning the mysterious disappearance of a large sum of money from the counting room of the institution on Thursday of last week. The amount is said to be \$15,000.

Because of this positive refusal to explain and the further instructions of silence to every employee in the institution, it was impossible to obtain the details. But from other sources it was learned that the receiving teller on Thursday counted the funds which remained in his hands at the close of business, preparatory to turning it over to the paying teller, who in turn was to have counted it and placed it away in the vault. Leaving his desk for a brief space of time, the teller returned, and is said to have given, or believed he was giving to the other teller the amount counted with an attached memorandum, showing the sum in each package with the figures totaled. When the latter made his usual check, to the surprise of both men, the discrepancy of a large amount, said to be \$15,000, was found. After a second and third count and a thorough search a report was made of the transaction, which caused consternation among the clerical force.

So far as known, no one entered the bank during the interim, and, in fact, since no one within the bank is suspected of abstracting the money during the teller's temporary absence, the transaction remains the deepest sort of a mystery. Although detectives are

at work on the case, no clues have yet been found.

Negro Stabs Two Policemen.

Philadelphia, July 28.—Policeman John Murray was stabbed fourteen times and probably fatally wounded, and Morris Selman, a brother officer, was dangerously stabbed in an exciting fight in the fashionable Rittenhouse square district by William Jackson, a powerful negro. Jackson was one of a crowd loitering in the square expecting a band concert to take place. When ordered to move along he knocked Selman down, and when Murray came up threw him over the first officer. He then drew a knife and, falling upon the two officers, stabbed them repeatedly. Several of his knife thrusts penetrated Murray's lungs and abdomen. A crowd chased the negro and captured him after severely beating him.

Confesses He Murdered His Aunt.

Drawn back to the scene of his crime by a force he could not resist, August Eberhard, the self-confessed murderer of his aunt, Mrs. Ottillie Eberhard, a Venetian widow, whom he lured to a lonely spot in New Jersey a few days ago and shot to death, was captured near Paterson, N. J., and is now a prisoner in the Hackensack jail. What interested the authorities most in the confession Eberhard made to them was the reason he gave for committing the crime. Eberhard said that he was in love with a New York girl, and that he needed money to marry her, and so, knowing that his aunt had \$2500, he plotted to kill her and steal the money. Eberhard says he also intended to kill his pretty cousin, Ottillie Eberhard, to whom he was engaged, so that nothing would stand in the way of his marriage to the New York girl. The police have the name of the girl mentioned by Eberhard, and she will be brought to Hackensack to tell what she knows of the murderer.

When Eberhard was searched not a penny was found in his pockets. He said that he had buried the money he stole from his aunt. He led the detectives to a tree near Little Falls, and there dug up a bundle of bills. There was \$2500 in the bundle, which was the amount that was stolen, as the murderer left a small amount of money in the bosom of his aunt's waist, so as to give the impression that she had not been robbed.

Oil Trust's Big Fine Set Aside.

Following the unanimous decision of Judges Grosscup, Seaman and Baker, who compose the United States circuit court of appeals at Chicago, reversing and remanding the case of the government against the Standard Oil company, of Indiana, in which case Judge Landis in the district court had imposed a fine of \$29,240,000, the federal attorneys announced that the government had thirty days within which to file a petition for a rehearing, and that it would be filed within the allotted period. In the case that was reversed the Standard Oil company, of Indiana, was found guilty of accepting rebates on shipments of oil from its refinery at Whiting, Ind., to East St. Louis, Ill. Judge Landis fined the company \$20,000 on each of 1462 counts, each count representing a carload shipment.

The opinion of three judges of the higher court leaves little of the contention that each carload constituted a separate offense. Even the various shipments, of which there were about 500, could not be considered as separate offenses under the ruling of the court of appeals. The maximum fine on this basis would amount to \$720,000 and the minimum \$36,000. It is said that \$223,000 is the total amount the Standard Oil company is alleged to have received as rebates on the shipments in question.

Death of Bishop Potter.

Henry Codman Potter, seventh Protestant Episcopal bishop of the diocese of New York, died at Fernleigh, his summer home at Cooperstown, N. Y., after an illness of several weeks. The end was peaceful and quiet. The prelate was seventy-four years old.

Death was due primarily to embolism of the right leg, following a long attack of liver and stomach trouble, and the end had been foreseen for several days by the bishop's physicians. Bishop Potter suffered a severe relapse Monday, and though oxygen was given, his decline was gradual, and he sank into unconsciousness, which lasted until the end.

Cripple Shoots Two in Quarrel.

Frank Paddaux, twenty-eight, was shot and killed, and Bert Bland, aged twenty, probably fatally hurt at Wanty-Glo, near Johnstown, Pa., by Chester Gibson, nineteen years old, a cripple, who stated in the Ebensburg jail that he did not remember the shooting. It is said that Paddaux and Gibson had been drinking, and, meeting Bland, requested him to buy some sandwiches. A dispute followed the young man's return with the food, and Gibson shot Bland. In attempting to get possession of the revolver, Paddaux was killed. Gibson was later arrested by Constable Bland, father of the injured man.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

Wednesday, July 22.

Samuel Edmondson and Michael Colabar, miners, were crushed to death by a fall of rock in a coal mine at Scranton, Pa.
More than 1300 men have been sent to the country districts by the free labor bureau of New York in response to the appeals of farmers for field laborers.

John Gustav Dahlstert, a Swede, unable to stand the torture of seasickness, jumped overboard from the liner Merion, which arrived in Philadelphia, while she was in mid-ocean.

Dr. E. B. McGraw, a well-known physician, was instantly killed, and Andrew S. McSwigan, manager of the Duquesne garden and the Traction company parks of Pittsburgh, was severely shocked when their automobile dashed over an embankment.

Thursday, July 23.

V. A. Vincent, of Pittsylvania county, Va., has tendered his resignation as a member of the national committee of the Populist party and declared for Bryan.

While walking in his sleep, Albert Probscia fell from a third-story window at his home in Philadelphia, breaking an ankle and receiving bad body bruises.

The suit brought by Count Boni de Castellane in Paris against the Princess de Sagan, his former wife, for the possession of his three children, has been postponed until July 29, and it most probably will not be reached until the fall term of the court.

Friday, July 24.

John G. Shortall, founder of the American Humane association, died at his home in Winnetka, Ill., aged seventy years.

The Thomas automobile in the New York to Paris automobile race arrived at St. Petersburg from Moscow and later left for Berlin.

Major James F. Meline, for sixteen years past the assistant treasurer of the United States, died at his home in Washington after a long illness.

Arthur W. Kraft, an optician, was shot and instantly killed, and his wife, Mrs. Pearl Laval Kraft, was probably fatally wounded at Louisville, Ky., by Phillip Hans, Jr., in a fit of jealousy.

Saturday, July 25.

Mark Long, aged sixty years, of Philadelphia, was found dead in the rear of Stetzer's blacksmith shop at Yeadon, near Chester, Pa.

Harry E. Hayes, a member of the banking firm of W. J. Hayes & Son, was placed under arrest at Cleveland on a warrant from New Persey charging conspiracy in connection with a bond deal involving \$105,000.

Left alone by his mother, Charles W. Rank, eight months old, of Philadelphia, became entangled in the side slats of his crib, which choked him to death before Mrs. Rank could extricate his head from its terrible position.

Monday, July 27.

Helpless to save her three-year-old son, Mrs. Maria Ross, of Lake Bluff, Ill., saw him burn to death in his home.

Henry Ebhard, twenty-two years old, was found in the woods near Gordon, Pa., with his head shot off, and an empty gun by his side.

After cutting George Shartzer, a Harrisburg, Pa., street foreman, with a hatchet, Joe Smith, a negro, was shot and fatally injured by Patrolman Frank Speece.

Adlai E. Stevenson, formerly vice president of the United States, formally announced his candidacy for the nomination for governor of Illinois on the Democratic ticket.

Tuesday, July 28.

The comptroller of the currency was advised of the suspension of the First National bank, of Friendly, W. Va., with a capital of \$25,000.

The puddle mill of the Harrisburg (Pa.) rolling mill resumed work after several weeks' suspension, and the finishing mill will be started later.

Misses Julia and Mary Close, sisters of Lancaster, Pa., were injured in an automobile accident near Pleasantville, N. J., when a car in which they were riding struck a telegraph pole.

The trial of Frank Zastera, indicted for the murder of William B. Sheppard and his wife, Josephine B. Sheppard, and their servant, Jennie Bendy, at Marlboro, N. J., May 16 last, was postponed by Judge Voorhees at Freehold, N. J., until Sept. 21.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

BALTIMORE—WHEAT—firm; No. 2 spot, 88½¢; No. 3, 87½¢; No. 4, 86½¢; No. 5, 85½¢; No. 6, 84½¢; No. 7, 83½¢; No. 8, 82½¢; No. 9, 81½¢; No. 10, 80½¢; No. 11, 79½¢; No. 12, 78½¢; No. 13, 77½¢; No. 14, 76½¢; No. 15, 75½¢; No. 16, 74½¢; No. 17, 73½¢; No. 18, 72½¢; No. 19, 71½¢; No. 20, 70½¢; No. 21, 69½¢; No. 22, 68½¢; No. 23, 67½¢; No. 24, 66½¢; No. 25, 65½¢; No. 26, 64½¢; No. 27, 63½¢; No. 28, 62½¢; No. 29, 61½¢; No. 30, 60½¢; No. 31, 59½¢; No. 32, 58½¢; No. 33, 57½¢; No. 34, 56½¢; No. 35, 55½¢; No. 36, 54½¢; No. 37, 53½¢; No. 38, 52½¢; No. 39, 51½¢; No. 40, 50½¢; No. 41, 49½¢; No. 42, 48½¢; No. 43, 47½¢; No. 44, 46½¢; No. 45, 45½¢; No. 46, 44½¢; No. 47, 43½¢; No. 48, 42½¢; No. 49, 41½¢; No. 50, 40½¢; No. 51, 39½¢; No. 52, 38½¢; No. 53, 37½¢; No. 54, 36½¢; No. 55, 35½¢; No. 56, 34½¢; No. 57, 33½¢; No. 58, 32½¢; No. 59, 31½¢; No. 60, 30½¢; No. 61, 29½¢; No. 62, 28½¢; No. 63, 27½¢; No. 64, 26½¢; No. 65, 25½¢; No. 66, 24½¢; No. 67, 23½¢; No. 68, 22½¢; No. 69, 21½¢; No. 70, 20½¢; No. 71, 19½¢; No. 72, 18½¢; No. 73, 17½¢; No. 74, 16½¢; No. 75, 15½¢; No. 76, 14½¢; No. 77, 13½¢; No. 78, 12½¢; No. 79, 11½¢; No. 80, 10½¢; No. 81, 9½¢; No. 82, 8½¢; No. 83, 7½¢; No. 84, 6½¢; No. 85, 5½¢; No. 86, 4½¢; No. 87, 3½¢; No. 88, 2½¢; No. 89, 1½¢; No. 90, ½¢; No. 91, 0½¢; No. 92, 0½¢; No. 93, 0½¢; No. 94, 0½¢; No. 95, 0½¢; No. 96, 0½¢; No. 97, 0½¢; No. 98, 0½¢; No. 99, 0½¢; No. 100, 0½¢.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.
PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE slow; choice, \$6.30@6.50; prime, \$6@6.25. SHEEP slow; lambs prime, \$4.40@4.60; culls and common, \$2.75@3.00; lambs, \$4@6.10; veal calves, \$7.75@8.00. HOGS slow and lower; prime heavies, medium and heavy Yorkers, \$6.80@6.85; light Yorkers, \$6.50@6.75; pigs, \$6; roughs, \$5@5.50.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards)—**CATTLE** slow; choice, \$.63@.65; prime, \$.6@.635. **SHEEP** slow; lambs: wether; prime wethers, \$.4@.455; culled and common, \$.2@.3; lambs, \$.4@.615. **CALVES**, \$.7@.750. **HOGS** slow and heavy; prime heavies, medium and heavy Yorkers, \$.68@.685; light Yorkers, \$.65@.675; pigs, \$.6; roughs, \$.580.

Robert and Rupert.

The Surprise They Gave Miss Thorne of Los Angeles.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain-Dealer.)

The young woman in the doorway paused a moment. The young man at the desk looked up inquiringly. "May I come in?" the young woman asked.

"Certainly," said the young man, and pointed to the chair beside the desk.

She was a pretty girl with a bright look and a firm little mouth, and her clothes betokened taste and skill. The young man put down his pencil and drew back in his chair.

"You are Mr. Robert Somers?"

"I am Robert Somers."

"I am Cecilia Thorne."

The young man bowed.

"Does the name awaken any slumbering memories?" the girl inquired. He shook his head.

"No," he replied.

"You might have added that the fact was a matter of regret," said the girl. "But I can see how it is. You are the retiring brother."

"The retiring brother?" the young man echoed.

"Yes. It is your brother who is bold and masterful."

The young man's eyes opened wider. A flush tinged his cheeks.

"Are you not making some mistake?" he asked.

"I think not," replied the girl. "Anyway, you must let me tell my story. Then if you find there is anything in it to correct, you must say so frankly. That's agreed? Then listen. I am Cecilia Thorne from Los Angeles. My home has been with my late uncle, James Temple. My uncle died six weeks ago. Perhaps you have heard his name?"

The young man nodded.

"I saw a notice of his death. He was a retired capitalist and very wealthy."

"Yes," said the girl. "And he was also very eccentric." She paused.

"Now I am coming to the point that interests you. My uncle's will was not opened until last week. In it he leaves half his wealth to me unconditionally. The other half will be mine providing I marry a son of the late Henry Carlton Somers, of New York."

The face of the young man grew red. He slightly gasped.

"Please say that again," he murmured.

"I hope you are not going to faint," said the young woman.

He straightened up.

"But why in the world should your uncle insert such a preposterous condition?"

"Sir!"

"I mean such a singular condition?"

"That's better. It seems that when your father and my uncle were young men my uncle in some way did your father an injury. Took advantage of him in business and wronged him. This unfairness worried my uncle in later years—more especially after he heard of your father's death. He talked with me about it and made me promise to do my best to right the wrong. Of course he didn't allude to that interesting clause in his will." She paused.

"I'm a Western girl, Mr. Somers," she added, with a quick change of tone, "and I believe I am a business woman. For a year or more I have had the handling of my uncle's estate, and that has been no easy task. Now I am treating this matter of the will in a business way. The amount involved is a very large one, and if the provisions of the will are not carried out it will go to establish certain queer hobbies of my uncle's that have nothing save their queerness to recommend them. I want to be frank with you. I take you to be a gentleman. At present I have nothing to suggest. But later on I would be very glad to ease the burden my uncle has placed upon me by a suitable payment from the conscience fund he has placed in my hands."

The young man flushed again.

"That is quite impossible," he said. "I know nothing about this old debt. My father never mentioned it."

The young woman leaned forward a little.

"Well," she said, "the first thing to do is to get your positive refusal to consent to this matrimonial condition."

He looked into the eager rosy face and drew a quick breath.

"I—I don't think I could bring myself to do that," he stammered. "You must settle the matter to suit yourself. Why should you come here at all?"

"Because I am doing my best to carry out my dead uncle's wishes. I have a tender conscience, too. You will help me greatly if you will say that it is impossible for you to marry me?"

"But I can't say that," he persisted.

"You are not thinking of the money?" she abruptly asked.

His flush deepened.

"That is unkind," he said.

"So it is," cried the girl. "Forgive me. Then you refuse to help me for purely quixotic reasons? Of course you are not already married?"

"I am very glad to say I am not married," he replied.

"You shouldn't say it so seriously," said the girl with a quick smile. "If I were looking for compliments I

should—but, there, this is a business interview. And you refuse to refuse me?"

"Wild horses couldn't draw such a refusal from me," he said. He was beginning to get his breath again.

"It isn't necessary to be so emphatic," said the girl. "Well, I've failed with you. Now I want to see your brother."

"My brother? What do you know about my brother?"

The girl smiled.

"Not long before my uncle's death he sent a Western man to find out all he could concerning the Somers family. It is quite possible that the glare and hubbub of the great city proved too much for this impressionable messenger. Anyway, he spent a good deal of my uncle's money and came back looking very tired. His report, too, was somewhat meager. He said that Henry Carlton Somers left two sons—I'm afraid he was in a condition to see almost any number—and that the boys were radically different in dispositions. One of the sons was quiet and reserved and a hard worker. The messenger understood that

he said. "I'm Rupert Somers. Robert has told me all about you and your jolly queer mission. How do you do?"

Cecilia gave him a quick glance. He was very like his brother in looks. Perhaps he was a little taller, and there was a different shade to his complexion. That might have been accounted for by his gray business coat and his pale blue tie. But there was a wide difference in the facial expression of the two Somerses. Robert was quiet, almost grave. Rupert was suave and smiling.

"So your brother has told you about my uncle and his will, and—about me?"

"He spun it out in a hurried way, but I fancy I grasp the essentials. Bob seemed precious serious about it, but the romance caught me."

"Romance?"

"Don't you regard it so?" he lightly asked.

"Certainly not. It's cruel. It's abominable!"

He laughed softly.

"You take it too seriously," he said.

She resented his tone.

"What is it that you think I take too seriously? The matrimonial suggestion?"

"Perhaps. At the same time that needn't bother you materially. It's all in your hands. It isn't as if you were facing poverty, you know."

"I don't think that would make any difference," she said, with a little snap in her voice.

He looked at her in his lazy way and nodded.

"I don't believe it would with you. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me?"

THE GIFT OF CORN.

By Sophie Bronson Titterton.

Many of the Indian legends are beautiful, but none of them are more quaint or delicate in fancy than the Ottawa legend of the origin of Indian corn. It was taken from the lips of one of the old members of the tribe:

The beautiful Manitoulin Islands, in Lake Huron, were long the abode of the Ottawas. Mass-wa-we-in-i, the magician of the tribe, was crossing a wide plain, when he was accosted by a little man with a red feather on his head.

"Where are you going?" asked the little man cheerily, and invited the magician with the long name to smoke with him. "Tell me," said he, as they smoked, "wherein does your strength lie?"

It seemed a strange question, but the magician made straight and true answer. "My strength," answered he, "is that of mankind; no more."

"We must wrestle," said the man of the red feather. "If you should make me fail, you will say to me, 'I have thrown you, Wa-ge-me-na.'"

The magician was nothing loth, and so they wrestled. For a long time the issue seemed doubtful, so strong and active was the little man; but at length the stranger was thrown to the ground.

"I have thrown you, Wa-ge-me-na," he cried, and immediately his opponent vanished into the earth.

On looking at the spot where the little man had disappeared, Mass-wa-we-in-i discovered a crooked ear of Indian corn (mondamin) lying upon the ground, with the usual red, hairy tassel at the top. While he gazed, wondering, he heard a voice say, "Divest me of my covering and reveal my body. Separate me into parts, and cast me upon the plain. Return in one moon."

The magician obeyed these directions, and when, at the end of the moon he returned, he found the spikes and blades of young corn, and where he had thrown the cob, pumpkin vines were thriving luxuriantly.

Again the mysterious voice addressed him: "Mass-wa-we-in-i, you conquered me. Had you not done so, your life would have been forfeited. Victory has crowned your strength, and henceforth my body shall give nourishment to the human race."

Thus it was that to the Ottawas was given the gift of corn. They have made good use of it, for this tribe has ever been noted for their fine crops of this useful grain; and, indeed, it was from this custom of trading in Indian corn that the tribe was called Ottawas.

the father's affairs were found to be in bad shape, and this quiet son was doing his best to straighten them out—working day and night to pay the creditors and save what could be saved. Then he heard about the other son. He was different. He'd been a famous man at his college—a great runner and football player. He was in his junior year when the Spanish-American War broke out and promptly enlisted and went to the front and saw real fighting and did something particularly fine—carried a wounded comrade away on his back, or something. After he left college he went out to a Western mining camp and was made town marshal. I think, and helped to civilize the town. My uncle's messenger only heard about your brother; he didn't see him. But he saw you and talked to you a few moments on some trumped up business."

"And may I ask how I impressed him?" the young man inquired.

"I will tell you what he said. He said you seemed lacking in spirit and apparently knew nothing about life outside your dull business grind. And now where can I meet your brother?"

"Here."

"And when?"

"I think I can find him in a few minutes. Will you wait?"

"Yes. I want this business settled as soon as possible."

The young man arose.

"I will bring him here."

"How old is your brother?"

"Our ages are the same."

"Twins? How delightful!"

"Not if we are rivals," said the young man steadily. Then he hastily added: "While we may differ in dispositions, you will find us a good deal alike in appearance, although it is quite possible you will consider Rupert better looking."

"Just now it is a question of what he considers me," said the girl.

"Do you care for his brother's opinion?" the young man quietly asked.

"I can't see how that enters into the present business," said the girl quickly. "It is your brother's opinion that interests me now."

He bowed, and, taking his hat, passed into the hallway.

It was a fifteen-minute wait. The girl remained in the chair by the desk, her eyes taking in the meager furnishings of the room and the dull outlook through the long windows.

Then a step caused her to turn. A young man was entering, a brisk young man who came directly toward her with outstretched hand.

"Glad to meet you, Miss Thorne,"

"Telling you what?"

"Telling me what you forfeit by not carrying out your uncle's new way to pay old debts?"

She hesitated, then lightly laughed.

"Call it in round numbers two millions."

He softly whistled.

"That's surely a pot of money!" he said. Then he added: "Do you know I don't think it was quite fair for you to come and tell us this fairy story. It's disquieting."

"You like money?" said the girl.

"Yes. Perhaps I might say I respect it, too. I never saw much of it. Dad had to scrimp to get me through college. When I came out I didn't seem to have any way of earning money, except by playing baseball, and dad wouldn't hear of my becoming a professional. Then dad's affairs got into a tangle—they had been going from bad to worse for a long time—and I had to give up what I was doing—it was something brisk and bustling that promised very fairly—and come into the office here."

"Then you and Robert are associated in the business?"

"Yes, we're together. It's share and share alike with us."

She looked at him curiously.

"I have heard you were quite a famous man at college?" she said.

"It was the sort of fame that shrivels in the autumn wind," he laughed.

"And you went to war?"

"It was a very little war."

"And did something particularly fine?"

"Pure melodrama. I was considered very good in amateur theatricals, you know."

He laughed at this and showed his white teeth and nodded at her with a delightful air of comradeship. He certainly was a pleasant fellow—and she instantly contrasted him with the quiet and subdued brother bending over the dingy desk.

"You are very unlike your brother Robert," she told him.

"That's not a discovery," he said. "Other people have contrasted us. But we are very congenial just the same. Bob never gets a dollar that he doesn't share with me. There are not many of them, but that doesn't impair the rule."

"And you live on Robert's earnings?"

"Yes. Why not?"

The girl's face clouded. His easy manner, his careless tone, his utter indifference to criticism, grated on her sensibilities.

"We are drifting from the business that brought me here," she said abruptly.

ruptly. "Your brother has told you what it is. I am trying in my own way to carry out my dead uncle's wishes. His heart was set on it. I would be very ungrateful if I did not do my best." She paused and steadied her voice. "You will understand that I fail to regard the clause in my uncle's will from any sentimental point of view."

"If you did," said Rupert Somers, "you wouldn't be here."

The girl brightened up.

"Thank you," she said. "That was nicely interpolated. And now I want you to help me still further. If you will say you have no desire to marry me it will make my mission much easier."

He slowly smiled as he watched the flush rise in her cheeks.

"I'm a sportsman," he said, "and I take my chance when it comes. Bob has the inside track. Bob saw you first. I mean to play fair."

The girl tried hard to frown. Then she laughed, a laugh full of dimples and so infectious that Rupert Somers laughed too.

"Anyway, I'm sorry I came," she said with a little pout. "I never expected to meet such silly boys. Your staid brother is quite as foolish as you are."

The man's face suddenly grew grave.

"I may be violating a confidence," he said, "but I want you to know that Bob is hard hit. Don't blame him, please."

"I blame myself for coming here," said the girl quickly. "And as neither of you seem to take me seriously—I'm sure Bob would," broke in the man.

"To take my mission seriously, I will go. All further business between us will be conducted by mail."

He looked dismayed as she arose.

"Please don't go yet," he said. "I fear I have blundered. Anyway, you will wait until Bob returns." She hesitated. "I—I know that Bob means to ask you out to dinner. It will be such an unusual pleasure for Bob."

She looked at his distressed face and laughed and sat down.

"Do you know," she suddenly said, "that if you and your brother could be combined you would make an unusually agreeable personality. You lack his steadiness, and he lacks your liveliness. It's almost a pity you can't make a composite of yourselves."

His face cleared. He suddenly laughed.

"Would the united Somerses prove sufficiently agreeable to solve that bothersome clause in the will?" he quickly asked.

She flushed again.

"Isn't it time for your brother's return?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Bob allowed me fifteen minutes." He arose and seemed to hesitate. Then he walked quickly to the desk and seating himself bent over the papers for a moment. When he looked up his expression had changed. The liveliness and sparkle had faded from it, his hair was pushed back, his eyes were grave and steady.

"So you have seen Rupert?" he quietly said.

The girl started up and stared at him.

"You!" she stammered, and came closer. "Are—are you Robert or Rupert?"

"I am both," he answered. He slowly smiled. "I am the composite. Forgive me for the little play. I told you I was an amateur actor. When you seemed so positive there were two Somers I suddenly determined to introduce the other one. I borrowed the coat and the tie, and the rest was art. Besides, I—I wanted to show you that there was another side to my character. I resented that picture of me your uncle's messenger brought home."

She continued to stare at him.

"That was very well done," she said. She paused a moment. "I hope you will not put away Rupert entirely when you put away the coat."

His face brightened.

"I knew you hadn't detected me when you spoke of the—the clause."

"Bother the clause," said the girl. He suddenly arose.

"Will you let me take you out to dinner?" he asked.

She nodded.

Why He Could Not Change.

The story is told of a Dutchman who certainly needed the services of the far-famed "Lady from Philadelphia" if ever any one required her assistance.

He was assigned to a seat in the coach which obliged him to ride backward through the Black Forest. At the first stopping place he asked the postmaster to give him another seat, saying it made him ill to ride backward.

"Ask the man opposite to change with you," said the postmaster, gruffly.

"But there is nobody opposite to me," complained the Dutchman. "So I cannot ask him."—Youth's Companion.

Why He Married Again.

An Ohio lawyer tells of a client of his—a German farmer, a hard working, plain, blunt man who lost his wife not long ago. The lawyer had sought him out to express his sympathy, but to his consternation the Teuton laconically observed:

"But I am again married."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the legal light. "Why, it has been but a week or two since you buried your wife?"

"Dot's so, my friend, but she is as dead as effer she vill be."—Lippincott's.

WHY GROW OLD?

Mere Youth Not Essential to Beauty—Fighting Old Time.

Perhaps nothing in the whole category of human ills is more bitter to contemplate than the process of growing old. It is a terrible moment, a solemn duty for all, and one which the ancient Roman marked with a black letter, when a pretty woman, on consulting her mirror perceives the first line, the first trace—hardly visible as yet—of the fatal crow's foot which will spread out at the corners of the eyes, on a skin of satin hitherto unmarked. But the trouble increases, the worry becomes more bitter and almost insupportable when the eye discovers in the shiny ebony or the rich tawny gold of the tresses the first white hair, forerunner of imminent old age. Youth rebels against age with an impotent fury. Perhaps this may be the secret of premature wrinkles, gray hair and dim eyes in the average woman. Because youth has not been educated to a proper regard for the consistency of appearance with years is the one great reason for this rebellion.

Pink cheeks and bright eyes have no conception of beauty that does not resemble their own. Naturally they feel alarmed when these charms desert them. The bud has never been taught that the full blown rose has a beauty of its own, and that the fragrance of withered petals may be sweet and lasting if blended with spices and frankincense of enduring nature.

To feel middle life approaching, yet be content, one must cultivate a cheerfulness of spirit, keeping the mind busy with wholesome thoughts, and the heart ready to do kind deeds. We may not retain perpetual youth, yet within the reach of us all, is prolonged youth. No fair face need assume maturity unless it be the desire of the possessor. Gray hair may oftentimes be prevented, but if that be impossible rest assured it has a charm of its own, if worn becomingly. Wrinkles may surely be averted by attention to the rules of health and beauty.

Bathing, fresh air, proper food, massage and plenty of sleep, added to perfect control of our emotions, will leave the brow smooth and unfurrowed until long past midlife. Science has procured ways and means to accomplish all these things. It is for the individual to take heed and employ prescribed methods. To live a rational life, temperate in all things, either physical or spiritual, is to enjoy the blessing of ripe old age, one that is calm, graceful and natural. If in olden times people believed in miracles, magic and sorcery, we of this age see in them only an intelligent understanding of regime and the care of one's person.

Youth and beauty are precious and fleeting gifts and to preserve them it is necessary to maintain a constant battle every hour and every moment. No one is exempt from the immutable law.

Helen of Troy was over 40 when she deserted her husband. At that time she was in the zenith of her glory. Cleopatra had seen 30 when Anthony fell a victim to her immortal charms, and to the day of her death she was ravishingly beautiful. Catherine of Russia was 35 before she began her mad career and for thirty years she was both fascinating and dangerous. Aspasia counted 33 when she married Pericles, and was considered a beauty for thirty years afterward. When she was 36 Henry II. became infatuated with Diane de Poitiers, and Anne of Austria had both Richelieu and Buckingham madly jealous when she was 38. Mlle. Mars was at the height of her beauty and talent at 45. One of the most beautiful women of her day in Europe was Mme. Recamier. Until her death, at 50, she held sway over her masculine world. Ninon de l'Enclos was the idol of three generations and when a very old woman completely subjugated a courtly abbe, young enough to be her son. Look at the wonderful woman of our own time, Sara Bernhardt, who goes gayly along defying time and disease. She is as winsome, marvelous and vivacious as she was at 20.

Thus it is to be seen that there is no real reason why a woman should lose her physical charms at 40 or her mental attractions at 70. From 30 to 40 is the ripest age, if the charms of body and mind harmonize. It is conceded that nature is making perpetual efforts to attain perfection and beauty, and beauty should be recognized as the normal state. Deviations from it are usually marks of ancestral errors, though in many cases, they may be laid at the door of ignorant training. The fullness of life with all its joys and pleasures is almost a sealed book to the woman who does not know how to develop and make herself interesting and attractive. She is but half living who does not understand this art, and no pain or trouble should be considered too great to acquire what may bring the world to her feet. To quote Ruskin: "Try to get strength of heart to look yourself fairly in the face in mind as well as body. I do not doubt that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily."

The more you cultivate your ability to "dress your mind" the more keenly will you realize that "the pleasantest

things in the world are pleasant thoughts and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible."—From the New York Evening Sun.

FALSE TEETH MAKE WHISTLE.

Miss Ice Wins Over a Dentist Who Sued for His Bill.

Making practical demonstration of her defense that four false teeth caused her to whistle when she talked, Miss Emma Virginia Ice came out victor in Kansas City, Mo., before Justice Shoemaker in an action by Dr. W. D. Smith, a dentist, to collect a bill of \$36. The courtroom was crowded when the case was called, and the testimony was followed with much zest.

Smith was the first witness and he was emphatic in his statements.

"She's a mighty hard woman to please," he asserted. "Why, I've heard she had a dress altered seven times before it pleased her. She wanted me to make the false teeth over, but the work could not be neater or better."

"My defense is that I whistle on these teeth every time I talk," said Miss Ice. "You can hear me now. I whistle in a different key every time I modulate my tones. Listen to me, Judge. When I become emphatic I'm a treble. When I talk in ordinary voice, I'm bass, and if I try to talk fast you'd think it was the wind whistling. All I've got to say is that in trying to collect \$36 for giving me four whistling teeth this dentist is making me the victim of a cold proposition."

"I suppose, Miss Ice," observed Justice Shoemaker, "you think yourself fortunate that you did not get a full set of thirty-two teeth?"

"That's just it, your Honor," replied Miss Ice. "If I can whistle this way on four teeth what kind of whistling would I do on thirty-two? Why, when I try to talk now my friends say, 'Look out! The train's coming.'"

"I think that will do; you may step down, Miss Ice," said the Justice, and ruled in her favor.—New York Press.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Only 5 1-2 percent of the globe's land surface is fit for cultivation.

Flowers are as a rule 1-2 degrees warmer than the surrounding air.

In 1634 the town of Mt. Mary's, Maryland, was founded by 200 colonists under Leonard Calvert.

An old receipt has been found in Goshen, Mass., showing that wood sold for 39 1-2 cents a cord in 1845.

Australia now contains more unexplored territory in proportion to its size than any other continent.

The sea anemone is one of the longest lived of humble organisms. One has flourished in captivity for 50 years.

The police department in Canton has issued a proclamation forbidding the sale of the flesh of dogs and cats as food.

Some trees are much more unfavorable to the growth of plants beneath them than are others. The worst are the yew and the ash.

The earth is gradually losing speed owing to the friction of the tides. The days are now half a second longer than they were in 1802.

Sicily and Reggio, her mainland neighbor, are now sending to this country nearly 600,000 sheepskins, goatskins, etc., per annum.

A bat was found torpid, but alive, in a vault at Yatebury church, Caine, England, recently, which had been closed and sealed 106 years previously.

Five generations of the family of Mr. Pettit, boot dealer of Mexborough, England, are living, his own child being the youngest member. The great-great-grandmother is 90 and the child is 11 months old.

The fact is not generally known that some of the most imposing snow mountains in the world lie within the limits of the United States. Of the great peaks of Alaska, at least one, Mt. McKinley, is over 20,000 feet high, while Mt. St. Elias is over 18,000.

In Australia are found some of the most remarkable ants' nests in the world. They are known as "magnetic" nests, for the reason that they are built in a due north and south direction. Consequently, a traveler may readily direct his course by their aid.

There are three black fox farms near Atherton, Prince Edward Island, where these animals are raised for their skins. These farms contain 20, 25 and 30 foxes, respectively. The skins are sold in London at prices ranging from \$500 to \$1800 each, according to quality.

A Pennsylvania law of 1820 provides that a vehicle must give one following and at a more rapid pace, one-half the traveled portion of the road, under a penalty of \$20. The penalty with costs was recently collected from a farmer near Erie who refused to give half the road to an auto following him.

An aged woman recluse in New York, Mrs. Johanna Stelter, feeling death approaching, left within reach of her two pets, a parrot and a white hen, sufficient food to last for some time, then lay down and died. After four days her body was discovered, but the pets were well and fat. The woman was 80 years old.

Among flowers the chrysanthemum is said to live the longest after being cut.

Robert and Rupert.

The Surprise They Gave Miss Thorne of Los Angeles.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain-Dealer.)

The young woman in the doorway paused a moment. The young man at the desk looked up inquiringly.

"May I come in?" the young woman asked.

"Certainly," said the young man, and pointed to the chair beside the desk.

She was a pretty girl with a bright look and a firm little mouth, and her clothes betokened taste and skill.

The young man put down his pencil and drew back in his chair.

"You are Mr. Robert Somers?"

"I am Robert Somers."

"I am Cecilia Thorne."

The young man bowed.

"Does the name awaken any slumbering memories?" the girl inquired.

He shook his head.

"No," he replied.

"You might have added that the fact was a matter of regret," said the girl.

"But I can see how it is. You are the retiring brother."

"The retiring brother?" the young man echoed.

"Yes. It is your brother who is bold and masterful."

The young man's eyes opened wider. A flush tinged his cheeks.

"Are you not making some mistake?" he asked.

"I think not," replied the girl.

"Anyway, you must let me tell my story. Then if you find there is anything in it to correct, you must say so frankly. That's agreed? Then listen. I am Cecilia Thorne from Los Angeles. My home has been with my late uncle, James Temple. My uncle died six weeks ago. Perhaps you have heard his name?"

The young man nodded.

"I saw a notice of his death. He was a retired capitalist and very wealthy."

"Yes," said the girl. "And he was also very eccentric." She paused.

"Now I am coming to the point that interests you. My uncle's will was not opened until last week. In it he leaves half his wealth to me unconditionally. The other half will be mine providing I marry a son of the late Henry Carlton Somers, of New York."

The face of the young man grew red. He slightly gasped.

"Please say that again," he murmured.

"I hope you are not going to faint," said the young woman.

He straightened up.

"But why in the world should your uncle insert such a preposterous condition?"

"Sir!"

"I mean such a singular condition?"

"That's better. It seems that when your father and my uncle were young men my uncle in some way did your father an injury. Took advantage of him in business and wronged him. This unfairness worried my uncle in later years—more especially after he heard of your father's death. He talked with me about it and made me promise to do my best to right the wrong. Of course he didn't allude to that interesting clause in his will."

She paused. "I'm a Western girl, Mr. Somers," she added, with a quick change of tone, "and I believe I am a business woman. For a year or more I have had the handling of my uncle's estate, and that has been no easy task. Now I am treating this matter of the will in a business way. The amount involved is a very large one, and if the provisions of the will are not carried out it will go to establish certain queer hobbies of my uncle's that have nothing save their queerness to recommend them. I want to be frank with you, I take you to be a gentleman. At present I have nothing to suggest. But later on I would be very glad to ease the burden my uncle has placed upon me by a suitable payment from the conscience fund he has placed in my hands."

The young man flushed again.

"That is quite impossible," he said. "I know nothing about this old debt. My father never mentioned it."

The young woman leaned forward a little.

"Well," she said, "the first thing to do is to get your positive refusal to consent to this matrimonial condition."

He looked into the eager rosy face and drew a quick breath.

"I—I don't think I could bring myself to do that," he stammered. "You must settle the matter to suit yourself. Why should you come here at all?"

"Because I am doing my best to carry out my dead uncle's wishes. I have a tender conscience, too. You will help me greatly if you will say that it is impossible for you to—marry me?"

"But I can't say that," he persisted.

"You are not thinking of the money?" she abruptly asked.

His flush deepened.

"That is unkind," he said.

"So it is," cried the girl. "Forgive me. Then you refuse to help me for purely quixotic reasons? Of course you are not already married?"

"I am very glad to say I am not married," he replied.

should—but, there, this is a business interview. And you refuse to refuse me?"

"Wild horses couldn't draw such a refusal from me," he said. He was beginning to get his breath again.

"It isn't necessary to be so emphatic," said the girl. "Well, I've failed with you. Now I want to see your brother."

"My brother! What do you know about my brother?"

The girl smiled.

"Not long before my uncle's death he sent a Western man to find out all he could concerning the Somers family. It is quite possible that the glare and hubbub of the great city proved too much for this impressionable messenger. Anyway, he spent a good deal of my uncle's money and came back looking very tired. His report, too, was somewhat meager. He said that Henry Carlton Somers left two sons—I'm afraid he was in a condition to see almost any number—and that the boys were radically different in dispositions. One of the sons was quiet and reserved and a hard worker. The messenger understood that

he said, "I'm Rupert Somers. Robert has told me all about you and your jolly queer mission. How do you do?"

Cecilia gave him a quick glance. He was very like his brother in looks. Perhaps he was a little taller, and there was a different shade to his complexion. That might have been accounted for by his gray business coat and his pale blue tie. But there was a wide difference in the facial expression of the two Somerses. Robert was quiet, almost grave. Rupert was saucy and smiling.

"So your brother has told you about my uncle and his will, and—and about me?"

"He spun it out in a hurried way, but I fancy I grasp the essentials. Bob seemed precious serious about it, but the romance caught me."

"Romance?"

"Don't you regard it so?" he lightly asked.

"Certainly not. It's cruel. It's abominable!"

He laughed softly.

"You take it too seriously," he said.

She resented his tone.

"What is it that you think I take too seriously? The matrimonial suggestion?"

"Perhaps. At the same time that needn't bother you materially. It's all in your hands. It isn't as if you were facing poverty, you know."

"I don't think that would make any difference," she said, with a little snap in her voice.

He looked at her in his lazy way and nodded.

"I don't believe it would with you. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me?"

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THE GIFT OF CORN.

By Sophie Bronson Titterton.

Many of the Indian legends are beautiful, but none of them are more quaint or delicate in fancy than the Ottawa legend of the origin of Indian corn. It was taken from the lips of one of the old members of the tribe.

The beautiful Manitoulin Islands, in Lake Huron, were long the abode of the Ottawas. Mass-wa-we-in-lin, the magician of the tribe, was crossing a wide plain, when he was accosted by a little man with a red feather on his head.

"Where are you going?" asked the little man cheerily, and invited the magician with the long name to smoke with him. "Tell me," said he, as they smoked, "wherein does your strength lie?"

It seemed a strange question, but the magician made straight and true answer. "My strength," answered he, "is that of mankind; no more."

"We must wrestle," said the man of the red feather. "If you should make me fall, you will say to me, 'I have thrown you, Wa-ge-me-na.'"

The magician was nothing loth, and so they wrestled. For a long time the issue seemed doubtful, so strong and active was the little man; but at length the stranger was thrown to the ground.

"I have thrown you, Wa-ge-me-na," he cried, and immediately his opponent vanished into the earth.

On looking at the spot where the little man had disappeared, Mass-wa-we-in-lin discovered a crooked ear of Indian corn (mondamin) lying upon the ground, with the usual red, hairy tassel at the top. While he gazed, wondering, he heard a voice say, "Divest me of my covering and reveal my body. Separate me into parts, and cast me upon the plain. Return in one month."

The magician obeyed these directions, and when, at the end of the month he returned, he found the spikes and blades of young corn, and where he had thrown the cob, pumpkin vines were thriving luxuriantly.

Again the mysterious voice addressed him: "Mass-wa-we-in-lin, you conquered me. Had you not done so, your life would have been forfeited. Victory has crowned your strength, and henceforth my body shall give nourishment to the human race."

Thus it was that to the Ottawas was given the gift of corn. They have made good use of it, for this tribe has ever been noted for their fine crops of this useful grain; and, indeed, it was from this custom of trading in Indian corn that the tribe was called Ottawas.

the father's affairs were found to be in bad shape, and this quiet son was doing his best to straighten them out—working day and night to pay the creditors and save what could be saved. Then he heard about the other son. He was different. He'd been a famous man at his college—a great runner and football player. He was in his junior year when the Spanish-American War broke out and promptly enlisted and went to the front and saw real fighting and did something particularly fine—carried a wounded comrade away on his back, or something. After he left college he went out to a Western mining camp and was made town marshal. I think, and helped to civilize the town. My uncle's messenger only heard about your brother; he didn't see him. But he saw you and talked to you a few moments on some trumped-up business."

"And may I ask how I impressed him?" the young man inquired.

"I will tell you what he said. He said you seemed lacking in spirit and apparently knew nothing about life outside your dull business grind. And now where can I meet your brother?"

"Here."

"And when?"

"I think I can find him in a few minutes. Will you wait?"

"Yes. I want this business settled as soon as possible."

The young man arose.

"I will bring him here."

"How old is your brother?"

"Our ages are the same."

"Twins! How delightful!"

"Not if we are rivals," said the young man steadily. Then he hastily added: "While we may differ in dispositions, you will find us a good deal alike in appearance, although it is quite possible you will consider Rupert better looking."

"Just now it is a question of what he considers me," said the girl.

"Do you care for his brother's opinion?" the young man quietly asked.

"I can't see how that enters into the present business," said the girl quickly. "It is your brother's opinion that interests me now."

He bowed, and, taking his hat, passed into the hallway.

It was a fifteen-minute wait. The girl remained in the chair by the desk, her eyes taking in the meager furnishings of the room and the dull outlook through the long windows.

Then a step caused her to turn. A young man was entering, a brisk young man who came directly toward her with outstretched hand.

"Glad to meet you, Miss Thorne,"

he said, "I'm Rupert Somers. Robert has told me all about you and your jolly queer mission. How do you do?"

Cecilia gave him a quick glance. He was very like his brother in looks. Perhaps he was a little taller, and there was a different shade to his complexion. That might have been accounted for by his gray business coat and his pale blue tie. But there was a wide difference in the facial expression of the two Somerses. Robert was quiet, almost grave. Rupert was saucy and smiling.

"So your brother has told you about my uncle and his will, and—and about me?"

"He spun it out in a hurried way, but I fancy I grasp the essentials. Bob seemed precious serious about it, but the romance caught me."

"Romance?"

"Don't you regard it so?" he lightly asked.

"Certainly not. It's cruel. It's abominable!"

He laughed softly.

"You take it too seriously," he said.

She resented his tone.

"What is it that you think I take too seriously? The matrimonial suggestion?"

"Perhaps. At the same time that needn't bother you materially. It's all in your hands. It isn't as if you were facing poverty, you know."

"I don't think that would make any difference," she said, with a little snap in her voice.

He looked at her in his lazy way and nodded.

"I don't believe it would with you. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me?"

ruptly. "Your brother has told you what it is. I am trying in my own way to carry out my dead uncle's wishes. His heart was set on it. I would be very ungrateful if I did not do my best." She paused and steadied her voice. "You will understand that I fall to regard the clause in my uncle's will from any sentimental point of view."

"If you did," said Rupert Somers, "you wouldn't be here."

The girl brightened up.

"Thank you," she said. "That was nicely interpolated. And now I want you to help me still further. If you will say you have no desire to marry me it will make my mission much easier."

He slowly smiled as he watched the flush rise in her cheeks.

"I'm a sportsman," he said, "and I take my chance when it comes. Bob has the inside track. Bob saw you first. I mean to play fair."

The girl tried hard to frown. Then she laughed, a laugh full of dimples and so infectious that Rupert Somers laughed too.

"Anyway, I'm sorry I came," she said with a little pout. "I never expected to meet such silly boys. Your staid brother is quite as foolish as you are."

The man's face suddenly grew grave.

"I may be violating a confidence," he said, "but I want you to know that Bob is hard hit. Don't blame him, please."

"I blame myself for coming here," said the girl quickly. "And as neither of you seem to take me seriously—" "I'm sure Bob would," broke in the man.

"To take my mission seriously, I will go. All further business between us will be conducted by mail."

He looked dismayed as she arose.

"Please don't go yet," he said. "I fear I have blundered. Anyway, you will wait until Bob returns." She hesitated. "I—I know that Bob means to ask you out to dinner. It will be such an unusual pleasure for Bob."

She looked at his distressed face and laughed and sat down.

"Do you know," she suddenly said, "that if you and your brother could be combined you would make an unusually agreeable personality. You lack his steadiness, and he lacks your liveliness. It's almost a pity you can't make a composite of yourselves."

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"Would the united Somerses prove sufficiently agreeable to solve that bothersome clause in the will?" he quickly asked.

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"Isn't it time for your brother's return?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Bob allowed me fifteen minutes." He arose and seemed to hesitate. Then he walked quickly to the desk and seating himself bent over the papers for a moment. When he looked up his expression had changed. The liveliness and sparkle had faded from it, his hair was pushed back, his eyes were grave and steady.

"So you have seen Rupert?" he quietly said.

The girl started up and stared at him.

"You!" she stammered, and came closer. "Are—are you Robert or Rupert?"

"I am both," he answered. He slowly smiled. "I am the composite. Forgive me for the little play. I told you I was an amateur actor. When you seemed so positive there were two Somers I suddenly determined to introduce the other one. I borrowed the coat and the tie, and the rest was art. Besides, I—I wanted to show you that there was another side to my character. I resented that picture of me your uncle's messenger brought home."

She continued to stare at him.

"That was very well done," she said. She paused a moment. "I hope you will not put away Rupert entirely when you put away the coat."

His face brightened.

"I knew you hadn't detected me when you spoke of the—the clause."

"Bother the clause," said the girl. He suddenly arose.

"Will you let me take you out to dinner?" he asked.

She nodded.

Why He Could Not Change.

The story is told of a Dutchman who certainly needed the services of the far-famed "Lady from Philadelphia" if ever any one required her assistance.

He was assigned to a seat in the coach which obliged him to ride backward through the Black Forest. At the first stopping place he asked the postmaster to give him another seat, saying it made him ill to ride backward.

"Ask the man opposite to change with you," said the postmaster, gruffly.

"But there is nobody opposite to me," complained the Dutchman, "so I cannot ask him."—Youth's Companion.

Why He Married Again.

An Ohio lawyer tells of a client of his—a German farmer, a hard working, plain, blunt man who lost his wife not long ago. The lawyer had sought him out to express his sympathy, but to his consternation the Teuton laconically observed:

"But I am again married."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the legal light. "Why, it has been but a week or two since you buried your wife!"

"Dot's so, my frent, but she is as dead as effer she vill be,"—Lippincott's.

WHY GROW OLD?

Mere Youth Not Essential to Beauty—Fighting Old Time.

Perhaps nothing in the whole category of human ills is more bitter to contemplate than the process of growing old. It is a terrible moment, a solemn duty for all, and one which the ancient Roman marked with a black letter, when a pretty woman, on consulting her mirror perceives the first line, the first trace—hardly visible as yet—of the fatal crow's foot which will spread out at the corners of the eyes, on a skin of satin hitherto unmarked. But the trouble increases, the worry becomes more bitter and almost inconceivable when the eye discovers in the shiny ebony or the rich tawny gold of the tresses the first white hair, forerunner of imminent old age. Youth rebels against age with an impotent fury. Perhaps this may be the secret of premature wrinkles, gray hair and dim eyes in the average woman. Because youth has not been educated to a proper regard for the consistency of appearance with years is the one great reason for this rebellion.

Pink cheeks and bright eyes have no conception of beauty that does not resemble their own. Naturally they feel alarmed when these charms desert them. The bud has never been taught that the full blown rose has a beauty of its own, and that the fragrance of withered petals may be sweet and lasting if blended with spices and frankincense of enduring nature.

To feel middle life approaching, yet be content, one must cultivate a cheerfulness of spirit, keeping the mind busy with wholesome thoughts, and the heart ready to do kind deeds. We may not retain perpetual youth, yet within the reach of us all, is prolonged youth. No fair face need assume maturity unless it be the desire of the possessor. Gray hair may oftentimes be prevented, but if that be impossible rest assured it has a charm of its own, if worn becomingly. Wrinkles may surely be averted by attention to the rules of health and beauty.

Bathing, fresh air, proper food, massage and plenty of sleep, added to perfect control of our emotions, will leave the brow smooth and unfurrowed until long past midlife. Science has procured ways and means to accomplish all these things. It is for the individual to take heed and employ prescribed methods. To live a rational life, temperate in all things, either physical or spiritual, is to enjoy the blessing of ripe old age, one that is calm, graceful and natural. If in olden times people believed in miracles, magic and sorcery, we of this age see in them only an intelligent understanding of regime and the care of one's person.

Youth and beauty are precious and fleeting gifts and to preserve them it is necessary to maintain a constant battle every hour and every moment. No one is exempt from the immutable law.

Helen of Troy was over 40 when she deserted her husband. At that time she was in the zenith of her glory. Cleopatra had seen 30 when Anthony fell a victim to her immortal charms, and to the day of her death she was ravishingly beautiful. Catherine of Russia was 35 before she began her mad career and for thirty years she was both fascinating and dangerous. Aspasia counted 33 when she married Pericles, and was considered a beauty for thirty years afterward. When she was 36 Henry II. became infatuated with Diane de Poitiers, and Anne of Austria had both Richelieu and Buckingham madly jealous when she was 38. Mile. Mars was at the height of her beauty and talent at 45. One of the most beautiful women of her day in Europe was Mme. Recamier. Until her death, at 50, she held sway over her masculine world. Ninon de L'Enclos was the idol of three generations and when a very old woman completely subjugated a courtly abbe, young enough to be her son. Look at the wonderful woman of our own time, Sara Bernhardt, who goes gayly along defying time and disease. She is as winsome, marvelous and vivacious as she was at 20.

Thus it is to be seen that there is no real reason why a woman should lose her physical charms at 40 or her mental attractions at 70. From 30 to 40 is the ripest age, if the charms of body and mind harmonize. It is conceded that nature is making perpetual efforts to attain perfection and beauty, and beauty should be recognized as the normal state. Deviations from it are usually marks of ancestral errors, though in many cases, they may be laid at the door of ignorant training. The fulness of life with all its joys and pleasures is almost a sealed book to the woman who does not know how to develop and make herself interesting and attractive. She is but half living who does not understand this art, and no pain or trouble should be considered too great to acquire what may bring the world to her feet. To quote Ruskin: "Try to get strength of heart to look yourself fairly in the face in mind as well as body. I do not doubt that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily."

The more you cultivate your ability to "dress your mind" the more keenly will you realize that "the pleasantest

things in the world are pleasant thoughts and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible."—From the New York Evening Sun.

FALSE TEETH MAKE WHISTLE.

Miss Ice Wins Over a Dentist Who Sued for His Bill.

Making practical demonstration of her defense that four false teeth caused her to whistle when she talked, Miss Emma Virginia Ice came out victor in Kansas City, Mo., before Justice Shoemaker in an action by Dr. W. D. Smith, a dentist, to collect a bill of \$36. The courtroom was crowded when the case was called, and the testimony was followed with much zest.

Smith was the first witness and he was emphatic in his statements.

"She's a mighty hard woman to please," he asserted. "Why, I've heard she had a dress altered seven times before it pleased her. She wanted me to make the false teeth over, but the work could not be better or better."

"My defense is that I whistle on these teeth every time I talk," said Miss Ice. "You can hear me now. I whistle in a different key every time I modulate my tones. Listen to me, Judge. When I become emphatic I'm a treble. When I talk in ordinary voice, I'm bass, and if I try to talk fast you'd think it was the wind whistling. All I've got to say is that in trying to collect \$36 for giving me four whistling teeth this dentist is making me the victim of a cold proposition."

"I suppose, Miss Ice," observed Justice Shoemaker, "you think yourself fortunate that you did not get a full set of thirty-two teeth?"

"That's just it, your Honor," replied

Robert and Rupert.

The Surprise They Gave Miss Thorne of Los Angeles.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain-Dealer.)

The young woman in the doorway paused a moment. The young man at the desk looked up inquiringly.

"May I come in?" the young woman asked.

"Certainly," said the young man, and pointed to the chair beside the desk.

She was a pretty girl with a bright look and a firm little mouth, and her clothes betokened taste and skill.

The young man put down his pencil and drew back in his chair.

"You are Mr. Robert Somers?"

"I am Robert Somers."

"I am Cecilia Thorne."

The young man bowed.

"Does the name awaken any slumbering memories?" the girl inquired.

He shook his head.

"No," he replied.

"You might have added that the fact was a matter of regret," said the girl.

"But I can see how it is. You are the retiring brother."

"The retiring brother?" the young man echoed.

"Yes. It is your brother who is bold and masterful."

The young man's eyes opened wider. A flush tinged his cheeks.

"Are you not making some mistake?" he asked.

"I think not," replied the girl.

"Anyway, you must let me tell my story. Then if you find there is anything in it to correct, you must say so frankly. That's agreed? Then listen. I am Cecilia Thorne from Los Angeles. My home has been with my late uncle, James Temple. My uncle died six weeks ago. Perhaps you have heard his name?"

The young man nodded.

"I saw a notice of his death. He was a retired capitalist and very wealthy."

"Yes," said the girl. "And he was also very eccentric." She paused.

"Now I am coming to the point that interests you. My uncle's will was not opened until last week. In it he leaves half his wealth to me unconditionally. The other half will be mine providing I marry a son of the late Henry Carlton Somers, of New York."

The face of the young man grew red. He slightly gasped.

"Please say that again," he murmured.

"I hope you are not going to faint," said the young woman.

He straightened up.

"But why in the world should your uncle insert such a preposterous condition?"

"Sir!"

"I mean such a singular condition?"

"That's better. It seems that when your father and my uncle were young men my uncle in some way did your father an injury. Took advantage of him in business and wronged him. This unfairness worried my uncle in later years—more especially after he heard of your father's death. He talked with me about it and made me promise to do my best to right the wrong. Of course he didn't allude to that interesting clause in his will."

She paused. "I'm a Western girl, Mr. Somers," she added, with a quick change of tone, "and I believe I am a business woman. For a year or more I have had the handling of my uncle's estate, and that has been no easy task. Now I am treating this matter of the will in a business way. The amount involved is a very large one, and if the provisions of the will are not carried out it will go to establish certain queer hobbies of my uncle's that have nothing save their queerness to recommend them. I want to be frank with you. I take you to be a gentleman. At present I have nothing to suggest. But later on I would be very glad to ease the burden my uncle has placed upon me by a suitable payment from the conscience fund he has placed in my hands."

The young man flushed again.

"That is quite impossible," he said. "I know nothing about this old debt. My father never mentioned it."

The young woman leaned forward a little.

"Well," she said, "the first thing to do is to get your positive refusal to consent to this matrimonial condition."

He looked into the eager rosy face and drew a quick breath.

"I—I don't think I could bring myself to do that," he stammered. "You must settle the matter to suit yourself. Why should you come here at all?"

"Because I am doing my best to carry out my dead uncle's wishes. I have a tender conscience, too. You will help me greatly if you will say that it is impossible for you to marry me?"

"But I can't say that," he persisted.

"You are not thinking of the money?" she abruptly asked.

His flush deepened.

"That is unkind," he said.

"So it is," cried the girl. "Forgive me. Then you refuse to help me for purely quixotic reasons? Of course you are not already married?"

"I am very glad to say I am not married," he replied.

"You shouldn't say it so seriously," said the girl with a quick smile. "If I were looking for compliments I

should—but, there, this is a business interview. And you refuse to refuse me?"

"Wild horses couldn't draw such a refusal from me," he said. He was beginning to get his breath again.

"It isn't necessary to be so emphatic," said the girl. "Well, I've failed with you. Now I want to see your brother."

"My brother! What do you know about my brother?"

The girl smiled.

"Not long before my uncle's death he sent a Western man to find out all he could concerning the Somers family. It is quite possible that the glare and hubbub of the great city proved too much for this impressionable messenger. Anyway, he spent a good deal of my uncle's money and came back looking very tired. His report, too, was somewhat meager. He said that Henry Carlton Somers left two sons—I'm afraid he was in a condition to see almost any number—and that the boys were radically different in dispositions. One of the sons was quiet and reserved and a hard worker. The messenger understood that

he said, 'I'm Rupert Somers. Robert has told me all about you and your jolly queer mission. How do you do?'

Cecilia gave him a quick glance. He was very like his brother in looks. Perhaps he was a little taller, and there was a different shade to his complexion. That might have been accounted for by his gray business coat and his pale blue tie. But there was a wide difference in the facial expression of the two Somerses. Robert was quiet, almost grave. Rupert was suave and smiling.

"So your brother has told you about my uncle and his will, and—about me?"

"He spun it out in a hurried way, but I fancy I grasp the essentials. Bob seemed precious serious about it, but the romance caught me."

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"Don't you regard it so?" he lightly asked.

"Certainly not. It's cruel. It's abominable!"

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"You take it too seriously," he said.

She resented his tone.

"What is it that you think I take too seriously? The matrimonial suggestion?"

"Perhaps. At the same time that needn't bother you materially. It's all in your hands. It isn't as if you were facing poverty, you know."

"I don't think that would make any difference," she said, with a little snap in her voice.

He looked at her in his lazy way and nodded.

"I don't believe it would with you. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me?"

THE GIFT OF CORN.

By Sophie Bronson Titterton.

Many of the Indian legends are beautiful, but none of them are more quaint or delicate in fancy than the Ottawa legend of the origin of the corn.

It was taken from the lips of one of the old members of the tribe.

The beautiful Manitoulin Islands, in Lake Huron, were long the abode of the Ottawas, Mass-wa-we-in-i, the magician of the tribe, was crossing a wide plain, when he was accosted by a little man with a red feather on his head.

"Where are you going?" asked the little man cheerily, and invited the magician with the long name to smoke with him. "Tell me," said he, as they smoked, "wherein does your strength lie?"

It seemed a strange question, but the magician made straight and true answer. "My strength," answered he, "is that of mankind; no more."

"We must wrestle," said the man of the red feather. "If you should make me fall, you will say to me, 'I have thrown you, Wa-ga-me-na.'"

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The father's affairs were found to be in bad shape, and this quiet son was doing his best to straighten them out—working day and night to pay the creditors and save what could be saved. Then he heard about the other son. He was different. He'd been a famous man at his college—a great runner and football player. He was in his junior year when the Spanish-American War broke out and promptly enlisted and went to the front and saw real fighting and did something particularly fine—carried a wounded comrade away on his back, or something. After he left college he went out to a Western mining camp and was made town marshal. I think, and helped to civilize the town. My uncle's messenger only heard about your brother; he didn't see him. But he saw you and talked to you a few moments on some trumped up business."

"And may I ask how I impressed him?" the young man inquired.

"I will tell you what he said. He said you seemed lacking in spirit and apparently knew nothing about life outside your dull business grind. And now where can I meet your brother?"

"Here."

"And when?"

"I think I can find him in a few minutes. Will you wait?"

"Yes, I want this business settled as soon as possible."

The young man arose.

"I will bring him here."

"How old is your brother?"

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It was a fifteen-minute wait. The girl remained in the chair by the desk, her eyes taking in the meager furnishings of the room and the dull outlook through the long windows.

Then a step caused her to turn. A young man was entering, a brisk young man who came directly toward her with outstretched hand.

"Glad to meet you, Miss Thorne,"

"Telling you what?"

"Telling me what you forfeit by not carrying out your uncle's new way to pay old debts?"

She hesitated, then lightly laughed.

"Call it in round numbers two millions."

He softly whistled.

"That's surely a pot of money!" he said. Then he added: "Do you know I don't think it was quite fair for you to come and tell us this fairy story. It's disquieting."

"You like money?" said the girl.

"Yes. Perhaps I might say I respect it, too. I never saw much of it. Dad had to scrimp to get me through college. When I came out I didn't seem to have any way of earning money, except by playing baseball, and dad wouldn't hear of my becoming a professional. Then dad's affairs got into a tangle—they had been going from bad to worse for a long time—and I had to give up what I was doing—it was something brisk and bustling that promised very fairly—and come into the office here."

"Then you and Robert are associated in the business?"

"Yes, we're together. It's share and share alike with us."

She looked at him curiously.

"I have heard you were quite a famous man at college?" she said.

"It was the sort of fame that shrivels in the autumn wind," he laughed.

"And you went to war?"

"It was a very little war."

"And did something particularly fine?"

"Pure melodrama. I was considered very good in amateur theatricals, you know."

He laughed at this and showed his white teeth and nodded at her with a delightful air of comradeship. He certainly was a pleasant fellow—and she instantly contrasted him with the quiet and subdued brother bending over the dingy desk.

"You are very unlike your brother Robert," she told him.

"That's not a discovery," he said. "Other people have contrasted us. But we are very congenial just the same. Bob never gets a dollar that he doesn't share with me. There are not many of them, but that doesn't impair the rule."

"And you live on Robert's earnings?"

"Yes. Why not?"

The girl's face clouded. His easy manner, his careless tone, his utter indifference to criticism, grated on her sensibilities.

"We are drifting from the business that brought me here," she said ab-

ruptly. "Your brother has told you what it is. I am trying in my own way to carry out my dead uncle's wishes. His heart was set on it. I would be very ungrateful if I did not do my best." She paused and steadied her voice. "You will understand that I fail to regard the clause in my uncle's will from any sentimental point of view."

"If you did," said Rupert Somers, "you wouldn't be here."

The girl brightened up.

"Thank you," she said. "That was nicely interpolated. And now I want you to help me still further. If you will say you have no desire to marry me it will make my mission much easier."

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"Yes," he answered. "Bob allowed me fifteen minutes." He arose and seemed to hesitate. Then he walked quickly to the desk and seating himself bent over the papers for a moment. When he looked up his expression had changed. The liveliness and sparkle had faded from it, his hair was pushed back, his eyes were grave and steady.

"So you have seen Rupert?" he quietly said.

The girl started up and stared at him.

"You!" she stammered, and came closer. "Are—are you Robert or Rupert?"

"I am both," he answered. He slowly smiled. "I am the composite. Forgive me for the little play. I told you I was an amateur actor. When you seemed so positive there were two Somers I suddenly determined to introduce the other one. I borrowed the coat and the tie, and the rest was art. Besides, I—I wanted to show you that there was another side to my character. I resented that picture of me your uncle's messenger brought home."

She continued to stare at him.

"That was very well done," she said. She paused a moment. "I hope you will not put away Rupert entirely when you put away the coat."

His face brightened.

"I knew you hadn't detected me when you spoke of the—the clause."

"Bother the clause," said the girl. He suddenly arose.

"Will you let me take you out to dinner?" he asked.

She nodded.

Why He Could Not Change.

The story is told of a Dutchman who certainly needed the services of the far-famed "Lady from Philadelphia" if ever any one required her assistance.

He was assigned to a seat in the coach which obliged him to ride backward through the Black Forest. At the first stopping place he asked the postmaster to give him another seat, saying it made him ill to ride backward.

"Ask the man opposite to change with you," said the postmaster, gruffly.

"But there is nobody opposite to me," complained the Dutchman, "so I cannot ask him."—Youth's Companion.

Why He Married Again.

An Ohio lawyer tells of a client of his—a German farmer, a hard working, plain, blunt man who lost his wife not long ago. The lawyer had sought him out to express his sympathy, but to his consternation the Teuton laconically observed:

"But I am again married."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the legal light. "Why, it has been but a week or two since you buried your wife!"

"Dot's so, my Trent, but she is as dead as effer she will be,"—Lippincott's.

WHY GROW OLD?

Mere Youth Not Essential to Beauty—Fighting Old Time.

Perhaps nothing in the whole category of human ills is more bitter to contemplate than the process of growing old. It is a terrible moment, a solemn duty for all, and one which the ancient Roman marked with a black letter, when a pretty woman, on consulting her mirror perceives the first line, the first trace—hardly visible as yet—of the fatal crow's foot which will spread out at the corners of the eyes, on a skin of satin hitherto unmarked. But the trouble increases, the worry becomes more bitter and almost insupportable when the eye discovers in the shiny ebony or the rich tawny gold of the tresses the first white hair, forerunner of imminent old age. Youth rebels against a with an impotent fury. Perhaps this may be the secret of premature wrinkles, gray hair and dim eyes in the average woman. Because youth has not been educated to a proper regard for the consistency of appearance with years is the one great reason for this rebellion.

Pink cheeks and bright eyes have no conception of beauty that does not resemble their own. Naturally they feel alarmed when these charms desert them. The bud has never been taught that the full blown rose has a beauty of its own, and that the fragrance of withered petals may be sweet and lasting if blended with spices and frankincense of enduring nature.

To feel middle life approaching, yet be content, one must cultivate a cheerfulness of spirit, keeping the mind busy with wholesome thoughts, and the heart ready to do kind deeds. We may not retain perpetual youth, yet within the reach of us all, is prolonged youth. No fair face need assume maturity unless it be the desire of the possessor. Gray hair may oftentimes be prevented, but if that be impossible rest assured it has a charm of its own, if worn becomingly. Wrinkles may surely be averted by attention to the rules of health and beauty.

Bathing, fresh air, proper food, massage and plenty of sleep, added to perfect control of our emotions, will leave the brow smooth and unfurrowed until long past midlife. Science has procured ways and means to accomplish all these things. It is for the individual to take heed and employ prescribed methods. To live a rational life, temperate in all things, either physical or spiritual, is to enjoy the blessing of ripe old age, one that is calm, graceful and natural. If in olden times people believed in miracles, magic and sorcery, we of this age see in them only an intelligent understanding of regime and the care of one's person.

Youth and beauty are precious and fleeting gifts and to preserve them it is necessary to maintain a constant battle every hour and every moment. No one is exempt from the immutable law.

Helen of Troy was over 40 when she deserted her husband. At that time she was in the zenith of her glory. Cleopatra had seen 30 when Anthony fell a victim to her immortal charms, and to the day of her death she was ravishingly beautiful. Catherine of Russia was 35 before she began her mad career and for thirty years she was both fascinating and dangerous. Aspasia counted 33 when she married Pericles, and was considered a beauty for thirty years afterward. When she was 36 Henry II. became infatuated with Diane de Poitiers, and Anne of Austria had both Richelieu and Buckingham madly jealous when she was 38. Mile. Mars was at the height of her beauty and talent at 45. One of the most beautiful women of her day in Europe was Mme. Recamier. Until her death, at 50, she held sway over her masculine world. Ninon de l'Enclos was the idol of three generations and when a very old woman completely subjugated a courtly abbe, young enough to be her son. Look at the wonderful woman of our own time, Sara Bernhardt, who goes gayly along defying time and disease. She is as winsome, marvelous and vivacious as she was at 20.

Thus it is to be seen that there is no real reason why a woman should lose her physical charms at 40 or her mental attractions at 70. From 30 to 40 is the ripest age, if the charms of body and mind harmonize. It is conceded that nature is making perpetual efforts to attain perfection and beauty, and beauty should be recognized as the normal state. Deviations from it are usually marks of ancestral errors, though in many cases, they may be laid at the door of ignorant training. The fulness of life with all its joys and pleasures is almost a sealed book to the woman who does not know how to develop and make herself interesting and attractive. She is but half living who does not understand this art, and no pain or trouble should be considered too great to acquire what may bring the world to her feet. To quote Ruskin:

"Try to get strength of heart to look yourself fairly in the face in mind as well as body. I do not doubt that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily."

The more you cultivate your ability to "dress your mind" the more keenly will you realize that "the pleasantest

things in the world are pleasant thoughts and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible."

—From the New York Evening Sun.

FALSE TEETH MAKE WHISTLE.

Miss Ice Wins Over a Dentist Who Sued for His Bill.

Making practical demonstration of her defense that four false teeth caused her to whistle when she talked, Miss Emma Virginia Ice came out victor in Kansas City, Mo., before Justice Shoemaker in an action by Dr. W. D. Smith, a dentist, to collect a bill of \$36. The courtroom was crowded when the case was called, and the testimony was followed with much zest.

Smith was the first witness and he was emphatic in his statements.

"She's a mighty hard woman to please," he asserted. "Why, I've heard she had a dress altered seven times before it pleased her. She wanted me to make the false teeth over, but the work could not be neater or better."

"My defense is that I whistle on these teeth every time I talk," said Miss Ice. "You can hear me now. I whistle in a different key every time I modulate my tones. Listen to me, Judge. When I become emphatic I'm a treble. When I talk in ordinary voice, I'm bass, and if I try to talk fast you'd think it was the wind whistling. All I've got to say is that in trying to collect \$36 for giving me four whistling teeth this dentist is making me the victim of a cold proposition."

"I suppose, Miss Ice," observed Justice Shoemaker, "you think yourself fortunate that you did not get a full set of thirty-two teeth?"

"That's just it, your Honor," replied Miss Ice. "If I can whistle this way on four teeth what kind of whistling would I do on thirty-two? Why, when I try to talk now my friends say, 'Look out! The train's coming.'"

"I think that will do; you may step down, Miss Ice," said the Justice, and ruled in her favor.—New York Press.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Only 5 1-2 percent of the globe's land surface is fit for cultivation.

Flowers are as a rule 1 1-2 degrees warmer than the surrounding air.

In 1634 the town of Mt. Mary's, Maryland, was founded by 200 colonists under Leonard Calvert.

An old receipt has been found in Goshen, Mass., showing that wood sold for 39 1-2 cents a cord in 1845.

Australia now contains more unexplored territory in proportion to its size than any other continent.

The sea anemone is one of the longest lived of humble organisms. One has flourished in captivity for 50 years.

The police department in Canton has issued a proclamation forbidding the sale of the flesh of dogs and cats as food.

Some trees are much more unfavorable to the growth of plants beneath them than are others. The worst are the yew and the ash.

The earth is gradually losing speed owing to the friction

Only a little while we travel life's weary way,
Only a little while we look on the light of day,
Only a little while we want and wish and wait,
Only a little while we work at our daily tasks,
Only a little while we wear our usual masks,
Only a little while we trouble or please our friends,
Only a little while we seek our selfish ends,
Only a little while we struggle and strive and fail,
Only a little while we buffet against the gale,
Only a little while we grumble at what we meet,
Only a little while we join in the great world's strife,
Only a little while we share in the joys of life,
Only a little while we put up our daily bluff,
Only a little while—but isn't it long enough?

—Somerville Journal.

THE GIANT RAY.

By Fisher Ames, Jr.

In marching order the professor presented a complex appearance. A greenish veil hung from the rim of his swollen and spotless helmet to his shoulders, which were clad in a coat platted with an extraordinary number of pockets. On the lower half of his person he wore tweed knickerbockers and cloth puttees with white spats. A minnow net and a camp-stool with a pneumatic seat were bound upon his back, and in his hands he carried a sheaf of rods and a repeating rifle. By his side young Bolling, with a bit of shark-line round his waist to keep his shirt down and his trousers up, and with plenty of tanned skin visible, seemed a figure of barbarism, but the contrast was only external. The Boston professor and the brown Floridian were pupils at the same school, and youth knew at first hand some of the wonderful facts—that age had met only in text-books.

The professor had come to study marine animals, and when he met Bolling on the beach and talked with him, he beamed upon the tall, lithe boy whose eye was as keen as a heron's, and offered him three dollars a day for his services. Five dollars would not have been enough to banish the repugnance Bolling felt at first sight of the knickerbockers and spats, but when he found out the sort of man the professor really was, he surrendered to him completely.

Those were pleasant days. They explored reef and shore and pot-hole, and gave each other of their own knowledge and learned new lessons together. One day they dropped anchor on a shoal between two mangrove points, where the yellow glint of sand quivered up through the water. It was warm there and protected, and many smaller species of fish swam busily about in its comparative quiet. It was good collecting-ground. The professor, with eyes snapping behind the green veil, dropped a close-meshed seine over the side and began to draw it through the water at the end of a long bamboo rod.

Perhaps the light disturbance of its passage was the attraction. At any rate, he had made but two or three attempts when a broad under-water shadow drew down upon the launch and paused below the next, which the professor in his curiosity held motionless.

"What is that?" he asked, and pointed. Bolling looked over the gunwale with no more than idle interest. "What did you see? Where?" he said. The shadow stirred at the moment, became more distinct and opaque, and the professor gazed down with startled eyes at the rising bulk of the most repulsive fish he had ever seen.

"It's the devil!" exclaimed Bolling, stepping back from the gunwale. The professor had lost his ruddy color.

"Manta birostris!" he breathed. He caught Bolling by the sleeve. "What are those big spots? What—they're eyes! Look at them!"

The gigantic ray rose until a scant film of water protected it back, and peered upward with cold eyes set shallow and wide apart. For a moment it lay there, undulating like a sail in light air; then with a supple folding of its huge pancake body, it curved downward and became a shadow again, that drifted over the wavering yellow bottom and disappeared.

The professor drew a long and satisfied breath, and looked up at the sun, then across the topaz-hued water.

"Nature is wonderful!" he said, gently. "We must get that fellow." "Get the devil-fish!" cried Bolling. "Certainly," said the professor. "I've seen pictures and read descriptions, but—" He waved the memory of them aside contemptuously. "Jim, I never imagined anything like that since I was a small boy afraid of the dark. Look here."

He held out his hand, and his fingers danced like the prongs of a tuning-fork.

"Um! You-all are scared," said Bolling, appreciatively.

"Interested, Jim! Excited!" cried the professor. "I don't know whether I'm afraid or not. It's immaterial. A ray twenty feet across! I must get that fish, dissect him, know every inch of his monstrous body before I do anything else. Will you help me?" Bolling's eyes suddenly glowed.

"Sure I'll help you! You're game, all right, professor. This shoal would be a heap nicer if we beached that old devil somewhere."

The ray, apparently so open in its movements, proved a difficult quarry. It seemed to have none of the activity, the daring impetuosity of the game fishes. Bolling and the professor, quartering back and forth across the shoal, with the engine down to the quietest notch, saw nothing rise to

their mullet and glistening squares of pork but an occasional dull sand-shark. Somewhere, basking placidly upon the bottom, lay the devil-fish, and doubtless, with more or less regularity, it moved about in the search for food, but the occupants of the launch failed to detect its presence.

Day after day went by. The professor's face grew longer behind the green veil. His time was limited, and in this paradise for collectors there was much that he was neglecting.

Every slow crane croaking overhead, every necklace of drops flung up by a leaping fish, every prolific patch of sea vegetation roused impulses that he had to quell. The devotees of science must be dogged.

"There is so much, so much!" sighed the professor. "Jim, boy, I envy you all this. What a field to work in!"

Bolling yawned. He was lolling in the stern, his fingers clutching a cord, on the farther end of which a mullet was fastened. It seemed such fruitless business.

"We ain't doing much now, sir," he said, lazily. "I reckon that old devil's gone up No'th; just keeping his left fin close to shore, so's he can kind of feel where he is. No trunk to carry and no ticket to—to get!"

He broke off, every flaccid line suddenly stiffening, and eyed the water close ahead, which had grown

fish boomed solemnly; but the giant ray gave no sign.

The professor moved uneasily. "There's plenty of horse-power left in that brute yet. This waiting's unpleasant."

"Look at the line," said Bolling, softly. It was moving, almost as if caught by some quiet current. It ran out very slowly from the bow, then swung to starboard and passed astern, lengthening foot by foot. It was so gentle, so unlike the former evidences of the huge fish's power, that it chilled the nerves of the watchers. It seemed as if the creature were meditating some crafty plan and working it out with human cunning.

The professor followed the moving line with the muzzle of his rifle. "I think I hit him that last time," he said. "Big as he is, I don't see how he can digest three of these long bullets. They'll rip their way through a foot of solid oak."

"Here he comes! Look!" Bolling pointed with a shaking finger.

The line had swung back abeam and slackened. Bloody bubbles were rising and cracking on the surface, and the water itself seemed arching upward with the quick rise of the huge bulk.

But when the ray appeared, it backed off and began to circle the launch, rasping the tightened line along the gunwale.

"Cut away, Jim," said the professor. "If that line catches on anything, he'll upset us in a minute."

Bolling severed the line with his clasp-knife, but the ray continued to circle. Round and round the launch it swam, like a tiger creeping upon its prey. Four times the professor fired at it, and the vicious spat of the bullets told that he had not missed.

"Toss me that box," he said. "I think that beast means to rush us."

He tore open the fresh box of cartridges, and hastily filled the magazine.

"I reckon we'd better run for it," said Bolling, with a white face, and opened the engine to her highest speed.

The launch surged forward, heading for the near line of sedge. At the moment the ray was astern, moving very quietly; but as it heard the swash of the propeller, and caught its

meanings, its tactics changed. It shot forward with tremendous rapidity, passing the boat as if it were anchored. Then it wheeled with an up-toss of water, and seemed to gather itself for a rush.

Bolling threw over the tiller, but before the sluggish launch could turn, the ray was upon them. Charging furiously, it sprang clear of the water, outspread like a gigantic bat, its enormous mouth distended and its two great fleshy fins flapping. As Bolling and the professor sprang overboard, the ray fell upon the launch, smothering it and beating its broken timbers under water.

Bolling had taken a long dive over the side. When he came to the surface there was no trace of launch or devil-fish, except the violent agitation of the water. But the professor's head was visible, minus hat and glasses, and it nodded at him. Without a word the two turned and swam in toward the sedge close by, and crawled, dripping, among its crackling stems.

The professor wrung himself out sadly. "What a pity he got away from us!" he said.

"Why, I reckon we got away from him!" Bolling's tone was rueful as he stared at the spot where the launch had been.

"Perhaps you're right, Jim," said the professor. "I suppose we ought to be thankful. You'll get another boat, and I've got material for a paper that will make the Ichthyological Society sit up."—Youth's Companion.

Parents and Delinquent Children. The story of delinquent children is, as often as told, practically the same. Judge Frazer, whose experience in the Juvenile Court covering a period of a few months has brought him in contact with 700 children who, in a greater or less degree, fall under this head, sounds the old warning, saying: "The dangers that surround a growing child are not fully appreciated by many parents. They allow boys and girls to go out alone to theatres and other amusement resorts, and then wonder why they go to the bad." This, he added, is simply a matter of carelessness upon the part of the parents. It would seem, with an army of 700 children appearing before the court for reprimand of counsel within a few months, that parents of the city should awake to the sense of responsibility required and restrain the liberty which is so detrimental to boys and girls who have not yet come to years of discretion. Judge Frazer says truly that the need for greater parental care cannot be emphasized too strongly.—Portland Oregonian.

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PRESENTIMENTS.

What is a presentiment in distinction from similar modes of perception? Are presentiments of frequent occurrence, and are there some authentic cases of fulfilled presentiments? Why are there no presentiments of good as well as of evil? Is it possible, with any known principle of the human mind, to offer any satisfactory explanation of this mysterious phenomenon?

From the New York Tribune.

A presentiment (from the Latin *praesentire*, feel or perceive beforehand) in the broadest sense is a direct, though vague, perception of a future event or a feeling which seems to be such a perception. Specifically, it is an antecedent impression or conviction, produced instinctively and without any known cause, of something about to happen. Though presentiments of good are common and often fulfilled, as their results are not tragical they are seldom remembered or confounded with hope, and for this reason the word presentiment is confined almost exclusively to the anticipation of impending evil, and is practically the equivalent of foreboding. Dreams often afford the similar materials for erroneous reasonings, but as they originate in the mind, they are sometimes so similar to presentiments that it is impossible to decide whether a presentiment caused the dream or the dream the presentiment.

Novelists, poets, and even historians, have so often told us of presentiments, have so often attributed them to their real or fictitious personages, that we have come to regard this sort of obscure vision of the future as a common and natural phenomenon. The historian tells us of Captain So-and-So, who, overwhelmed on the eve of battle with the fatal presentiment that he should not survive the combat, actually met his death; the novelist attributes to his heroine the presentiment of a catastrophe impending over her soldier lover, which happens in realization of her gloomy forebodings, and they speak of these things as constantly recurring, well established facts of which there are numerous examples that could not well be disputed. Even animals are said to be gifted with a presentiment of danger. Thus, according to Buffon, birds of passage have been observed to stay away from their nests at the approach of an earthquake; according to Raynal, dogs by continual long howling manifested their presentiment of an approaching earthquake, and it is a generally prevailing belief that rats will, a few days before the occurrence, leave a house that is about to fall down or a ship that is about to sink.

But, while in animals this phenomenon admits of an explanation by the assumption of instinct, which seems to be given them by nature for their preservation, this convenient apology for our ignorance cannot be made in the case of man, because he has reason, instead of instinct, for his guide. Yet it has been contended, and by persons of no mean understanding, that fatal presentiments are conveyed to the mind by means, if not supernatural, at all events mysterious and wonderful, and numerous examples, as we shall presently see, have been adduced in proof of the certainty of the warning, as well as of its mysterious occurrence.

Plutarch, in his tragic account of Julius Caesar's assassination, mentions the foreboding dream of Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, in the night preceding the fatal event. In her dream she first saw blood flowing from her husband's statue, and then she dreamed that the roof of her house was falling down and that Caesar, his body all covered with blood, expired in her arms. Terrified by these dreams she related them to Caesar, imploring him not to go out that day. Caesar, however, laughed at her fears, went to the Senate, and was stabbed to death by his assassins. It is related that not only did Henry IV himself have a presentiment of his death, but also Maria de Medicis was forewarned in a dream of the danger threatening the king. One night she started from her sleep with a shriek and her eyes bathed in tears. Asked by Henry IV for the cause of her terror, she replied, "I dreamed you were murdered!" To remove her fears the king said smiling: "Fortunately, dreams, according to the saying, are but fumes of the stomach." A few days later the dagger of a fanatic robbed France of the best of her kings. It must, however, be added that to-day the queen is much suspected of having plotted with d'Epemnon the king's assassination, or at least of having had some knowledge of the plot, her vague terror, therefore, only expressed her own part in the matter. Mozart's premonition of his death is even more wonderful. A stranger having called on him to order a requiem, he at once felt the presentiment that this requiem was destined to serve for his own funeral, contracted an incurable disease and died immediately after composing it. President Lincoln, as is well known, had a presentiment of impending death. As numerous, mostly amplified, versions exist of this incident, we give it here as published by Gideon Welles in an article printed in *The Galaxy* for April, 1872: "In the last cabinet meeting in the Executive Mansion of Friday, April 14, which was also attended by Mr. Welles, General Grant expressed his anxiety as to the news from Sherman. The President remarked that the news would come soon and come favorably, he had no doubt, for he had last night his usual dream which had preceded nearly every event of the war. Welles inquired the particulars of this remark

able dream. The President said it was in Welles' department—it related to water; that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, etc. General Grant answered with some emphasis and asperity that Stone River was no victory—that a few such victories would have ruined the country, and he knew of no important results from it. The President said that perhaps he should not altogether agree with him, but whatever might be the facts his singular dream preceded that fight. Victory did not always follow the dream, but the event and results were very important. Great events did indeed follow. Within a few hours the man who narrated his dream was assassinated, and the murder which closed forever his earthly career affected for years, and perhaps forever, the welfare of the country.

In this example it is not difficult to account for the modus operandi of the presentiment. From the very beginning of his Presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subjected to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menaces, most anonymous. The warnings were not less numerous. He knew, indeed, that incitements to murder him were not uncommon. What wonder, then, that his dreams should be haunted by gloomy pictures, generally interpreted as forebodings of death.

There are also presentiments of good, but we hear less of them, because, as a rule, they are disappointed. The reader will find no difficulty to charge the memory with abundant proofs of the prevalence but also the unreliability of such presentiments. Who has not some time in his life felt, without any apparent cause, arise in his heart a hope bordering on conviction of getting rich by one of those sudden fortunes that astonish the world, or of obtaining the position craved for, or having his salary raised by his employer, or similar foolish hopes, to be doomed to disappointment? To give only one historical example of a good though unfulfilled presentiment: The great Turanne exclaimed: "I do not mean to be killed to-day," but a few moments afterward he was struck down by a cannon ball.

Supposing, then the occurrence of presentiments be firmly established and the cases as adduced by the authors proven beyond doubt, we can still discount by a good deal the part played by divination and the supernatural in the phenomenon. Thus, with regard to the extraordinary tales told of presentiments on the eve of battle, it is not wonderful at all that soldiers and sailors, proverbially superstitious, should sometimes in moments of depression conclude that they would die in the next battle, and that under the given circumstances their presentiment should sometimes also happen to come true. Nor does the explanation of numerous other fatal presentiments require the intervention of some so far undiscovered mysterious power and faculty of the mind. The human mind is a strange machine, and when excited by intense anxiety and wound up to its highest pitch by despair or fear it is no hard matter to conjure up those "signs and tokens" which are now considered as sure and fatal prognostications of the worst human calamities. In such a state the ordering of a requiem by a stranger may easily become to a Mozart an omen of sufficient magnitude to cause his dissolution. And as evil overtakes the majority of mankind, such general forebodings are pretty certain of fulfillment. And it may also be urged that a person thus fatally possessed may become so careless of existence as thereby to insure his destruction.

However this be, the divination of future events, in one's own or another's life, that makes some presentiments so remarkable is ultimately nothing but the result of instinctive reasoning applied to probable events, a deduction drawn from known facts, from the motives to be feared or hoped for. Some temperaments, especially among women, are capable of discerning the slightest indications that would pass unnoticed by others. Thus, in a great number of cases the presentiment is but a foresight based upon a nice intuition of the circumstances; what is taken for an internal voice is but a well done calculation. The other cases must be ranged among the superstitions. The greatest calamities which have befallen most persons have come without any warning whatever, except such as could be inferred from existing situations. All mankind has had to rely upon experience, foresight and guidance by ordinary sagacity. The occasional fulfillment of dreams, premonitions, visions and so-called inner voices are at best coincidences, and the only inner voice which, when followed, will always lead us right is—the voice of reason.

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Flour thrown upon burning oil will extinguish it, while water will only spread the flames.

To keep beans from burning when oven is too hot, lift lid from bean pot, replace with a deep saucer filled with cold water.

For pneumonia, rub chest with vaseline and turpentine several times a day. Work as much turpentine into the vaseline as it will take up before applying.

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Put the juice of an onion into a pan; add two ounces of fuller's earth and one-half pint of vinegar. Cook slowly for five minutes, strain and cool. Use a little on a clean white rag to remove scorch stains.

Save all lemon rind, dry it in the oven, grate and store in an air-tight tin. A little of this added to an apple pie gives a delicious flavor.

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Only a little while—but isn't it long enough?

—Somerville Journal.

THE GIANT RAY.

By Fisher Ames, Jr.

In marching order the professor presented a complex appearance. A greenish veil hung from the rim of his swollen and spotted helmet to his shoulders, which were clad in a coat pitted with an extraordinary number of pockets. On the lower half of his person he wore tweed knickerbockers and cloth puttees with white spats. A minnow net and a camp-stool with a pneumatic seat were bound upon his back, and in his hands he carried a sheaf of rods and a repeating rifle.

By his side young Bolling, with a bit of shark-line round his waist to keep his shirt down and his trousers up, and with plenty of tanned skin visible, seemed a figure of barbarism, but the contrast was only external. The Boston professor and the brown Floridian were pupils at the same school, and youth knew at first hand some of the wonderful facts that age had met only in text-books.

The professor had come to study marine animals, and when he met Bolling on the beach and talked with him, he beamed upon the tall, lithe boy whose eye was as keen as a heron's, and offered him three dollars a day for his services. Five dollars would not have been enough to banish the repugnance Bolling felt at first sight of the knickerbockers and spats, but when he found out the sort of man the professor really was, he surrendered to him completely.

Those were pleasant days. They explored reef and shore and pot-hole, and gave each other of their own knowledge and learned new lessons together. One day they dropped anchor on a shoal between two mangrove points, where the yellow glint of sand quivered up through the water. It was warm there and protected, and many smaller species of fish swam busily about in its comparative quiet. It was good collecting-ground. The professor, with eyes snapping behind the green veil, dropped a close-meshed seine over the side and began to draw it through the water at the end of a long bamboo rod.

Perhaps the light disturbance of its passage was the attraction. At any rate, he had made but two or three attempts when a broad under-water shadow drew down upon the launch and paused below the next, which the professor in his curiosity held motionless.

"What is that?" he asked, and pointed.

Bolling looked over the gunwale with no more than idle interest. "What did you see? Where?" he said. The shadow stirred at the moment, became more distinct and opaque, and the professor gazed down with startled eyes at the rising bulk of the most repulsive fish he had ever seen.

"It's the devil!" exclaimed Bolling, stepping back from the gunwale. The professor had lost his ruddy color.

"Manta birostris!" he breathed. He caught Bolling by the sleeve. "What are those big spots? What—they're eyes! Look at them!"

The gigantic ray rose until a scant film of water protected it back, and peered upward with cold eyes set shallow and wide apart. For a moment it lay there, undulating like a sail in light air; then with a supple folding of its huge pancake body, it curved downward and became a shadow again, that drifted over the wavering yellow bottom and disappeared.

The professor drew a long and satisfied breath, and looked up at the sun, then across the topaz-hued water.

"Nature is wonderful!" he said, gently. "We must get that fellow."

"Get the devil-fish!" cried Bolling. "Certainly," said the professor. "I've seen pictures and read descriptions, but—" He waved the memory of them aside contemptuously. "Jim, I never imagined anything like that since I was a small boy afraid of the dark. Look here."

He held out his hand, and his fingers danced like the prongs of a tuning-fork.

"Um! You-all are scared," said Bolling, appreciatively.

"Interested, Jim! Excited!" cried the professor. "I don't know whether I'm afraid or not. It's immaterial. A ray twenty feet across! I must get that fish, dissect him, know every inch of his monstrous body before I do anything else. Will you help me?"

Bolling's eyes suddenly glowed. "Sure I'll help you! You're game, all right, professor. This shoal would be a heap nicer if we beached that old devil somewhere."

The ray, apparently so open in its movements, proved a difficult quarry. It seemed to have none of the activity, the daring impetuosity of the game fishes. Bolling and the professor, quartering back and forth across the shoal, with the engine down to the quietest notch, saw nothing, rise to

their mullet and glistening squares of pork but an occasional dull sand-shark. Somewhere, basking placidly upon the bottom, lay the devil-fish, and doubtless, with more or less regularity, it moved about in the search for food, but the occupants of the launch failed to detect its presence.

Day after day went by. The professor's face grew longer behind the green veil. His time was limited, and in this paradise for collectors there was much that he was neglecting.

Every slow crane croaking overhead, every necklace of drops flung up by a leaping fish, every prolific patch of sea vegetation roused impulses that he had to quell. The devotees of science must be dogged. "There is so much, so much!" sighed the professor. "Jim, boy, I envy you all this. What a field to work in!"

Bolling yawned. He was lolling in the stern, his fingers clutching a cord, on the farther end of which a mullet was fastened. It seemed such fruitless business.

"We ain't doing much now, sir," he said, lazily. "I reckon that old devil's gone up North; just keeping his left fin close to shore, so's he can kind of feel where he is. No trunk to carry and no ticket to—get!"

He broke off, every faccid line suddenly stiffening, and eyed the water close ahead, which had grown

opaque, as if struck by a slant of wind. But there was no wind and the surface was glassy.

Very quietly Bolling leaned forward and stopped the engine. The dusky patch darkened, grew sharp in outline, and then the devil lay awash upon the surface, staring at the launch. Its huge, wing-like appendages stretched between both bow and stern.

"Give it to him!" said Bolling, in a shrill whisper, and rose, harpoon in hand.

It was impossible to miss so big a mark. The lance struck the fleshy back, and sank as if into blue mud. The professor, with his feet wide apart, rattled out a couple of shots from the magazine rifle.

The ray struck out with one great wing and then with the other, lashing the water white and throwing spray clear over the launch. Before the eddies had smoothed it was gone. The next moment it shot up ahead, broad as a sail, the harpoon-line streaming behind it. As it hung for a second, flapping, the professor fired again.

"Look out for a rush!" cried Bolling, and reversed the engine.

The ray fell back with a resounding slap, and instantly the line leaped over the bow. The professor hardly had time to brace himself before the shock came. The line snapped taut, and the launch, in spite of her reversed engine, sprang forward, two sheets of water flaring from her depressed nose.

"He'll tear the bow out of her!" bawled Bolling. "She won't stand it, sir."

The professor, soaked with flying brine, roared back at him: "I'll buy you a new one! Sit tight there, Jim!"

It was smooth in the shallow cove, and fortunately the great ray did not try to head toward the sea. In rough water the launch must have filled or capsized in that terrific rush.

The devil-fish drove straight for the mangrove point, as if to hurl itself upon the sedgy flat—a half-mile in thirty seconds. And then, as suddenly as it had bolted, the line fell slack. The launch, half-full of water, steadied to the kick of its propeller. Bolling stopped the engine, and she lay drifting and spent.

The professor shook himself and peered cautiously about.

"I don't like this," he said. "Where is he?"

"I'm glad we're near shore," said Bolling.

The bottom here was muddy and the water opaque. They could not see below the surface. The line hung over the bow limp and motionless. A heron rose from the sedge and flapped away, trailing its long legs. A drum-

fish boomed solemnly; but the giant ray gave no sign.

The professor moved uneasily. "There's plenty of horse-power left in that brute yet. This waiting's unpleasant."

"Look at the line," said Bolling, softly.

It was moving, almost as if caught by some quiet current. It ran out very slowly from the bow, then swung to starboard and passed astern, lengthening foot by foot. It was so gentle, so unlike the former evidences of the huge fish's power, that it chilled the nerves of the watchers. It seemed as if the creature were meditating some crafty plan and working it out with human cunning.

The professor followed the moving line with the muzzle of his rifle.

"I think I hit him that last time," he said. "Big as he is, I don't see how he can digest three of these long bullets. They'll rip their way through a foot of solid oak."

"Here he comes! Look!" Bolling pointed with a shaking finger.

The line had swung back abeam and slackened. Bloody bubbles were rising and cracking on the surface, and the water itself seemed arching upward with the quick rise of the huge bulk.

But when the ray appeared, it backed off and began to circle the launch, rasping the tightened line along the gunwale.

"Cut away, Jim," said the professor. "If that line catches on anything, he'll upset us in a minute."

Bolling severed the line with his clasp-knife, but the ray continued to circle. Round and round the launch it swam, like a tiger creeping upon its prey. Four times the professor fired at it, and the vicious spat of the bullets told that he had not missed.

"Toss me that box," he said. "I think that beast means to rush us."

He tore open the fresh box of cartridges, and hastily filled the magazine.

"I reckon we'd better run for it," said Bolling, with a white face, and opened the engine to her highest speed.

The launch surged forward, heading for the near line of sedge. At the moment the ray was astern, moving very quietly; but as it heard the swash of the propeller, and caught its

meaning, its tactics changed. It shot forward with tremendous rapidity, passing the boat as if it were anchored. Then it wheeled with an up-toss of water, and seemed to gather itself for a rush.

Bolling threw over the tiller, but before the sluggish launch could turn, the ray was upon them. Charging furiously, it sprang clear of the water, outspread like a gigantic bat, its enormous mouth distended and its two great fleshy fins flapping. As Bolling and the professor sprang overboard, the ray fell upon the launch, smothering it and beating its broken timbers under water.

Bolling had taken a long dive over the side. When he came to the surface there was no trace of launch or devil-fish, except the violent agitation of the water. But the professor's head was visible, minus—hat and glasses, and it nodded at him. Without a word the two turned and swam in toward the sedge close by, and crawled, dripping, among its crackling stems.

The professor wrung himself out sadly.

"What a pity he got away from us!" he said.

"Why, I reckon we got away from him!" Bolling's tone was rueful as he stared at the spot where the launch had been.

"Perhaps you're right, Jim," said the professor. "I suppose we ought to be thankful. You'll get another boat, and I've got material for a paper that will make the Ichthyological Society sit up."—Youth's Companion.

Parents and Delinquent Children.

The story of delinquent children is, as often as told, practically the same. Judge Frazer, whose experience in the Juvenile Court covering a period of a few months has brought him in contact with 700 children who, in a greater or less degree, fall under this head, sounds the old warning, saying: "The dangers that surround a growing child are not fully appreciated by many parents. They allow boys and girls to go out alone to theatres and other amusement resorts, and then wonder why they go to the bad." This, he added, is simply a matter of carelessness upon the part of the parents. It would seem, with an army of 700 children appearing before the court for reprimand of counsel within a few months, that parents of the city should awake to the sense of responsibility required and restrain the liberty which is so detrimental to boys and girls who have not yet come to years of discretion. Judge Frazer says truly that the need for greater parental care cannot be emphasized too strongly.—Portland Oregonian.

PRESENTIMENTS.

What is a presentiment in distinction from similar modes of perception? Are presentiments of frequent occurrence, and are there some authentic cases of fulfilled presentiments? Why are there no presentiments of good as well as of evil? Is it possible, with any known principle of the human mind, to offer any satisfactory explanation of this mysterious phenomenon?

From the New York Tribune.

A presentiment (from the Latin praesentive, feel or perceive beforehand) in the broadest sense is a direct, though vague, perception of a future event or a feeling which seems to be such a perception. Specifically, it is an antecedent impression or conviction, produced instinctively and without any known cause, of something about to happen. Though presentiments of good are common and often fulfilled, as their results are not tragical they are seldom remembered or confounded with hope, and for this reason the word presentiment is confined almost exclusively to the anticipation of impending evil, and is practically the equivalent of foreboding. Dreams often afford similar materials for erroneous reasonings, but as they originate in the mind, they are sometimes so similar to presentiments that it is impossible to decide whether a presentiment caused the dream or the dream the presentiment.

Novelists, poets, and even historians, have so often told us of presentiments, have so often attributed them to their real or fictitious personages, that we have come to regard this sort of obscure vision of the future as a common and natural phenomenon. The historian tells us of Captain So-and-So, who, overwhelmed on the eve of battle with the fatal presentiment that he should not survive the combat, actually met his death; the novelist attributes to his heroine the presentiment of a catastrophe impending over her soldier lover, which happens in realization of her gloomy forebodings, and they speak of these things as constantly recurring, well established facts of which there are numerous examples that could not well be disputed. Even animals are said to be gifted with a presentiment of danger. Thus, according to Buffon, birds of passage have been observed to stay away from their nests at the approach of an earthquake; according to Raynal, dogs by continual long howling manifested their presentiment of an approaching earthquake, and it is a generally prevailing belief that rats will, a few days before the occurrence, leave a house that is about to fall down or a ship that is about to sink.

But, while in animals this phenomenon admits of an explanation by the assumption of instinct, which seems to be given them by nature for their preservation, this convenient apology for our ignorance cannot be made in the case of man, because he has reason, instead of instinct, for his guide. Yet it has been contended, and by persons of no mean understanding, that fatal presentiments are conveyed to the mind by means, if not supernatural, at all events mysterious and wonderful, and numerous examples, as we shall presently see, have been adduced in proof of the certainty of the warning, as well as of its mysterious occurrence.

Plutarch, in his tragic account of Julius Caesar's assassination, mentions the foreboding dream of Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, in the night preceding the fatal event. In her dream she first saw blood flowing from her husband's statue, and then she dreamed that the roof of her house was falling down and that Caesar, his body all covered with blood, expired in her arms. Terrified by these dreams she related them to Caesar, imploring him not to go out on that day. Caesar, however, laughed at her fears, went to the Senate, and was stabbed to death by his assassins. It is related that not only did Henry IV himself have a presentiment of his death, but also Maria de Medici was forewarned in a dream of the danger threatening the king. One night she started from her sleep with a shriek and her eyes bathed in tears. Asked by Henry IV for the cause of her terror, she replied, "I dreamed you were murdered!" To remove her fears the king said smiling: "Fortunately, dreams, according to the saying, are but fumes of the stomach." A few days later the dagger of a fanatic robbed France of the best of her kings. It must, however, be added that to-day the queen is much suspected of having plotted with d'Epemon the king's assassin, or at least of having had some knowledge of the plot, her vague terror, therefore, only expressed her own part in the matter. Mozart's premonition of his death is even more wonderful. A stranger having called on him to order a requiem, he at once felt the presentiment that this requiem was destined to serve for his own funeral, contracted an incurable disease and died immediately after composing it. President Lincoln, as is well known, had a presentiment of impending death. As numerous, mostly amplified, versions exist of this incident, we give it here as published by Gideon Welles in an article printed in The Galaxy for April, 1872: "In the last cabinet meeting in the Executive Mansion of Friday, April 14, which was also attended by Mr. Welles, General Grant expressed his anxiety as to the news from Sherman. The President remarked that the news would come soon and come favorably, he had no doubt, for he had last night his usual dream which had preceded nearly every event of the war. Welles inquired the particulars of this remark-

able dream. The President said it was in Welles' department—it related to water; that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, etc. General Grant answered with some emphasis and asperity that Stone River was no victory—that a few such victories would have ruined the country, and he knew of no important results from it. The President said that perhaps he should not altogether agree with him, but whatever might be the facts his singular dream preceded that fight. Victory did not always follow the dream, but the event and results were very important. Great events did indeed follow. Within a few hours the man who narrated his dream was assassinated, and the murder which closed forever his earthly career affected for years, and perhaps forever, the welfare of the country.

In this example it is not difficult to account for the modus operandi of the presentiment. From the very beginning of his Presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subjected to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menaces, most anonymous. The warnings were not less numerous. He knew, indeed, that incitements to murder him were not uncommon. What wonder, then, that his dreams should be haunted by gloomy pictures, generally interpreted as forebodings of death.

There are also presentiments of good, but we hear less of them, because, as a rule, they are disappointed. The reader will find no difficulty to charge the memory with abundant proofs of the prevalence but also the unreliability of such presentiments. Who has not some time in his life felt, without any apparent cause, arise in his heart a hope bordering on conviction of getting rich by one of those sudden fortunes that astonish the world, or of obtaining the position craved for, or having his salary raised by his employer, or similar foolish hopes, to be doomed to disappointment? To give only one historical example of a good though unfulfilled presentiment: The great Turenne exclaimed: "I do not mean to be killed to-day," but a few moments afterward he was struck down by a cannon ball.

Supposing, then the occurrence of presentiments be firmly established and the cases as adduced by the authors proven beyond doubt, we can still discount by a good deal the part played by divination and the supernatural in the phenomenon. Thus, with regard to the extraordinary tales told of presentiments on the eve of battle, it is not wonderful at all that soldiers and sailors, proverbially superstitious, should sometimes in moments of depression conclude that they would die in the next battle, and that under the given circumstances their presentiment should sometimes also happen to come true. Nor does the explanation of numerous other fatal presentiments require the intervention of some so far undiscovered mysterious power and faculty of the mind. The human mind is a strange machine, and when excited by intense anxiety and wound up to its highest pitch by despair or fear it is no hard matter to conjure up those "signs and tokens" which are now considered as sure and fatal prognostications of the worst human calamities. In such a state the ordering of a requiem by a stranger may easily become to a Mozart an omen of sufficient magnitude to cause his dissolution. And as evil overtakes the majority of mankind, such general forebodings are pretty certain of fulfillment. And it may also be urged that a person thus fatally possessed may become so careless of existence as thereby to insure his destruction.

However this be, the divination of future events, in one's own or another's life, that makes some presentiments so remarkable is ultimately nothing but the result of instinctive reasoning applied to probable events, a deduction drawn from known facts, from the motives to be feared or hoped for. Some temperaments, especially among women, are capable of discerning the slightest indications that would pass unnoticed by others. Thus, in a great number of cases the presentiment is but a foresight based upon a nice intuition of the circumstances; what is taken for an internal voice is but a well done calculation. The other cases must be ranged among the superstitions. The greatest calamities which have befallen most persons have come without any warning whatever, except such as could be inferred from existing situations. All mankind has had to rely upon experience, foresight and guidance by ordinary sagacity. The occasional fulfillment of dreams, premonitions, visions and so-called inner voices are at best coincidences, and the only inner voice which, when followed, will always lead us right is—the voice of reason.

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By his side young Bolling, with a bit of shark-line round his waist to keep his shirt down and his trousers up, and with plenty of tanned skin visible, seemed a figure of barbarism, but the contrast was only external. The Boston professor and the brown Floridian were pupils at the same school, and youth knew at first hand some of the wonderful facts that age had met only in text-books.

The professor had come to study marine animals, and when he met Bolling on the beach and talked with him, he beamed upon the tall, lithe boy whose eye was as keen as a heron's, and offered him three dollars a day for his services. Five dollars would not have been enough to banish the repugnance Bolling felt at first sight of the knickerbockers and spats, but when he found out the sort of man the professor really was, he surrendered to him completely.

Those were pleasant days. They explored reef and shore and pot-hole, and gave each other of their own knowledge and learned new lessons together. One day they dropped anchor on a shoal between two mangrove points, where the yellow glint of sand quivered up through the water. It was warm there and protected, and many smaller species of fish swam busily about in its comparative quiet. It was good collecting-ground. The professor, with eyes snapping behind the green veil, dragged a close-meshed seine over the side and began to draw it through the water at the end of a long bamboo rod.

Perhaps the light disturbance of its passage was the attraction. At any rate, he had made but two or three attempts when a broad under-water shadow drew down upon the launch and paused below the next, which the professor in his curiosity held motionless.

"What is that?" he asked, and pointed. Bolling looked over the gunwale with no more than idle interest. "What did you see? Where?" he said. The shadow stirred at the moment, became more distinct and opaque, and the professor gazed down with startled eyes at the rising bulk of the most repulsive fish he had ever seen.

"It's the devil!" exclaimed Bolling, stepping back from the gunwale. The professor had lost his ruddy color.

"Manta birostris!" he breathed. He caught Bolling by the sleeve. "What are those big spots? What—they're eyes! Look at them!"

The gigantic ray rose until a scant film of water protected it back, and peered upward with cold eyes set shallow and wide apart. For a moment it lay there, undulating like a sail in light air; then with a supple folding of its huge pancake body, it curved downward and became a shadow again, that drifted over the wavering yellow bottom and disappeared.

The professor drew a long and satisfied breath, and looked up at the sun, then across the topaz-hued water.

"Nature is wonderful!" he said, gently. "We must get that fellow." "Get the devil-fish!" cried Bolling. "Certainly," said the professor. "I've seen pictures and read descriptions, but—" He waved the memory of them aside contemptuously. "Jim, I never imagined anything like that since I was a small boy afraid of the dark. Look here."

He held out his hand, and his fingers danced like the prongs of a tuning-fork.

"Um! You-all are scared," said Bolling, appreciatively.

"Interested, Jim! Excited!" cried the professor. "I don't know whether I'm afraid or not. It's immaterial. A ray twenty feet across! I must get that fish, dissect him, know every inch of his monstrous body before I do anything else. Will you help me?"

Bolling's eyes suddenly glowed. "Sure I'll help you! You're game, all right, professor. This shoal would be a heap nicer if we beached that old devil somewhere."

The ray, apparently so open in its movements, proved a difficult quarry. It seemed to have none of the activity, the daring impetuosity of the game fishes. Bolling and the professor, quartering back and forth across the shoal, with the engine down to the quietest notch, saw nothing; rise to

their mullet and glistening squares of pork but an occasional dull sand-shark. Somewhere, basking placidly upon the bottom, lay the devil-fish, and doubtless, with more or less regularity, it moved about in the search for food, but the occupants of the launch failed to detect its presence.

Day after day went by. The professor's face grew longer behind the green veil. His time was limited, and in this paradise for collectors there was much that he was neglecting.

Every slow crane croaking overhead, every necklace of drops flung up by a leaping fish, every prolific patch of sea vegetation roused impulses that he had to quell. The devotees of science must be dogged.

"There is so much, so much!" sighed the professor. "Jim, boy, I envy you all this. What a field to work in!"

Bolling yawned. He was loitering in the stern, his fingers clutching a cord, on the farther end of which a mullet was fastened. It seemed such fruitless business.

"We ain't doing much now, sir," he said, lazily. "I reckon that old devil's gone up North; just keeping his left fin close to shore, so's he can kind of feel where he is. No trunk to carry and no ticket to—get!"

He broke off, every flaccid line suddenly stiffening, and eyed the water close ahead, which had grown

opaque, as if struck by a slant of wind. But there was no wind and the surface was glassy.

Very quietly Bolling leaned forward and stopped the engine. The dusky patch darkened, grew sharp in outline, and then the devil lay awash upon the surface, staring at the launch. Its huge, wing-like appendages stretched beyond both bow and stern.

"Give it to him!" said Bolling, in a shrill whisper, and rose, harpoon in hand.

It was impossible to miss so big a mark. The lance struck the fleshy back, and sank as if into blue mud. The professor, with his feet wide apart, rattled out a couple of shots from the magazine rifle.

The ray struck out with one great wing and then with the other, lashing the water white and throwing spray clear over the launch. Before the eddies had smoothed it was gone. The next moment it shot up ahead, broad as a sail, the harpoon-line streaming behind it. As it hung for a second, flapping, the professor fired again.

"Look out for a rush!" cried Bolling, and reversed the engine.

The ray fell back with a resounding slap, and instantly the line leaped over the bow. The professor hardly had time to brace himself before the shock came. The line snapped taut, and the launch, in spite of her reversed engine, sprang forward, two sheets of water flaring from her depressed nose.

"He'll tear the bow out of her!" bawled Bolling. "She won't stand it, sir."

The professor, soaked with flying brine, roared back at him: "I'll buy you a new one! Sit tight there, Jim!"

It was smooth in the shallow cove, and fortunately the great ray did not try to lead toward the sea. In rough water the launch must have filled or capsized in that terrific rush.

The devil-fish drove straight for the mangrove point, as if to hurl itself upon the sedge flat—a half-mile in thirty seconds. And then, as suddenly as it had bolted, the line fell slack. The launch, half-full of water, steadied to the kick of its propeller. Bolling stopped the engine, and she lay drifting and spent.

The professor shook himself and peered cautiously about. "I don't like this," he said. "Where is he?"

"I'm glad we're near shore," said Bolling.

The bottom here was muddy and the water opaque. They could not see below the surface. The line hung over the bow limp and motionless. A heron rose from the sedge and flapped away, trailing its long legs. A drum-

fish boomed solemnly; but the giant ray gave no sign.

The professor moved uneasily. "There's plenty of horse-power left in that brute yet. This waiting's unpleasant."

"Look at the line," said Bolling, softly.

It was moving, almost as if caught by some quiet current. It ran out very slowly from the bow, then swung to starboard and passed astern, lengthening foot by foot. It was so gentle, so unlike the former evidences of the huge fish's power, that it chilled the nerves of the watchers. It seemed as if the creature were meditating some crafty plan and working it out with human cunning.

The professor followed the moving line with the muzzle of his rifle.

"I think I hit him that last time," he said. "Big as he is, I don't see how he can digest three of these long bullets. They'll rip their way through a foot of solid oak."

"Here he comes! Look!" Bolling pointed with a shaking finger.

The line had swung back abeam and slackened. Bloody bubbles were rising and cracking on the surface, and the water itself seemed arching upward with the quick rise of the huge bulk.

But when the ray appeared, it backed off and began to circle the launch, rasping the tightened line along the gunwale.

"Cut away, Jim," said the professor. "If that line catches on anything, he'll upset us in a minute."

Bolling severed the line with his clasp-knife, but the ray continued to circle. Round and round the launch it swam, like a tiger creeping upon its prey. Four times the professor fired at it, and the vicious spat of the bullets told that he had not missed.

"Toss me that box," he said. "I think that beast means to rush us."

He tore open the fresh box of cartridges, and hastily filled the magazine.

"I reckon we'd better run for it," said Bolling, with a white face, and opened the engine to her highest speed.

The launch surged forward, heading for the near line of sedge. At the moment the ray was astern, moving very quietly; but as it heard the swash of the propeller, and caught its



Is it that the styles in titled foreigners are changing? At all events, where formerly the dukes and counts purchased by our girls were candidly bankrupt, this season's importations have been especially quoted as enormously wealthy in their own right.

But all the while it is to be observed that love is to-day, as it was yesterday, the sole actuating motive. And the man who, whether he needs the money or not, can manage never to fall in love with any but a rich girl, discovers breeding. It is the accumulated restraint of generations, flowering in superlative gentility.—Ramsey Benson, in *Life*.

meaning, its tactics changed. It shot forward with tremendous rapidity, passing the boat as if it were anchored. Then it wheeled with an up-toss of water, and seemed to gather itself for a rush.

Bolling threw over the tiller, but before the sluggish launch could turn, the ray was upon them. Charging furiously, it sprang clear of the water, outspread like a gigantic bat, its enormous mouth distended and its two great fleshy fins flapping. As Bolling and the professor sprang overboard, the ray fell upon the launch, smothering it and beating its broken timbers under water.

Bolling had taken a long dive over the side. When he came to the surface there was no trace of launch or devil-fish, except the violent agitation of the water. But the professor's head was visible, minus hat and glasses, and it nodded at him. Without a word the two turned and swam in toward the sedge close by, and crawled, dripping, among its crackling stems.

The professor wrung himself out sadly.

"What a pity he got away from us!" he said.

"Why, I reckon we got away from him!" Bolling's tone was rueful as he stared at the spot where the launch had been.

"Perhaps you're right, Jim," said the professor. "I suppose we ought to be thankful. You'll get another boat, and I've got material for a paper that will make the Ichthyological Society sit up."—Youth's Companion.

Parents and Delinquent Children.

The story of delinquent children is, as often as told, practically the same. Judge Frazer, whose experience in the juvenile court covering a period of a few months has brought him in contact with 700 children who, in a greater or less degree, fall under this head, sounds the old warning, saying: "The dangers that surround a growing child are not fully appreciated by many parents. They allow boys and girls to go out alone to theatres and other amusement resorts, and then wonder why they go to the bad." This, he added, is simply a matter of carelessness upon the part of the parents. It would seem, with an army of 700 children appearing before the court for reprimand of counsel within a few months, that parents of the city should awake to the sense of responsibility required and restrain the liberty which is so detrimental to boys and girls who have not yet come to years of discretion. Judge Frazer says truly that the need for greater parental care cannot be emphasized too strongly.—Portland Oregonian.

PRESENTIMENTS.

What is a presentiment in distinction from similar modes of perception? Are presentiments of frequent occurrence, and are there some authentic cases of fulfilled presentiments? Why are there no presentiments of good as well as of evil? Is it possible, with any known principle of the human mind, to offer any satisfactory explanation of this mysterious phenomenon?

From the New York Tribune.

A presentiment (from the Latin presentire, feel or perceive beforehand) in the broadest sense is a direct, though vague, perception of a future event or a feeling which seems to be such a perception. Specifically, it is an antecedent impression or conviction, produced instinctively and without any known cause, of something about to happen. Though presentiments of good are common and often fulfilled, as their results are not tragical they are seldom remembered or confounded with hope, and for this reason the word presentiment is confined almost exclusively to the anticipation of impending evil, and is practically the equivalent of foreboding. Dreams often afford similar materials for erroneous reasonings, but as they originate in the mind, they are sometimes so similar to presentiments that it is impossible to decide whether a presentiment caused the dream or the dream the presentiment.

Novelists, poets, and even historians, have so often told us of presentiments, have so often attributed them to their real or fictitious personages, that we have come to regard this sort of obscure vision of the future as a common and natural phenomenon. The historian tells us of Captain Scand-so, who, overwhelmed on the eve of battle with the fatal presentiment that he should not survive the combat, actually met his death; the novelist attributes to his heroine the presentiment of a catastrophe impending over her soldier lover, which happens in realization of her gloomy forebodings, and they speak of these things as constantly recurring, well established facts of which there are numerous examples that could not well be disputed. Even animals are said to be gifted with a presentiment of danger. Thus, according to Buffon, birds of passage have been observed to stay away from their nests at the approach of an earthquake; according to Raynal, dogs by continual long howling manifested their presentiment of an approaching earthquake, and it is a generally prevailing belief that rats will, a few days before the occurrence, leave a house that is about to fall down or a ship that is about to sink.

But, while in animals this phenomenon admits of an explanation by the assumption of instinct, which seems to be given them by nature for their preservation, this convenient apology for our ignorance cannot be made in the case of man, because he has reason, instead of instinct, for his guide. Yet it has been contended, and by persons of no mean understanding, that fatal presentiments are conveyed to the mind by means, if not supernatural, at all events mysterious and wonderful, and numerous examples, as we shall presently see, have been adduced in proof of the certainty of the warning, as well as of its mysterious occurrence.

Plutarch, in his tragic account of Julius Caesar's assassination, mentions the foreboding dream of Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, in the night preceding the fatal event. In her dream she first saw blood flowing from her husband's statue, and then she dreamed that the roof of her house was falling down and that Caesar, his body all covered with blood, expired in her arms. Terrified by these dreams she related them to Caesar, imploring him not to go out on that day. Caesar, however, laughed at her fears, went to the Senate, and was stabbed to death by his assassins. It is related that not only did Henry IV himself have a presentiment of his death, but also Maria de Medici was forewarned in a dream of the danger threatening the king. One night she started from her sleep with a shriek and her eyes bathed in tears. Asked by Henry IV for the cause of her terror, she replied, "I dreamed you were murdered!" To remove her fears the king said smiling: "Fortunately, dreams, according to the saying, are but fumes of the stomach." A few days later the dagger of a fanatic robbed France of the best of her kings. It must, however, be added that to-day the queen is much suspected of having plotted with d'Epernon the king's assassin, or at least of having had some knowledge of the plot, her vague terror, therefore, only expressed her own part in the matter. Mozart's premonition of his death is even more wonderful. A stranger having called on him to order a requiem, he at once felt the presentiment that this requiem was destined to serve for his own funeral, contracted an incurable disease and died immediately after composing it. President Lincoln, as is well known, had a presentiment of impending death. As numerous, mostly amplified, versions exist of this incident, we give it here as published by Gideon Welles in an article printed in *The Galaxy* for April, 1872: "In the last cabinet meeting in the Executive Mansion of Friday, April 14, which was also attended by Mr. Welles, General Grant expressed his anxiety as to the news from Sherman. The President remarked that the news would come soon and come favorably, he had no doubt, for he had last night his usual dream which had preceded nearly every event of the war. Welles inquired the particulars of this remark-

able dream. The President said it was in Welles' department—it related to water; that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, etc. General Grant answered with some emphasis and asperity that Stone River was no victory—that a few such victories would have ruined the country, and he knew of no important results from it. The President said that perhaps he should not altogether agree with him, but whatever might be the facts his singular dream preceded that fight. Victory did not always follow the dream, but the event and results were very important. Great events did indeed follow. Within a few hours the man who narrated his dream was assassinated, and the murder which closed forever his earthly career affected for years, and perhaps forever, the welfare of the country.

In this example it is not difficult to account for the modus operandi of the presentiment. From the very beginning of his Presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subjected to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form: his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menaces, most anonymous. The warnings were not less numerous. He knew, indeed, that incitements to murder him were not uncommon. What wonder, then, that his dreams should be haunted by gloomy pictures, generally interpreted as forebodings of death.

There are also presentiments of good, but we hear less of them, because, as a rule, they are disappointed. The reader will find no difficulty to charge the memory with abundant proofs of the prevalence but also the unreliability of such presentiments. Who has not some time in his life felt, without any apparent cause, arise in his heart a hope bordering on conviction of getting rich by one of those sudden fortunes that astonish the world, or of obtaining the position craved for, or having his salary raised by his employer, or similar foolish hopes, to be doomed to disappointment? To give only one historical example of a good though unfulfilled presentiment: The great Turenne exclaimed: "I do not mean to be killed to-day," but a few moments afterward he was struck down by a cannon ball.

Supposing, then the occurrence of presentiments be firmly established and the cases as adduced by the authors proven beyond doubt, we can still discount by a good deal the part played by divination and the supernatural in the phenomenon. Thus, with regard to the extraordinary tales told of presentiments on the eve of battle, it is not wonderful at all that soldiers and sailors, proverbially superstitious, should sometimes in moments of depression conclude that they would die in the next battle, and that under the given circumstances their presentiment should sometimes also happen to come true. Nor does the explanation of numerous other fatal presentiments require the intervention of some so far undiscovered mysterious power and faculty of the mind. The human mind is a strange machine, and when excited by intense anxiety and wound up to its highest pitch by despair or fear it is no hard matter to conjure up those "signs and tokens" which are now considered as sure and fatal prognostications of the worst human calamities. In such a state the ordering of a requiem by a stranger may easily become to a Mozart an omen of sufficient magnitude to cause his dissolution. And as evil overtakes the majority of mankind, such general forebodings are pretty certain of fulfillment. And it may also be urged that a person thus fatally possessed may become so careless of existence as thereby to insure his destruction.

However this be, the divination of future events, in one's own or another's life, that makes some presentiments so remarkable is ultimately nothing but the result of instinctive reasoning applied to probable events, a deduction drawn from known facts, from the motives to be feared or hoped for. Some temperaments, especially among women, are capable of discerning the slightest indications that would pass unnoticed by others. Thus, in a great number of cases the presentiment is but a foresight based upon a nice intuition of the circumstances; what is taken for an internal voice is but a well done calculation. The other cases must be ranged among the superstitions. The greatest calamities which have befallen most persons have come without any warning whatever, except such as could be inferred from existing situations. All mankind has had to rely upon experience, foresight and guidance by ordinary sagacity. The occasional fulfillment of dreams, premonitions, visions and so-called inner voices are at best coincidences, and the only inner voice which, when followed, will always lead us right is—the voice of reason.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Flour thrown upon burning oil will extinguish it, while water will only spread the flames.

To keep beans from burning when oven is too hot, lift lid from bean pot, replace with a deep saucer filled with cold water.

For pneumonia, rub chest with vaseline and turpentine several times a day. Work as much turpentine into the vaseline as it will take up before applying.

If one has an expensive back comb this is a good way to make sure of keeping it. Have a hole bored in the upper right-hand corner and attach a neat gold chain and hairpin to suit fancy.

Put the juice of an onion into a pan; add two ounces of fuller's earth and one-half pint of vinegar. Cook slowly for five minutes, strain and cool. Use a little on a clean white rag to remove scorch stains.

Save all lemon rind, dry it in the oven, grate and store in an air-tight tin. A little of this added to an apple gives a delicious flavor.

Omelets are more tender if the eggs are thinned with hot water instead of milk. Before folding the plain omelet, spread it, for a change, with a green pepper minced fine. The pepper does not need previous cooking.

Knife cleaning may be made easier by dipping a piece of raw potato in the scouring material, rubbing with that instead of a cloth. The juice of the potato is not only a good cleanser in itself, but it keeps the scouring paste moist.

When baking a cake, if you have forgotten the flavoring, put a few drops on the layer, cover it with a pan and place in the oven. It will penetrate the cake and the flavor will be evenly distributed through the same as if baked in it.

For washing painted walls or wood work two table-spoonfuls of baking soda added to a pail of warm water makes the work easy.

When overshoes crack just above the sole, place a strip of denim over the opening on the inside; cover with glue that has been moistened with a little sweet milk and heated slightly. This part will outlast the rest of the shoe.

A paste is made by boiling glue water and rye flour to which, while in a warm condition, for 1,000 parts of the mass thirty parts of linseed oil varnish and thirty parts of thick turpentine are added.

Uses of a London Church.

The church of All Hallows, London Wall, presents a strange appearance every morning. The building is opened early for the accommodation of girls and women who arrive in the city by the "workmen's" trains, which frequently are run at such an hour as to compel the passengers to make a long wait after arriving in the city for their places of business to open. A short service is conducted and then the congregation is permitted and even encouraged to employ themselves with needlework or with reading. The women and girls are provided with reading matter, though care is taken that it shall not be too narrow in its range.—London Globe.

Says the Baltimore American: A sound mind in a sound body is still the college ideal, and there never will be a return to the days of cadaverous scholarships, when the student went through the dull round of study without appeal to his physical nature, at the age when the demands of the latter are closely linked to health and success in the battle of life.

A Boston pastor says that the only way a man could justify the use of tobacco would be to consent to let his wife share his use with him. But suppose his better half should insist on selecting the brand? asks the Springfield Union.

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THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.

Here and There.

Miss Kate Clark, of Chambersburg, fell down a cellar way at Scotland, Franklin county, Wednesday afternoon, and broke her neck, dying instantly.

Sparks from a traction engine set fire to the barn and tobacco sheds on the property of George Shimp, near Denver, Lancaster county. Both structures were burned to the ground.

A slight cut on the knee with an ax, occurred to Richard Reed, of Hegins, a few days ago, proved fatal. His leg was amputated in a vain attempt to save his life. Blood poisoning set in.

Clinton Odenheimer, of Shearersville, whose neck was broken by falling from a hay wagon 3 weeks ago, has recovered and is again at work, with a brace about his neck.

While driving cows at Entricken, after 3 had been killed, Arden Shaw, was blinded by a bolt of lightning during a terrific storm, which shattered a tree under which he was passing.

The building of the Washington & Gettysburg electric railroad, for which charters were secured 2 years ago, will, it is said, be begun in a short time, and completed within the next 2 years.

One day last week David Leiphart, residing near Craleysville, York county, killed a black snake nearly 6 feet long, which contained 7 young rabbits which the reptile had for its breakfast.

Leaving Berks county 55 years ago, a plow boy, Charles Brile, now nearly 90 years old, and an owner of several fine farms of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting scenes of his early life.

Archibald Sellers, of Highspire, while bathing, Sunday, was attacked by cramps and drowned at almost the same spot where Earl Spencer was killed by lightning the previous Sunday.

While firemen were working on a burning building at Altoona, live wires dropped and instantly killed Jos. Byers and Jos. Frick, and almost burned the head off of 12-year-old Harry Deshong, the crowd being afraid to interfere.

Samuel Edmerson and Michael Colabar were killed by falling rock at Scranton, after having set off a blast they returned to the chamber, when they were crushed by the fall. Both leave large families.

James Heimbach, of Boyerstown attempted to murder his wife, who left him some time ago and whom he was imploring to return, but she refusing, he shot her, and then committed suicide. It is believed she will recover.

The 4 horses of Loven Wright, living in the upper end of Dauphin county, were killed by lightning while driving near his home, Thursday, the wagon was wrecked and Wright rendered unconscious, with most of his hair singed off. He will recover.

Among the lightning fires of the week were, a barn belonging to J. W. Legore, near Woodsboro, with all its contents, loss \$1200, and a frame house on the M. S. Zimmerman farm, near Walkersville, destroyed with all its contents.

The American Wire Cloth Co., of Glen Rock, has been declared bankrupt, and E. K. Emig, of Manchester Township, has been appointed trustee in bankruptcy, by Judge Archbold. Claims against the concern amounting to \$58,774.28 appear on the papers filed Thursday in the office of the County Recorder.

On her way to the camp meeting, Miss Elizabeth Killian, aged 59 years, of Brownstown, Lancaster county, stopped at the hotel of her brother to secure lunch to take to some of the campers. In going to the cellar she fell down the stairs, fracturing her skull. She was found by relatives and died within an hour.

A large bank barn about 2 miles west of the York Haven line bridge, was struck by lightning about 8:30 Tuesday evening and totally destroyed. The barn was on what is known as the Welsh farm, tenanted by Peter Aze. All the crops were consumed but the live stock was fortunately saved.

Our bachelor lawyers will be interested in knowing the definition of love as given in court recently by a Pottsville attorney. The Schuykill barrister said: "Love is an inward, outward, inexpressible all overness." It must be admitted that the definition was comprehensive, if anything.

There is a possibility that another resort may be established on South Mountain and that it will occupy the site once known as Sweeney's Cold Springs. A Mr. Spence, York, has purchased this site, also known as the Caledonia Springs hotel property, and will erect, if he can procure a license, an immense hotel. It is about a mile from White Pine sanatorium, on the top of the South Mountain, and covers 115 acres.

Two Sisters Re-united.

Mrs. Emma Hoke, wife of Martio Hoke, who resides a short distance from Spring Grove, although 35 years old, never saw her sister, aged about 30 yrs, until last Saturday. In fact neither of the two women knew until a few weeks ago that either had a sister, yet at times they lived less than 10 miles apart and never more than 30 miles. The happening is an unusual one. About 3 weeks ago a lady of Taneytown was visiting relatives at Biglerville, and while there, Mrs. Ada Roth, of Biglerville, met the stranger. In the course of the general conversation the names of several families residing in Taneytown were mentioned, and Mrs. Roth stated that those spoken of were no doubt distant relatives. The lady from Taneytown promised Mrs. Roth to investigate the matter, and in the course of a few days the Biglerville lady received a letter from Mrs. Lizzie Gettler of Taneytown. The letter stated that no doubt the writer was an aunt to Mrs. Roth. Further correspondence was resorted to and last week the relationship between aunt and piece was verified. In the meantime while the above two ladies were writing to establish their relationship, Mrs. Gettler was also writing to Mrs. Hoke at Spring Grove acquainting her of the discovery. Mrs. Hoke was born at Mayberry, Md., 25 years ago, and all along thought she was the only child of Yingling and wife. Her parents died when she was 5 years old, and the Mrs. Gettler mentioned above took her to her home at Taneytown to raise. When taken away she was too young to remember that a baby sister was left in the care of her grandfather. When the grandfather died another family took the child to raise. While McClellan Swartz, now residing at Spring Grove, lived near McSherrystown 14 years ago, Mrs. Gettler hired Emma to the Swartz family as a servant, and when the Swartz's moved to Spring Grove the lady accompanied them in the capacity of a servant, and in that way met Mr. Hoke. Last Saturday morning Mr. and Mrs. Hoke left Spring Grove for Biglerville to visit Mr. and Mrs. Roth. When the two sisters met it was both a sorrowful and joyful scene. Between sobs and laughter they related childhood memories and little by little the relationship established beyond a doubt.

3 DEAD; 12 HURT.

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LARGE BARN BURNED.

The barn on the farm of Harris Lentz, between Loganville and Seren Valley, was struck by lightning during the storm which passed over York county, Sunday night between 7 and 8 o'clock. The bolt set fire to the barn, and the structure with all the crops, farm implements, etc. were consumed. The horses and some cattle were saved, but 3 cows, a bull, and several hogs perished. The loss estimated at \$5000, is partially covered by insurance.

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York, July 23.—Mrs. Rosa Abramson, was arrested to night on the charge of attempting to hang 6 year old William Landsman. It is alleged that she seized the lad and tied a rope around his neck and suspended him from a balcony. The boy was almost strangled when discovered by a passerby, who hurried into the yard and cut the rope. The boy was black in the face and it was sometime before he revived.

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A large lot of figured Lawns We cut the price to 1/2 of the regular price

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33 Balto. St. Hanover.

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Your Patronage Solicited.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Very Respectfully,
10-31 CHARLES JACOBS.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE
Oxford Township Common School District for year ending June 1st, 1908.
RECEIPTS.

Duplicate	238 47
Balance from last year	89 50
State appropriation	492 10
Holding election	21 50
Tuition	9 50
Money borrowed	175 00
	\$1 071 37

EXPENSES.—

Teachers' wages	\$630 00
Fuel	45 98
Treas. and collector's fees	35 62
Secretary's salary	25 00
Auditors' fees	8 90
Exonerations	25 31
Sundries	19 01
Books and supplies	150 33
Tuition paid	96 76
Publishing account	3 00
Teachers attending institute	20 60
Fire insurance	13 08
Directors' convention	28 26
Supt election	10 26
Stove repairs	6 25
	\$1 119 31
Receipts, including loan	1 071 37
Deficit	\$ 47 94

The above account has been duly audited by the Auditors of this district and certified by them to be correct.

C. F. STOUGH,
G. H. LAWRENCE, } Auditors.
L. E. LAWRENCE.

The Celebrated Gettysburg Ice Cream

is now on sale at all times at the

Weaver Restaurant,
Hanover Street, New Oxford,
in any quantity desired.

This Celebrated Cream has gained a wide reputation on account of its purity, delicious flavors, etc.

Only the Best Fruit Flavors and the Richest Cream used, and it is made so well that it pleases all better than any other ice cream. Give it a trial and you will use no other.

Special Prices to Picnics, Festivals, Celebrations, Etc. Packaged in any quantity or flavor desired, in bulk or bricks. All orders, large or small, thankfully received. Write or phone The

Gettysburg Ice & Storage Co.,
Gettysburg, Pa. Penna

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.

R. J. FEISER,
Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa

Grain & Produce.

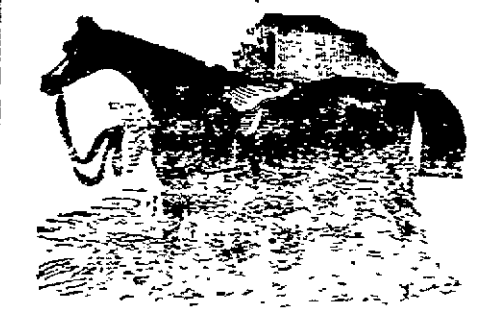
The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Shelly), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Lumber and Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr.,
New Oxford, Pa.

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.



Saturday, Aug. 1st, 1908,

The undersigned will receive one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses, workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them.

Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern markets.

H. W. PARR, Hanover.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,

DENTIST,
Office: Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.
All work neatly done and guaranteed

DR. GEO. H. SEAKS,

Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE ON PITT STREET, NEAR DEPOT,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Diseases of Children a Specialty.

NEW STORE!

Up-To-Date Goods!

Shoes, Furnishings, Etc,

On or about August 15th, 1908, the undersigned will open up in the

Smith Store Room,

Hanover Street, New Oxford.

with a complete line of

SHOES

For Ladies', Men and Children, in all grades. Also the Latest Styles in

Neckwear and Furnishings,

Ladies', Men's and Children's Underwear, Hosiery, Etc.,

Shirts of all Kinds, Suspenders,

and everything usually kept in a first-class establishment of this kind. We want you to come to see us and we feel assured that if latest styles, good goods and reasonable prices, coupled with fare and square and courteous treatment is what you are looking for you will be our customer.

Chas. G. Miller.

ARE YOU in need of a

Cook Stove, Range,

Oil Stove,

or any other kind of a stove? If so drop in to see us, we have them in all styles and at right prices. Also a full line of

Tinware, Enameled and Agate Ware.

Repairing Promptly done. Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

HAYES B. FAIR,

Carlisle Street, New Oxford.

Always Proud of it. Always Glad to Tell it. Want others to know it.

BANNER FLOUR

That's the Truth about people who buy BANNER FLOUR. When people have the best there is, they don't hesitate to say what they have, and you'll always find when you ask why they have good bread they don't simply say, "we use flour," oh no, the BANNER

..IS THE BEST.

and they want you to know they had the good sense to buy the best.

J. R. HARTMAN.
New Oxford Flouring Mills,

G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,

—SPECIALIST IN—
Lenses For The Eyes,
WILL BE IN GETTYSBURG,
First Nation'l Bank B'l'd'g
August 3 to 8.

Horses & Mules.



Saturday, Aug. 1, 1908,

The undersigned will receive at his stable in Hanover, one car load of fine Ohio and Kentucky Horses. Have always on hand mules for sale or exchange. Will buy fat horses and mules for southern markets.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa

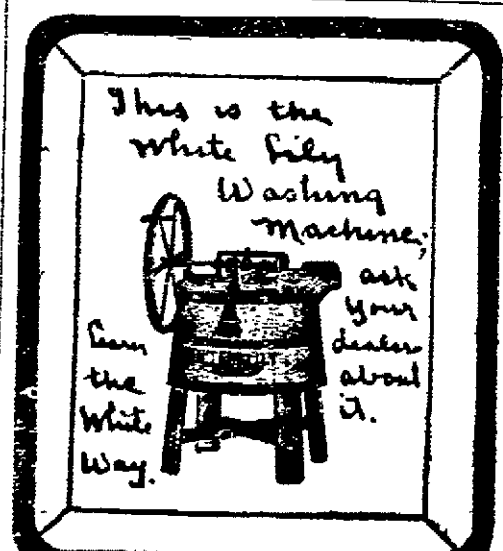
A Fine Farm

AT PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers at private sale his desirable farm, containing 62 acres of land, with all necessary improvements, situate in Hamilton township, along road leading from Carlisle pike to Waldheim, 1 1/2 miles north of New Oxford. The land is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings are all in first-class condition. For further particulars call on or address

CHARLES SENFT,
Route 1 New Oxford, Pa.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.



SOLD BY D. F. SLENTZ,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

MADAME DEAN'S

FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN RELIEF FOR SUPPRESSED MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Sample Free. Insist on getting the genuine, accept no substitute. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.

Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY R. J. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. Subscriptions discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements.—Inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing.—of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.

Here and There.

Miss Kate Clark, of Chambersburg, fell down a cellar way at Scotland, Franklin county, Wednesday afternoon, and broke her neck, dying instantly.

Sparks from a traction engine set fire to the barn and tobacco sheds on the property of George Shimp, near Denver, Lancaster county. Both structures were burned to the ground.

A slight cut on the knee with an ax, occurred to Richard Reed, of Hecins, a few days ago, proved fatal. His leg was amputated in a vain attempt to save his life. Blood poisoning set in.

Clinton Odenheimer, of Shearersville, whose neck was broken by falling from a hay wagon 3 weeks ago, has recovered and is again at work, with a brace about his neck.

While driving cows at Entricken, after 3 had been killed, Arden Shaw, was blinded by a bolt of lightning during a terrific storm, which shattered a tree under which he was passing.

The building of the Washington & Gettysburg electric railroad, for which charters were secured 2 years ago, will, it is said, be begun in a short time, and completed within the next 2 years.

One day last week David Leiphart, residing near Cralaysville, York county, killed a black snake nearly 6 feet long, which contained 7 young rabbits which the reptile had for its breakfast.

Leaving Berks county 55 years ago, a plow boy, Charles Brile, now nearly 90 years old, and an owner of several fine farms of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting scenes of his early life.

Archibald Sellers, of Highspire, while bathing, Sunday, was attacked by cramps and drowned at almost the same spot where Earl Spencer was killed by lightning the previous Sunday.

While firemen were working on a burning building at Altoona, live wires dropped and instantly killed Jos. Byers and Jos. Frick, and almost burned the head off of 12 year-old Harry Deshong, the crowd being afraid to interfere.

Samuel Edmerson and Michael Colabar were killed by falling rock at Scranton, after having set off a blast they returned to the chamber, when they were crushed by the fall. Both leave large families.

James Heimbach, of Boyerstown attempted to murder his wife, who left him some time ago and whom he was imploring to return, but she refusing, he shot her, and then committed suicide. It is believed she will recover.

The 4 horses of Loven Wright, living in the upper end of Dauphin county, were killed by lightning while driving near his home, Thursday, the wagon was wrecked and Wright rendered unconscious, with most of his hair singed off. He will recover.

Among the lightning fires of the week were, a barn belonging to J. W. Legore, near Woodboro, with all its contents, loss \$1200, and a frame house on the M. S. Zimmerman farm, near Walkersville, destroyed with all its contents.

The American Wire Cloth Co., of Glen Rock, has been declared bankrupt, and E. K. Ennis, of Manchester Township, has been appointed trustee in bankruptcy, by Judge Archbold. Claims against the concern amounting to \$58,774.26 appear on the papers filed Thursday in the office of the County Recorder.

On her way to the camp meeting, Miss Elizabeth Killian, aged 59 years, of Brownstown, Lancaster county, stopped at the hotel of her brother to secure lunch to take to some of the campers. In going to the cellar she fell down the stairs, fracturing her skull. She was found by relatives and died within an hour.

A large bank barn about 2 miles west of the York Haven line bridge, was struck by lightning about 8.30 Tuesday evening and totally destroyed. The barn was on what is known as the Welsh farm, tenanted by Peter Axe. All the crops were consumed but the live stock was fortunately saved.

Our bachelor lawyers will be interested in knowing the definition of love as given in court recently by a Pottsville attorney. The Schuykill barrister said: "Love is an inward, outward, inexplicable all overness." It must be admitted that the definition was comprehensive, if anything.

There is a possibility that another resort may be established on South Mountain and that it will occupy the site once known as Sweeney's Cold Springs. A Mr. Spence, York, has purchased this site, also known as the Caledonia Springs hotel property, and will erect, if he can procure a license, an immense hotel. It is about a mile from White Pine sanatorium, on the top of the South Mountain, and covers 115 acres.

Two Sisters Re-united.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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Exonerations.....	25 31
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Receipts, including loan.....	1 071 37
Deficit.....	\$ 47 94

The above account has been duly audited by the Auditors of this district and certified by them to be correct.

G. F. STORCH,
G. H. LAWRENCE, } Auditors.
L. E. LAWRENCE.

The Celebrated Gettysburg Ice Cream

is now on sale at all times at the

Weaver Restaurant,

Hanover Street, New Oxford, in any quantity desired.

This Celebrated Cream has gained a wide reputation on account of its purity, delicious flavors, etc.

Only the Best Fruit Flavors and the Richest Cream used, and it is made so well that it pleases all better than any other ice cream. Give it a trial and you will use no other.

Special Prices to Picnics, Festivals, Celebrations, Etc. Packaged in any quantity or flavor desired, in bulk or bricks. All orders, large or small, thankfully received. Write or phone The

Gettysburg Ice & Storage Co.,
Gettysburg, Pa.

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.

R. J. FEISER,
Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Shively), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Lumber and Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr.,
New Oxford, Pa.

4-23-ly.

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.



Saturday, Aug. 1st, 1908,

The undersigned will receive one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses, workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them.

Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern markets.

H. W. PARR, Hanover.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,

DENTIST,

OFFICE: Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.
All work neatly done and guaranteed

DR. GEO. H. SEAKS,

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE ON PITT STREET, NEAR DEPOT,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Diseases of Children a Specialty.

NEW STORE!

Up-To-Date Goods!

Shoes, Furnishings, Etc.

On or about August 15th, 1908, the undersigned will open up in the

Smith Store Room,

Hanover Street, New Oxford,

with a complete line of

SHOES

For Ladies', Men and Children, in all grades. Also the Latest Styles in

Neckwear and Furnishings,

Ladies', Men's and Children's Underwear, Hosiery, Etc.,

Shirts of all Kinds, Suspenders,

and everything usually kept in a first-class establishment of this kind. We want you to come to see us and we feel assured that if latest styles, good goods and reasonable prices, coupled with fare and square and courteous treatment is what you are looking for you will be our customer.

Chas. G. Miller.

ARE YOU

in need of a

Cook Stove,

Range,

Oil Stove,

or any other kind of a stove?

If so drop in to see us, we have them in all styles and at right prices. Also a full line of

Tinware,

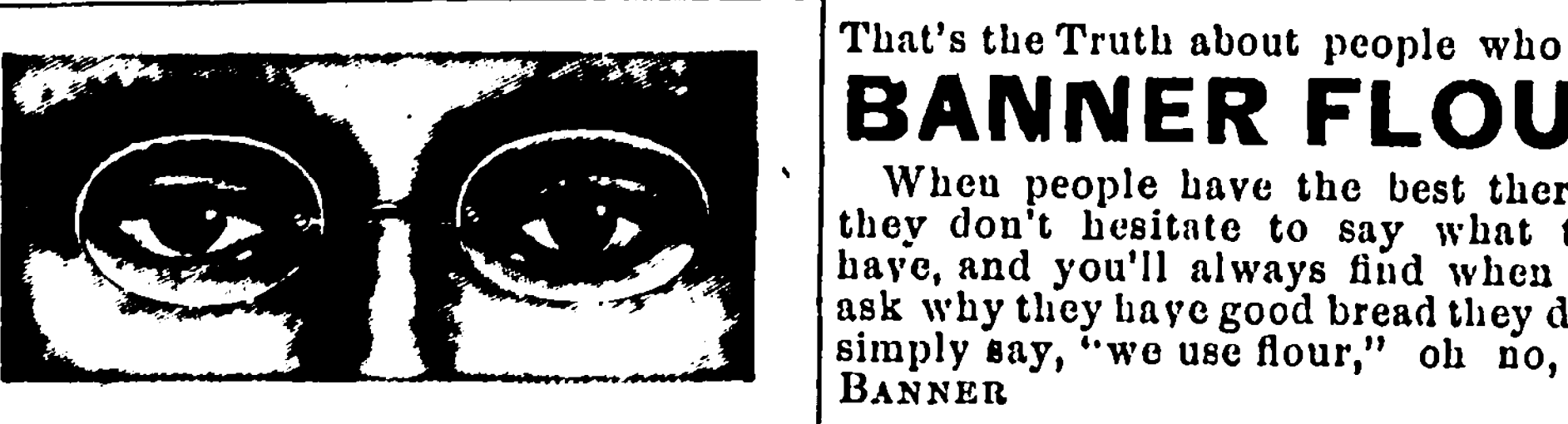
Enameled and

Agate Ware.

Repairing Promptly done. Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

HAYES B. FAIR,

Carlisle Street, New Oxford.



G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,

—SPECIALIST IN—

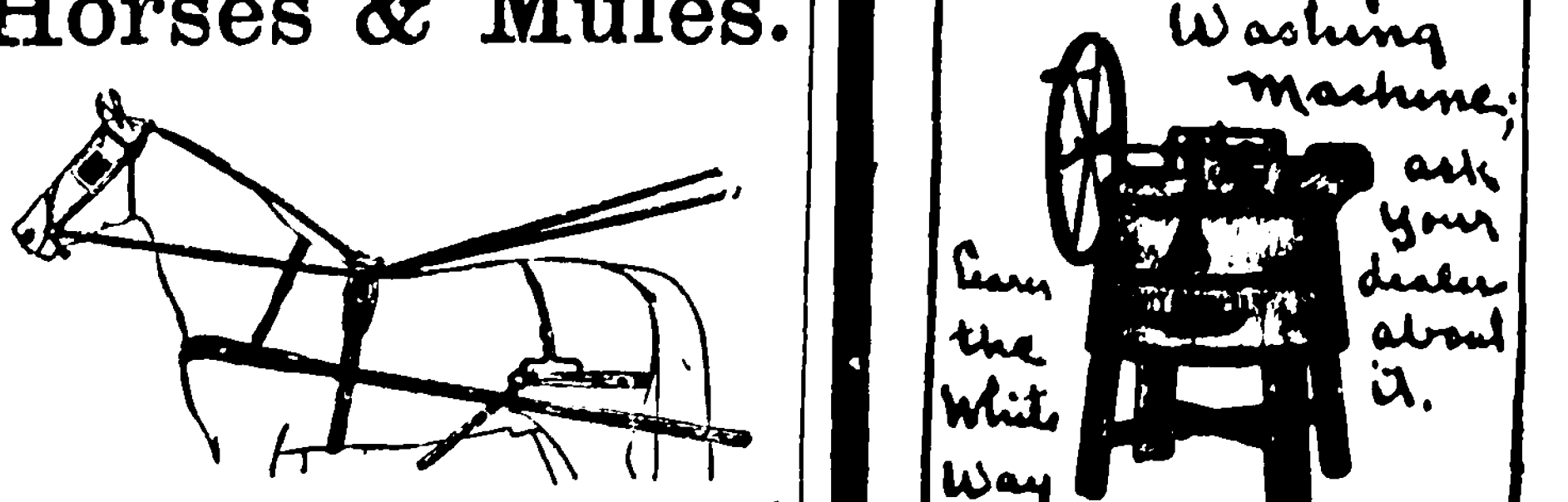
Lenses For The Eyes,

WILL BE IN GETTYSBURG,

First Nation'l Bank B'l'd'g

August 3 to 8.

Horses & Mules.



Saturday, Aug. 1, 1908,

The undersigned will receive at his stable in Hanover, one car load of fine Ohio and Kentucky Horses. Have always on hand mules for sale or exchange. Will buy fat horses and mules for southern markets.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

A Fine Farm

AT PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers at private sale his desirable farm, containing 62 acres of land, with all necessary improvements, situated in Hamilton township, along road leading from Carlisle pike to Waldheim, 1 1/2 miles north of New Oxford. The land is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings are all in first-class condition. For further particulars call on or address

CHARLES SENT,
Route 1 New Oxford, Pa.

7-23-ly

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

If its anything in the

line of

CLOTHING,

—made to order or ready

to wear;

DRY GOODS,

Notions,

Carpets,

Gents' Furnishings, Etc., that you are in need of visit the Double Stores of

M. B. Carver & Sons.

HANOVER PA.

Always Proud of it.

Always Glad to Tell it.

Want others to know it.

That's the Truth about people who buy

BANNER FLOUR

When people have the best there is, they don't hesitate to say what they have, and you'll always find when you ask why they have good bread they don't simply say, "we use flour," oh no, the BANNER

..IS THE BEST..

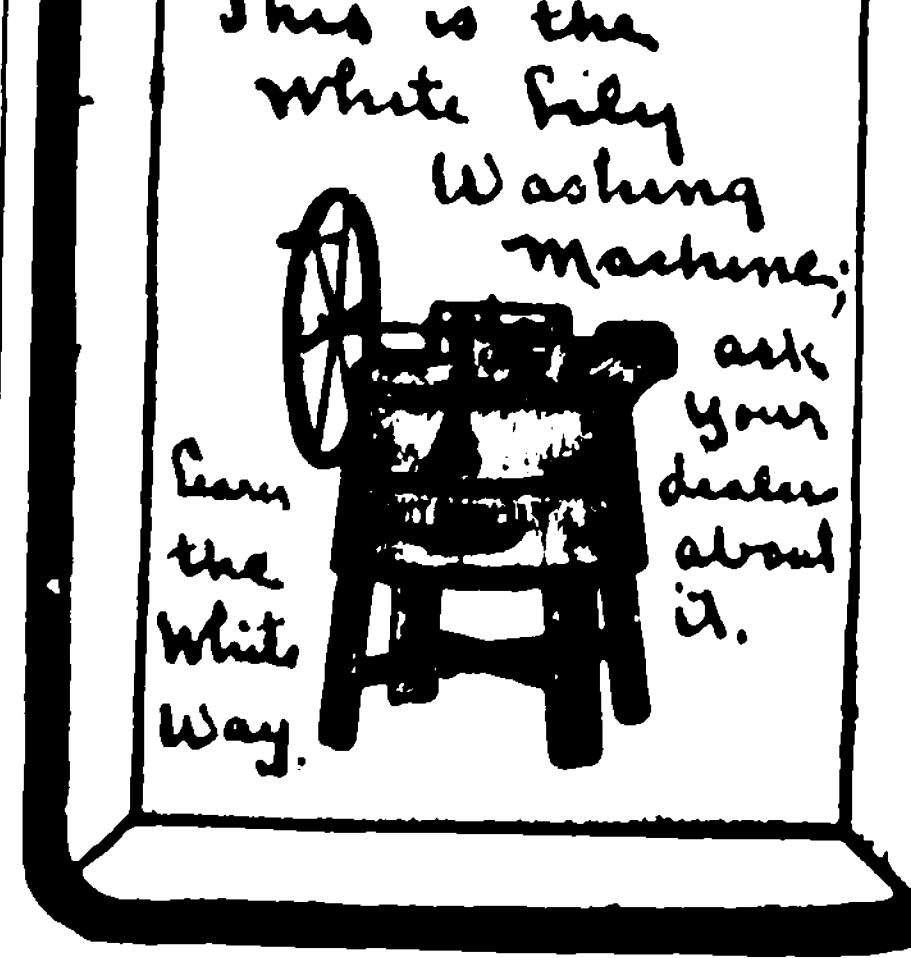
and they want you to know they had the good sense to buy the best.

J. R. HARTMAN.

New Oxford Flouring Mills,

SOLD BY D. F. SLENTZ,

CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.



MADAME DEAN'S

FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SUPPRESSED MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. Insist on getting the genuine, accept no substitute. If your druggist does not have them send your order to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.

Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.
Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.—Liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.
Job Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.

Here and There.

Miss Kate Clark, of Chambersburg, fell down a cellar way at Scotland, Franklin county, Wednesday afternoon, and broke her neck, dying instantly.

Sparks from a traction engine set fire to the barn and tobacco sheds on the property of George Shimp, near Denver, Lancaster county. Both structures were burned to the ground.

A slight cut on the knee with an ax, occurred to Richard Reed, of Hogsins, a few days ago, proved fatal. His leg was amputated in a vain attempt to save his life. Blood poisoning set in.

Clinton Odenheimer, of Shearersville, whose neck was broken by falling from a hay wagon 3 weeks ago, has recovered and is again at work, with a brace about his neck.

While driving cows at Entricken, after 3 had been killed, Arden Shaw, was blinded by a bolt of lightning during a terrific storm, which shattered a tree under which he was passing.

The building of the Washington & Gettysburg electric railroad, for which charters were secured 2 years ago, will, it is said, be begun in a short time, and completed within the next 2 years.

One day last week David Leiphart, residing near Oradysville, York county, killed a black snake nearly 6 feet long, which contained 7 young rabbits which the reptile had for its breakfast.

Leaving Berks county 55 years ago, a plow boy, Charles Brile, now nearly 90 years old, and an owner of several fine farms of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting scenes of his early life.

Archibald Sellers, of Highspire, while bathing, Sunday, was attacked by cramps and drowned at almost the same spot where Earl Spencer was killed by lightning the previous Sunday.

While firemen were working on a burning building at Altoona, live wires dropped and instantly killed Jos. Byers and Jos. Frick, and almost burned the head off of 12-year-old Harry Deshong, the crowd being afraid to interfere.

Samuel Edmerson and Michael Colobar were killed by falling rock at Scranton, after having set off a blast they returned to the chamber, when they were crushed by the fall. Both leave large families.

James Heimbach, of Boyerstown attempted to murder his wife, who left him some time ago and whom he was imploring to return, but she refusing, he shot her, and then committed suicide. It is believed she will recover.

The 4 horses of Loven Wright, living in the upper end of Dauphin county, were killed by lightning while driving near his home, Thursday, the wagon was wrecked and Wright rendered unconscious, with most of his hair singed off. He will recover.

Among the lightning fires of the week were, a barn belonging to J. W. Legore, near Woodsboro, with all its contents, loss \$1200, and a frame house on the M. S. Zimmerman farm, near Walkersville, destroyed with all its contents.

The American Wire Cloth Co., of Glen Rock, has been declared bankrupt, and E. K. Enig, of Manchester Township, has been appointed trustee in bankruptcy, by Judge Archbold. Claims against the concern amounting to \$58,774.26 appear on the papers filed Thursday in the office of the County Recorder.

On her way to the camp meeting, Miss Elizabeth Killian, aged 59 years, of Brownstown, Lancaster county, stopped at the hotel of her brother to secure lunch to take to some of the campers. In going to the cellar she fell down the stairs, fracturing her skull. She was found by relatives and died within an hour.

A large bank barn about 2 miles west of the York Haven line bridge, was struck by lightning about 8.30 Tuesday evening and totally destroyed. The barn was on what is known as the Welsh farm, tenanted by Peter Axe. All the crops were consumed but the live stock was fortunately saved.

Our bachelor lawyers will be interested in knowing the definition of love as given in court recently by a Pottsville attorney. The Schuykill barrister said: "Love is an inward, outward, inexpressible all overness." It must be admitted that the definition was comprehensive, if anything.

There is a possibility that another resort may be established on South Mountain and that it will occupy the site once known as Sweeney's Cold Springs. A Mr. Spence, York, has purchased this site, also known as the Caledonia Springs hotel property, and will erect, if he can procure a license, an immense hotel. It is about a mile from White Pine sanatorium, on the top of the South Mountain, and covers 115 acres.

Two Sisters Re-united.

Mrs. Emma Hoke, wife of Martin Hoke, who resides a short distance from Spring Grove, although 35 years old, never saw her sister, aged about 80 yrs, until last Saturday. In fact neither of the two women knew until a few weeks ago that either had a sister, yet at times they lived less than 10 miles apart and never more than 30 miles. The happening is an unusual one. About 3 weeks ago a lady of Taneytown was visiting relatives at Biglerville, and while there, Mrs. Ada Roth, of Biglerville, met the stranger. In the course of the general conversation the names of several families residing in Taneytown were mentioned, and Mrs. Roth stated that those spoken of were no doubt distant relatives. The lady from Taneytown promised Mrs. Roth to investigate the matter, and in the course of a few days the Biglerville lady received a letter from Mrs. Lizzie Gettler of Taneytown. The letter stated that no doubt the writer was an aunt to Mrs. Roth. Further correspondence was resorted to and last week the relationship between aunt and niece was verified. In the meantime while the above two ladies were writing to establish their relationship, Mrs. Gettler was also writing to Mrs. Hoke at Spring Grove acquainting her of the discovery. Mrs. Hoke was born at Mayberry, Md., 25 years ago, and all along thought she was the only child of — Yingling and wife. Her parents died when she was 5 years old, and the Mrs. Gettler mentioned a boy took her to her home at Taneytown to raise. When taken away she was too young to remember that a baby sister was left in the care of her grandfather. When the grandfather died another family took the child to raise. While McClellan Swartz, now residing at Spring Grove, lived near McSherrystown 14 years ago, Mrs. Gettler hired Emma to the Swartz family as a servant, and when the Swartz's moved to Spring Grove the lady accompanied them in the capacity of a servant, and in that way met Mr. Hoke. Last Saturday morning Mr. and Mrs. Hoke left Spring Grove for Biglerville to visit Mr. and Mrs. Roth. When the two sisters met it was both a sorrowful and joyful scene. Between sobs and laughter they related childhood memories and little by little the relationship established beyond a doubt.

3 DEAD; 12 HURT.

Shippensburg, July 21.—3 men who were blasting at the Summit cut-off of the C. V. R. R., 5 miles south of this place, were killed to day as the result of premature explosion, and 12 others seriously injured, 2 mortally. The dead are: Michael Maloy, residence unknown, and Edward Butler and John London, both of Chambersburg. Mortally injured: Charles Johnson, Chambersburg, and Conlon Boyne, Shippensburg. The fatality was caused through the carelessness of Maloy, who, contrary to orders, was stamping dynamite with an iron rod, weighing 40 pounds, and without a wood-end. It is supposed the iron struck a spark, exploding about 50 pounds of dynamite. The men were hurled in all directions, some buried beneath piles of stones.

LARGE BARN BURNED.

The barn on the farm of Harris Lentz, between Loganville and Seyen Valley, was struck by lightning during the storm which passed over York county, Sunday night between 7 and 8 o'clock. The bolt set fire to the barn, and the structure with all the crops, farm implements, etc., were consumed. The horses and some cattle were saved, but 3 cows, a bull, and several hogs perished. The loss estimated at \$5000, is partially covered by insurance.

BOY NEARLY HANGED.

York, July 23.—Mrs. Rosa Abramson, was arrested to night on the charge of attempting to hang 6 year old William Landsman. It is alleged that she seized the lad and tied a rope around his neck and suspended him from a balcony. The boy was almost strangled when discovered by a passerby, who hurried into the yard and cut the rope. The boy was black in the face and it was sometime before he revived.

The barn of Charles Crowl, Carroll County, was struck by lightning and destroyed with all the contents, including 3 horses, 2 colts and 3 cows, Tuesday night, it is believed the animals were killed when the barn was struck. A cow belonging to W. K. Leppo, was killed by lightning under a tree in a field in the same neighborhood.

A large lot of figured Lawns We cut the price to 1/2 of the regular price
WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Frank Bailey, living near Spring Grove along the Codorus, just 45 ducks Wednesday in a peculiar manner. It is thought they were either poisoned or got some of the polluted water of the Codorus into their system. When he went to feed them he found them stupefied floating on the water, some dead and by noon all were dead.

Sheriff Schum of York, was notified Monday that Governor Stuart has fixed Tuesday, Sept. 29, as the date for the execution at the county jail in York of Richard McKwayne, the negro who shot and killed E. Warren Peterson, a construction foreman on the Hanover and York trolley line, last October.

FATAL FLASH NEAR JEFFERSON.

A bolt of lightning struck the house of Peter Kessler, a well known farmer near Jefferson, York county, about 6 o'clock Friday evening, killing a 12 year old boy, Charles Kessler, instantly, rendering two other boys unconscious and injuring Mr. and Mrs. Kessler and two daughters. It was while the Kessler family were assembled in the summer kitchen after the evening meal, that the fatal bolt struck the chimney and crashed among the little group below. Charles, the youngest son, without uttering a cry, toppled over dead. Royal Kessler, 16 years old, and Clarence Arnold, 19 years of age, fell to the floor unconscious. A kettle of boiling water on the kitchen stove overturned and the contents poured over a 4 year old girl who but a moment before was playing on the floor. Her condition, it is said, is precarious, being scalded on all parts of the body Mr. and Mrs. Kessler were stunned by the crash and badly burned. Estella Kessler, aged about 14 years, has a badly burned foot as the result of the lightning's contact.

A large selection Ladies' White Lawn Shirt Waists, short sleeves, open back and long sleeves open front.
WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
33 Balto. Street, Hanover.

AGED COUPLE'S FLIGHT.

The pitiable condition of Mr. and Mrs. John McDowell residing on the farm of Emanuel Whitcomb near Spry, York county, was revealed by Herb Kain, agent of the York branch of Woman's Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals who visited them. It is said to be one of the most inhuman cases on record in York. Mr. McDowell, aged 88 years, who is insane and helpless, while his wife, 10 years his senior, who is blind, are said to be without proper attention and sufficient food. They were found lying in unfurnished rooms. Mr. McDowell, who is said to be wealthy, was found lying nude with nothing under him but a straw mattress. His body was covered with bed sores around which flies and other insects were congregated in a solid mass. That the old man was suffering intense pain is beyond question, according to Mr. Kain, who says that the sight was the most horrible and repulsive he ever witnessed. Mrs. McDowell, who is blind was found sitting in a room on the first floor and the man lying in the next room.

Base Ball.

Arendtsville with its long string of victories and claiming to have the strongest team in the county will play the first game of a series with New Oxford on the local diamond, Saturday, Aug. 1. Game called at 2:30 p. m.

Littlestown on Saturday afternoon forfeited the game scheduled to be played at that place to New Oxford, leaving the score 9-0. Littlestown's cowardly reason for not playing was that the heavy rain an hour before had knocked all ambition out of the team to go up against the local aggregation. Littlestown should either try to arrange a series with the local junior team or get a reputation before asking for another game with New Oxford.

Anna Lynch, of McKeesport, is dying of elephantiasis. From 165, her weight has increased to 510 pounds, and each day she is becoming heavier. The skin is becoming thick and tough and lays in folds as does the skin of an elephant. Physicians are puzzled as to how she contracted the disease.

Ladies' Long Silk, Taffeta, Lisle and Kid Gloves—white and colors.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
33 Balto. St., Hanover

Carlisle, July 25.—A terrific thunderstorm visited the Cumberland valley this morning. Reports coming in during the day indicated much damage. Joseph Musser's barn at Boiling Springs, said to be one of the finest in Cumberland county, was struck by lightning and burned. The loss is \$8000.

White Duck Skirts at 98c, the \$1.19 kind.
WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
Hanover, Pa.

Lightning struck the barn on the farm tenanted by Wm. Zinn, 3 miles above Dauphin, and in the fire which followed the barn, outbuildings, crops and 300 chickens were consumed. Zinn barely had time to save the horses and cattle.

A WONDERFUL HAPPENING.—P. Byron N. Y., has witnessed one of the most remarkable cases of healing ever recorded. A. F. King says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured a sore on my leg with which I had suffered over 80 years. I am now 85." Guaranteed to cure all sores, by ED T. AUER, Druggist, 25c.

NOTICE!

Having purchased the butchering business conducted by B. F. Gise in New Oxford, I would inform his many friends as well as the public at large, that I will continue the business at the old stand and have on hand in season all the different kinds of Choice Meats, including Fresh and Smoked Meats.
Your Patronage Solicited.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Very Respectfully,
10-31 CHARLES JACOBS.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

—OF THE—
Oxford Township Common School District for year ending June 1st, 1908.
RECEIPTS.

Duplicate	\$ 283.47
Balance from last year	89.50
State appropriation	492.10
Holding election	21.50
Tuition	9.90
Money borrowed	175.00
	\$1,071.87

—EXPENSES.—

Teachers' wages	\$630.00
Fuel	15.93
Treas. and collector's fees	35.62
Secretary's salary	25.00
Auditors' fees	8.30
Exonerations	25.31
Sundries	19.01
Books and supplies	150.53
Tuition paid	96.76
Publishing account	3.00
Teachers attending institute	20.00
Fire insurance	13.08
Directors' convention	28.26
Supt. election	10.26
Stove repairs	6.25
	\$1,119.31
Receipts, including loan	1,071.87
Deficit	\$ 47.94

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C. F. STOUGH,
G. H. LAWRENCE,
L. E. LAWRENCE, Auditors.

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Gettysburg, Pa. Penna

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Chas. C. Miller.

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UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Biever, Mountpleasant township, a son.

The stork presented Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Colestock with a fine bouncing baby boy on July 24th.

The annual Adams county picnic will be held this year at Mount Holly Park on Wednesday, August 5.

It is all right for a girl to take music lessons, but she should remember that cooking lessons help some.

Miss Sarah Lau of East Berlin, who had been in a Philadelphia hospital for some time was brought home last week and is convalescent.

In some manner Mrs. D. W. Sunday of near East Berlin, had her right hand caught in a wire fence, and four fingers badly lacerated.

Mable Grace, is the name of a new daughter that arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lehigh, Philadelphia street, last week.

Mrs. Eleanor J. Wolf of near Latimore, who recently passed her 92nd birthday was the recipient of a large number of handsome post cards.

Mention was made last week of the arrest of six young men for disturbing the peace. They were brought before Justice Markley of this place and fined \$3.25 apiece.—Y. S. Comet.

A union Sunday school rally and conference was held in the First Lutheran church, this place, on Tuesday evening. The meeting was under the supervision of Mr. Getty, the County Field Worker.

The crowd at the twenty-second annual reunion of the Lutherans of Maryland and adjoining States held at Pen-Mar Thursday was estimated at 12,000. The railroads alone handled about 7,000 people.

James Crist of Hampton, was arrested Tuesday evening at Hanover by Officer Kiser for reckless driving. He was taken before Justice of the Peace Sell, who fined him \$5. He paid his fine and was released.

An immense washout occurred some time Sunday night on the W. M. railroad near St. George's Station, which delayed traffic until noon Monday. The train due here at 9:55 a. m. from Baltimore to Highfield was 4½ hours late.

While Lewis Myers of East Berlin, was burning brush last Thursday on his father's farm in Reading township, the dry grass and stubbles around the brush caught fire and burned over about eight acres of land before it was gotten under control.

SUNBURN, TAN, FRECKLES, ETC.

A. D. S. Peroxide Cream was selected as the best formula by a National Manufacturing Association of 7000 Druggists. They know Use Peroxide Cream for Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, etc. Ed. T. AUKER, A. D. S. Representative.

Prof. Norman Haar of Abbottstown, recently elected for his second term to teach in the Hanover High school, has handed his resignation to the school board of that place, to take effect immediately. Mr. Haar has accepted a similar position in Lakewood, N. J.

Broker Bastian has sold the property of George D. Strasbaugh, in Oxford township, near Irishtown, to Charles Kiser of near Mt. Rock, for \$1200. It contains ten acres of land and is improved with a two-story frame dwelling house, frame barn and other necessary outbuildings. Possession April 1, 1909.

Ex-Sheriff L. H. Greenwald of Hanover, offered at public sale on Saturday two farms near East Berlin. Farm No. 1 in Reading township comprising 182 acres and 80 perches, was withdrawn at a bid of \$5,000, and farm No. 2 in Washington township, consisting of 140 acres, was withdrawn at a bid of \$3600.

The condition of Harry Orndorff, the would be suicide, of Littlestown, shows some change for the better and his recovery is expected. Mrs. John Brockley, of Littlestown, who has been in a critical condition since being thrown from a conveyance near Harney, Md., several weeks ago, is somewhat improved.

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Mrs. John Stouffer of Harrisburg, nearly died one day last week from the effects of using vitalized air after taking some neuralgia tablets. Mrs. Stouffer had been suffering from neuralgia and took some tablets for relief. Afterwards she went to a dentist and had some teeth extracted using vitalized air. Soon after arriving home she became very ill and three doctors who had been summoned pronounced her in a dying condition but she rallied and is now fully recovered. Mrs. Stouffer formerly resided in York Springs.

Only the prompt work of a bucket brigade saved Gilbert Fair's tin-shop and house in York Springs on last Thursday. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. H. B. Pearson saw a jet of flame shooting out from the end of the second story of the tin-shop and immediately gave the alarm. The citizens quickly responded and extinguished the flames. Had the fire had ten minutes more start it would no doubt not only burned the building but destroyed several more, as a high wind was blowing at the time. Mr. Fair is a brother of Mr. H. B. Fair of this place.

The heaviest rain storm in twenty years visited Hanover and vicinity, between 5 and 6 o'clock Friday evening. In Hanover most every street was flooded and on some of the streets the water was from 5 to 6 feet deep, and many cellars that never contained any water before were flooded on this occasion. Grace Reformed Chapel was struck by lightning and the roof on the northwest side considerably damaged, as well as the chimney. The flash struck and demolished part of the chimney and then followed an iron brace to the roof, tearing off the slate.

Sunday night thieves broke into the cigar store of William Hummer in Gettysburg and carried away some tobacco and some cash. The thieves made their entrance through the door in the rear of the store and went through both rooms tearing the contents around and scattering everything about the store. Two slot machines were broken open and the money, amounting to about \$3, was taken out. Mr. Hummer had about \$20 in cash in a combination drawer, but fortunately, the thieves failed to find this.

Mr. Harry W. Hoffnagle, of Mountpleasant township, recently lost a fine horse from indigestion.

Lightning's Work.

Bradley McHenry, of the firm of McHenry Bros., horse dealers, Hanover, was returning home from near Bonneauville at 8:30 p. m. Saturday when a bolt of lightning descended close to the horse he was driving. The animal became unmanageable and ran over a mile and a half to McSherrstown, where it dropped dead from fright and exhaustion. The horse was a valuable driving animal.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Sam'l Whisler of Hanover, had occasion to go to the garret at her home, and while there a bolt of lightning struck the chimney, which was demolished. The current passed to the kitchen, knocking the range to pieces and doing considerable damage. Mrs. Whisler, who was alone in the house at the time, was rendered unconscious for a short time. With the exception of the shock to her nerves Mrs. Whisler was uninjured.

Harry E. Nace of West Manheim township, York county, had a narrow escape from death by lightning on Saturday evening between 5 and 6 o'clock. Mr. Nace was in the act of tying his horse to a maple tree in front of the residence of his mother, Mrs. Ephraim Nace, in Hanover, when a bolt of lightning struck the tree shattering it. The horse was knocked down, but was uninjured. Mr. Nace also escaped without injury.

During the storm on Friday evening the chimneys on the houses of John Hertz and Abram Rife, at Midway, the houses of John Jacobs, Charles Heckendorn, Abram Stouffer, Hanover Power House, Produce Co., and others in Hanover were struck by lightning, and from reports received lightning bolts struck probably half a hundred buildings in various sections of York and Adams counties within a radius of 5 or 6 miles of Hanover, but in nearly every instance no fires resulted, the damage being confined to the ripping off of slate and shingle roofs and the splintering of timbers.

Highway Robbery.

Edward J. Hersh of York, a representative of Troup Bros., who has been making Hotel Young, Littlestown, his headquarters for some time past, while engaged in the sale of pianos and organs in that section, last Monday evening caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Edw. Woodyard, better known as "Woody," a well-known colored character, who formerly hailed from Harrisburg. Mr. Hersh states that on Monday afternoon he and Woodyard started for Pleasant Valley with a piano; the negro was driving and Mr. Hersh fell asleep, when, it is alleged, Woodyard struck him on the side of his face with a beer bottle, knocking him out of the wagon, the heavy vehicle passing over Mr. Hersh's right ankle and across his abdomen; a sum of money which he had in his pocket about \$9, Mr. Hersh says, was missing after his mishap; the assault occurring along the Baltimore pike, about 4 miles from Littlestown. A passing physician rendered the injured man timely aid and a team was sent from Littlestown to bring him to his hotel, while Woodyard brought the piano wagon back. Mr. Hersh was badly bruised, but it is hoped that no serious development may follow in his case. After due consideration Hersh decided not to prosecute the negro further, but to consent to his release, on the condition that he Woodyard, should quit this part of the country indefinitely.

Fell From Buggy.

An infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Taughinbaugh of West High street, has been in a precarious condition for several days on account of an accident. Some days ago a neighbor was entertaining the child for a short time and to amuse it set the child upon the seat of a ruzabout, while she pushed the buggy to any fro. The infant accidentally fell from the seat to the ground, receiving but slight external bruises, but it claimed the child was injured internally. At last reports however, the child was improving and no serious consequences are anticipated.

Barn Destroyed by Lightning.

The frame barn on the farm of Bernard Kemp, a truck farmer about one mile West of Lilly's mill, along the Conewago creek Mountpleasant township, was struck by lightning during the severe electrical and rain storm. Shortly after 9 o'clock Thursday night. The building with the season's crops of hay and rye, were completely destroyed. A horse and cow which were in the barn at the time were saved. The loss will aggregate about \$1000 with \$800 insurance.

Aged Lady Breaks Arm.

Mrs. Stock, wife of Mr. Levi Stock, an aged and highly respected lady met with a bad misfortune at her home on North Peters street, Saturday morning. The lady was passing over a boardwalk in the yard when she accidentally slipped and fell breaking the large bone in her left arm close to the wrist. The injury was adjusted by Dr. Sheets and she is getting along as well as can be expected.

Bad Milk for Soldiers.

Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust has received from Dr. William Frear, the chemist of his division, reports indicating that the milk served to four regimental messes at Gettysburg was "doctored" with boracic acid to preserve it. As soon as possible the evidence will be placed before a Magistrate and the parties selling the milk will be prosecuted.

Death Doings.

Mrs. John Getz formerly of East Berlin, died at her home 217 West King street, York, on Monday morning, aged 61 years, 3 months and 19 days. The deceased is survived by her husband and several children.

Mrs. Mary E. Forry, wife of George Forry, died at her home near Nace's mill, West Manheim township, York county, at 11 a. m. Tuesday, July 21, aged 73 years and 1 month. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simpson, late of near Littlestown, and was the second wife of Mr. Forry. She is survived by five brothers and one sister.

Rev. Ira Bream, a brother of Jacob Bream of near Heidersburg, died very suddenly at Mechanicsburg last Saturday evening. He was born and reared in the vicinity of Heidersburg.

Mrs. Ellen Ringwalt, widow of Adam Ringwalt, a prominent merchant of Lancaster, Penna., died July 9, from heart trouble. Her death was rather sudden, although she had been in failing health for some time. She was 76 years old and her maiden name was McClellan. She was born in Gettysburg, where her father was a prominent hotel keeper, and for whom the McClellan House was named.

John B. Conley, known in this section where he has a number of relatives, died at his home in York last Wednesday, aged 41 years, 6 months and 15 days.

Charles Bond of Wilkesbarre, died at 5:40 Friday morning at the home of his brother in law, Wilson W. Krebs, in Gettysburg, from heart disease, aged 37 years, 4 months and 20 days. Deceased had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Krebs since the Saturday previous.

After an illness of over two years from dropsy and heart trouble, Miss Ella M. Fidler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Fidler, died at her home in Mountpleasant township, about two miles from this place, at 4:45 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, aged 22 years, 4 months and 10 days. The Fidler family formerly resided beyond Hunterstown, and later removed to near Washington, D. C., returning to the old Jesse Diehl property near town, several months ago. The funeral took place from her late home at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon, services and interment at Pines church, Rev. E. E. Dietterich, officiating.

Samuel Wiest died at the home of his sister Mrs. Lewis Bubb, in East Berlin, at 3 o'clock Monday morning after a lingering illness from stomach trouble and other complications, aged 60 years. Deceased is survived by three sisters and two brothers. His wife and only daughter died some years ago. Mr. Wiest was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Sarah Wiest of South Peters street. The funeral takes place this Thursday morning, services and interment at East Berlin.

Calvin Isaac, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Miller of Mt. Joy township, died Saturday night from spinal meningitis from which he suffered since Wednesday. He was aged 7 years, 9 months and 8 days. Surviving are his parents, one brother and two sisters.

Nathan V. Beitman, a successful farmer and a respected citizen of Huntington township, died at his home on Friday morning from the effects of a fifth stroke of paralysis. He was afflicted with the first one four years ago, and on Tuesday of last week had gone out to the barn, and was found by his son, the dog giving the alarm, hanging over the fence unconscious, and in such a state he remained until Friday when he died. His wife died about 3 years ago. He is survived by two sons—Frank at home, and Mervin of Huntington township, one sister, Mrs. Ida Good, of Gettysburg, and two brothers, Wesley, in the West, and George living near his home.

Horse Thief Arrested.

Hanover, July 24.—Officer John A. Dutta arrested B. Shafer of Philadelphia, yesterday afternoon on the Hanover and East Berlin turnpike, at Hershey's hill, on a warrant issued by Squire Lewis D. Sell, charging him on oath of Mrs. Mary Bush with jumping a board bill and also with selling goods in Hanover borough without a license. He was taken before Justice Sell, where he settled both cases. Shafer was then arrested by Officer Dutta without a warrant, on the charge of stealing a horse and dayton wagon from Iveryman J. C. Hoke, in Gettysburg, on June 24. Shafer hired the team from Mr. Hoke for two days and when arrested had the team in his possession and was on his way to Philadelphia. He was in Hanover for several days selling shirt waists, pantaloons, etc., without a license. Officer Dutta notified Constable Wilson of Gettysburg, who had in his possession the warrant for Shafer's arrest, to come to Hanover for the prisoner, which he did last evening, taking both Shafer and the team to Gettysburg and at the same time jumped the Bush board bill, which resulted in his arrest by Officer Dutta, who discovered in Shafer the man wanted at Gettysburg for horse stealing. When Shafer hired the team Hoke's name was painted on the wagon, and Shafer destroyed the name by painting over it. Mr. Hoke offered a reward of \$50 for the arrest of Shafer, and the intelligent detective work of officer Dutta will therefore not go unrewarded.

Three Killed at Camp Hays.

Gettysburg, July 24.—Three men killed, twenty-six injured and a hundred stunned is the terrible list of casualties caused by the heavy electrical storm which passed over Camp Alexander Hays last night between 9 and 10 o'clock. The dead are: Bert Barbe of Waynesboro, private in Company K, 10th Infantry. Clyde Morrison of Oil City, private in Company D, 16th Infantry. Milton Garver of Washington, Pa., Corporal in Company C, 10th Infantry.

The storm burst in its terrible fury over Camp Hays with little warning. In the camp were hundreds of visitors from Gettysburg who had gone out to witness the celebration planned by the members of the Second Brigade preparatory to their leaving to-day.

The camp of the second was filled with a merry throng, band concerts being held at many places, when suddenly a storm which had been gathering in the West swept quickly over the camp and flash after flash of the most blinding lightning followed by peals of thunder which crashed over camp striking terror to the thousands of people there. With it all came a strong wind storm. Suddenly a brilliant flash blazed from the sky followed by crashing thunder and when those who were near recovered from the temporary shock they found scores of the members of the 10th regiment strewn over the ground, their prostrate forms lying all about. Relief was at once sent from the 5th regiment close at hand and it was but a few minutes until it was found that Private Barbe and Corporal Garver had been instantly killed. Scores of others lay about unconscious.

While the rescue parties were working here another bright flash came from the clouds followed by another peal of thunder and many more were thrown to the ground, this time at the camp of the 10th. Relief parties found among the forms on the ground the dead body of Clyde Morrison.

The death of Private Morrison occurred under rather peculiar circumstances. He was standing at the hospital tent in the rear of his regiment. A stroke of lightning struck the tent of the drum major and chief musician of the regimental band a hundred yards in front of him, shattering the tent pole and some wood work. Both men had their wives with them and all were stunned. The lightning went from the tent to the ground and then ran along the ground until it reached the soldier striking him and causing death almost instantly.

Panic stricken, the soldiers and their guests rushed through the camp not knowing what to do or where to go. One tent after another was blown down and all the time could be heard the moans of those who were injured and who were lying about the camp.

Suddenly another bright flash darted from the sky striking the large iron flag pole in front of Division Headquarters. All of the tents here were full of people who covered in the corners while the thunder resounded. Finally one tent after another started to fall and many officers were caught beneath their tent. Among these was Surgeon General Weaver who was hurt but not seriously.

The water in the camp streets began to rise rapidly and the soldiers having this and the wind to cope with had all they could do to take care of themselves. Water in some of the streets was knee deep and men had difficulty in walking. The work of removing the dead to suitable places was hurried. The injured and those most severely shocked were hurried to the hospitals. The rescuing parties succeeded in getting all of the men out of the water and under shelter in a comparatively short time. Many other places in camp were struck. The 26 given as the number injured includes only those who were stunned and did not recover after a short while.

The scene at camp was absolutely beyond description. The men hurried about bearing the bodies of their injured comrades on stretchers while the storm continued in all fury, the reports rapidly following each other that various ones of the different regiments had been killed and all fearing that the next stroke would usher many more into eternity. The camp was full of women at the time and the great majority became hysterical, screaming and moaning.

Private Barbe was struck while in his tent. A blue flame enveloped his body and with a groan he fell dead at the feet of his comrade who was also severely stunned. Garver's head was split in two as though cleft by a hatchet. A peculiar fact which was noted at the hospitals where all three of the men who were killed were taken was that their leggings were ripped along the line of the steel stay, and it is the supposition that the steel attracted the lightning.

All night long the physicians worked in the hospitals with the injured men. Hundreds of tents were blown down and many of the men were forced to sleep outside on the wet ground. The Governor's tent was blown down and the Governor and friends who were with him had great difficulty in getting out. Yesterday afternoon Major C. C. Wiley, surgeon general of the Second Brigade, was severely shocked when about to board a trolley car. The lightning struck near by and he was thrown to the ground unconscious. After several minutes he was able to walk and has now almost completely recovered.

New Oxford Catholic Picnic Aug. 22.

Took Poison.

Miss Edna Tudor was made seriously ill Friday evening at her home in Gettysburg by eating bread on which strychnine had been placed to poison rodents. In some manner the piece of bread got to the table with the other bread and Miss Tudor happened to take that piece from the tray. She was taken violently ill soon after eating it. Physicians were summoned and by hard work soon had her out of danger, though it was a very close call.

Lightning Kills Lieut. Morley

Gettysburg, July 21.—Lieutenant Paul K. Morley, of Company B, First Infantry, was instantly killed by a bolt of lightning this evening. Lieutenant Morley was junior officer of the regimental guard and was standing on a drain pipe at the edge of his camp when he was struck, death resulting instantly. His home is in Rosemont. Sergeant William Ruppel and Corporal David J. Vine, of Company E, First Regiment, both of Philadelphia, were badly shocked while making for their tents during the height of the storm.

Had Narrow Escape.

Mr. Hays B. Hart, the Carlisle street tinsmith, had a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident one day recently. He was about to place the spouting ladders on the new house of Mr. A. C. Diehl, Pitt street, and was waiting across the foot on the second story when he tread upon a loose board which tilted and threw him between the joists. In his right hand he held a number of tools, but fortunately he caught a joist with his left hand and lungs expended. He dropped the tools and with both hands was able to raise himself back upon the joist. Had he not been fortunate enough to catch the joist in the descent he no doubt would have come through to the cellar and received serious injury. As it was he escaped with a number of scars and bruises on his arms.

Barn Struck by Lightning.

About 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon the large brick barn on one of Amos Slick's farms about one mile South of Biglerville was struck by lightning and totally destroyed. The barn was covered with a shingle roof and the instant the bolt struck the building the entire roof was enveloped in flames. In a very short time the entire building was in flames and it together with all its contents was soon a smoking mass of ruins. There was no live stock in the barn at the time but a dog belonging to Mr. Osborne, residing on the property, became excited, rushed into the building and was burned to death. The barn contained about 10 tons of hay, part belonging to Slick and part to Osborne. A fodder shredder, two wagons and some harness, the property of Mr. Osborne, were also destroyed. Neither the building nor its contents were covered by insurance and the total loss is estimated at about \$1200.

Robbery at Hanover

With little reward for his trouble, a thief ransacked the residences of Geo. Miller and John Brobeck, in Hanover, last Friday night or early Saturday morning. Both homes were entered through unfastened windows, but closed shutters which were pried open. At the Miller home the drawers in the buffet on the first floor were rummaged through, but nothing taken. Then the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Miller was entered, and without waking the occupants the bureau drawers were searched. The only thing taken was a pocketbook from the trousers of Mr. Miller which were hanging at the foot of the bed. The wallet was found by Mrs. Miller on the lounge down stairs next morning. The contents, about \$3.50, was missing. A watch belonging to Mr. Miller was in another pocket, but not molested. At the Brobeck house, the only thing secured was a revolver.

Dressmaking.

Anytime after the 1st day of August, 1908, I will be at the home of Mrs. Catharine Hartman, to do any and all kinds of dressmaking promptly and at reasonable prices. Give me a call.

MISS MARTHA MURREN,

Philadelphia Street, New Oxford.

Miss Henrietta Fickes will sell all personal property at her home near Pines church, Straban township, on Saturday, Aug. 22. At the same time the real estate will be offered for sale.

Saturday's rain prevented the holding of the Conewago picnic and the event was postponed until Monday. Going to the grove being unfit for the outdoor festivities, the picnic was held in Conewago Hall.

SUPERIOR TONE QUALITY.

The Weaver Piano is acknowledged by the foremost musicians to possess a quality of tone that distinguishes it from all others.—Southern Review of Commerce, Louisville Ky.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO.,

Manufacturers, York, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... \$.37
No. 2 "..... . 80
Raked "..... . 50
Rye..... 35 @ 70
Corn..... 75 @ 80
Oats..... 45 @ 50
Clover seed, per lb..... 10 @ 12
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 54
Rye Straw..... 6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay..... 7 00 @ 8 00

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bievenour, Mountpleasant township, a son.

The stork presented Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Colestock with a fine bouncing baby boy on July 24th.

The annual Adams county picnic will be held this year at Mount Holly Park on Wednesday, August 5.

It is all right for a girl to take music lessons, but she should remember that cooking lessons help some.

Miss Sarah Lau of East Berlin, who had been in a Philadelphia hospital for some time was brought home last week and is convalescent.

In some manner Mrs. D. W. Sunday of near East Berlin, had her right hand caught in a wire fence, and four fingers badly lacerated.

Mable Grace, is the name of a new daughter that arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lehigh, Philadelphia street, last week.

Mrs. Eleanor J. Wolf of near Latimore, who recently passed her 92nd birthday was the recipient of a large number of handsome post cards.

Mention was made last week of the arrest of six young men for disturbing the peace. They were brought before Justice Markley of this place and fined \$3.25 apiece.—Y. S. Comet.

A union Sunday school rally and conference was held in the First Lutheran church, this place, on Tuesday evening. The meeting was under the supervision of Mr. Getty, the County Field Worker.

The crowd at the twenty-second annual reunion of the Lutherans of Maryland and adjoining States held at Pen-Mar Thursday was estimated at 12,000. The railroads alone handled about 7,000 people.

James Crist of Hampton, was arrested Tuesday evening at Hanover by Officer Kiser for reckless driving. He was taken before Justice of the Peace Sell, who fined him \$5. He paid his fine and was released.

An immense washout occurred some time Sunday night on the W. M. railroad near St. George's Station, which delayed traffic until noon Monday. The train due here at 9:55 a. m. from Baltimore to Highfield was 44 hours late.

While Lewis Myers of East Berlin, was burning brush last Thursday on his father's farm in Reading township, the dry grass and stubbles around the brush caught fire and burned over about eight acres of land before it was gotten under control.

SUNBURN, TAN, FRECKLES, ETC.
A. D. S. Peroxide Cream was selected as the best formula by a National Manufacturing Association of 7000 Druggists. They know Use Peroxide Cream for Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, etc. Ed. T. AUKER, A. D. S. Representative.

Prof. Norman Haar of Abbotstown, recently elected for his second term to teach in the Hanover High school, has handed his resignation to the school board of that place, to take effect immediately. Mr. Haar has accepted a similar position in Lakewood, N. J.

Broker Bastian has sold the property of George D. Strasbaugh, in Oxford township, near Irtstown, to Charles Kiser of near Mt. Rock, for \$1200. It contains ten acres of land and is improved with a two-story frame dwelling house, frame barn and other necessary outbuildings. Possession April 1, 1909.

Ex-Sheriff L. H. Greenwald of Hanover, offered at public sale on Saturday two farms near East Berlin. Farm No. 1 in Reading township comprising 182 acres and 80 perches, was withdrawn at a bid of \$5,000, and farm No. 2 in Washington township, consisting of 140 acres, was withdrawn at a bid of \$3600.

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Only the prompt work of a bucket brigade saved Gilbert Fair's tin-shop and house in York Springs on last Thursday. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. H. B. Pearson saw a jet of flame shooting out from the end of the second story of the tin-shop and immediately gave the alarm. The citizens quickly responded and extinguished the flames. Had the fire had ten minutes more start it would no doubt not only burned the building but destroyed several more, as a high wind was blowing at the time. Mr. Fair is a brother of Mr. H. B. Fair of this place.

The heaviest rain storm in twenty years visited Hanover and vicinity, between 5 and 6 o'clock Friday evening. In Hanover most every street was flooded and on some of the streets the water was from 5 to 6 feet deep, and many cellars that never contained any water before were flooded on this occasion. Grace Reformed Chapel was struck by lightning and the roof on the northwest side considerably damaged, as well as the chimney. The flash struck and demolished part of the chimney and then followed an iron brace to the roof, tearing off the slate.

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Mr. Harry W. Hoffnagle, of Mountpleasant township, recently lost a fine horse from indigestion.

Lightning's Work.

Bradley McHenry, of the firm of McHenry Bros., horse dealers, Hanover, was returning home from near Bonneauville at 8:30 p. m. Saturday when a bolt of lightning descended close to the horse he was driving. The animal became unmanageable and ran over a mile and a half to McSherrstown, where it dropped dead from fright and exhaustion. The horse was a valuable driving animal.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Sam'l Whisler of Hanover, had occasion to go to the gullet at her home, and while there a bolt of lightning struck the chimney, which was demolished. The current passed to the kitchen, knocking the range to pieces and doing considerable damage. Mrs. Whisler, who was alone in the house at the time, was rendered unconscious for a short time. With the exception of the shock to her nerves Mrs. Whisler was uninjured.

Harry E. Nace of West Manheim township, York county, had a narrow escape from death by lightning on Saturday evening between 5 and 6 o'clock. Mr. Nace was in the act of tying his horse to a maple tree in front of the residence of his mother, Mrs. Ephraim Nace, in Hanover, when a bolt of lightning struck the tree shattered it. The horse was knocked down, but was uninjured. Mr. Nace also escaped without injury.

During the storm on Friday evening the chimneys on the houses of John Hertz and Abram Rife, at Midway, the houses of John Jacobs, Charles Heckendorn, Abram Stouffer, Hanover Power House, Produce Co., and others in Hanover were struck by lightning, and from reports received lightning bolts struck probably half a hundred buildings in various sections of York and Adams counties within a radius of 5 or 6 miles of Hanover, but in nearly every instance no fires resulted, the damage being confined to the ripping off of slate and shingle roofs and the splintering of timbers.

Highway Robbery.

Edward J. Hersh of York, a representative of Tronp Bros., who has been making Hotel Young, Littlestown, his headquarters for some time past, while engaged in the sale of pianos and organs in that section, last Monday evening caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Edw. Woodyard, better known as "Woody," a well-known colored character, who formerly hailed from Harrisburg. Mr. Hersh states that on Monday afternoon he and Woodyard started for Pleasant Valley with a piano; the negro was driving and Mr. Hersh fell asleep, when, it is alleged, Woodyard struck him on the side of his face with a beer bottle, knocking him out of the wagon, the heavy vehicle passing over Mr. Hersh's right ankle and across his abdomen; a sum of money which he had in his pocket about \$9, Mr. Hersh says, was missing after his mishap; the assault occurring along the Baltimore pike, about 4 miles from Littlestown. A passing physician rendered the injured man timely aid and a team was sent from Littlestown to bring him to his hotel, while Woodyard brought the piano wagon back. Mr. Hersh was badly bruised, but it is hoped that no serious development may follow in his case. After due consideration Hersh decided not to prosecute the negro further, but to consent to his release, on the condition that he Woodyard, should quit this part of the country indefinitely.

Fell From Buggy.

An infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Taughnbaugh of West High street, has been in a precarious condition for several days on account of an accident. Some days ago a neighbor was entertaining the child for a short time and to amuse it set the child upon the seat of a runabout, while she pushed the buggy to any fro. The infant accidentally fell from the seat to the ground, receiving but slight external bruises, but it claimed the child was injured internally. At last reports however, the child was improving and no serious consequences are anticipated.

Barn Destroyed by Lightning.

The frame barn on the farm of Bernard Kemp, a truck farmer about one mile West of Lilly's mill, along the Conewago creek Mountpleasant township, was struck by lightning during the severe electrical and rain storm shortly after 9 o'clock Thursday night. The building with the season's crops of hay and rye, were completely destroyed. A horse and cow which were in the barn at the time were saved. The loss will aggregate about \$1000 with \$600 insurance.

Aged Lady Breaks Arm.

Mrs. Stock, wife of Mr. Levi Stock, an aged and highly respected lady met with a bad misfortune at her home on North Peters street, Saturday morning. The lady was passing over a boardwalk in the yard when she accidentally slipped and fell breaking the large bone in her left arm close to the wrist. The injury was adjusted by Dr. Sheetz and she is getting along as well as can be expected.

Bad Milk for Soldiers.

Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust has received from Dr. William Frear, the chemist of his division, reports indicating that the milk served to four regimental messes at Gettysburg was "doctored" with boracic acid to preserve it. As soon as possible the evidence will be placed before a Magistrate and the parties selling the milk will be prosecuted.

Death Doings.

Mrs. John Getz formerly of East Berlin, died at her home 217 West King street, York, on Monday morning, aged 61 years, 3 months and 19 days. The deceased is survived by her husband and several children.

Mrs. Mary E. Forry, wife of George Forry, died at her home near Nace's mill, West Manheim township, York county, at 11 a. m. Tuesday, July 21, aged 73 years and 1 month. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simpson, late of near Littlestown, and was the second wife of Mr. Forry. She is survived by five brothers and one sister.

Rev. Mrs. Bream, a brother of Jacob Bream of near Heidlersburg, died very suddenly at Mechanicsburg last Saturday evening. He was born and reared in the vicinity of Heidlersburg.

Mrs. Ellen Ringwalt, widow of Adam Ringwalt, a prominent merchant of Lancaster, Penna., died July 9, from heart trouble. Her death was rather sudden, although she had been in failing health for some time. She was 76 years old and her maiden name was McClellan. She was born in Gettysburg, where her father was a prominent hotel keeper, and for whom the McClellan House was named.

John B. Conley, known in this section where he has a number of relatives, died at his home in York last Wednesday, aged 41 years, 6 months and 15 days.

Charles Bond of Wilkesbarre, died at 5:40 Friday morning at the home of his brother in law, Wilson W. Krebs, in Gettysburg, from heart disease, aged 37 years, 4 months and 20 days. Deceased had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Krebs since the Saturday previous.

After an illness of over two years from dropsy and heart trouble, Miss Ella M. Fidler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Fidler, died at her home in Mountpleasant township, about two miles from this place, at 4:45 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, aged 22 years, 4 months and 10 days. The Fidler family formerly resided beyond Hunterstown, and later removed to near Washington, D. C., returning to the old Jesse Diehl property near town, several months ago. The funeral took place from her late home at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon, services and interment at Pines church, Rev. E. E. Dietterich, officiating.

Samuel Wiest died at the home of his sister Mrs. Lewis Bubb, in East Berlin, at 3 o'clock Monday morning after a lingering illness from stomach trouble and other complications, aged 60 years. Deceased is survived by three sisters and two brothers. His wife and only daughter died some years ago. Mr. Wiest was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Sarah Wiest of South Peters street. The funeral takes place this Thursday morning, services and interment at East Berlin.

Calvin Isaac, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Miller of Mt. Joy township, died Saturday night from spinal meningitis from which he suffered since Wednesday. He was aged 7 years, 9 months and 8 days. Surviving are his parents, one brother and two sisters.

Nathan V. Beitman, a successful farmer and a respected citizen of Huntington township, died at his home on Friday morning from the effects of a fifth stroke of paralysis. He was afflicted with the first one four years ago, and on Tuesday of last week had gone out to the barn, and was found by his son, the dog giving the alarm, hanging over the fence unconscious, and in such a state he remained until Friday when he died. His wife died about 3 years ago. He is survived by two sons—Frank at home, and Mervin of Huntington township, one sister, Mrs. Ida Good, of Gettysburg, and two brothers, Wesley, in the West, and George living near his home.

Horse Thief Arrested.

Hanover, July 24.—Officer John A. Dutta arrested B. Shafer of Philadelphia, yesterday afternoon on the Hanover and East Berlin turnpike, at Hershey's hill, on a warrant issued by Squire Lewis D. Sell, charging him on oath of Mrs. Mary Bush with jumping a board bill and also with selling goods in Hanover borough without a license. He was taken before Justice Sell, where he settled both cases. Shafer was then arrested by Officer Dutta without a warrant, on the charge of stealing a horse and dayton wagon from Iveryman J. C. Hoke, in Gettysburg, on June 24. Shafer hired the team from Mr. Hoke for two days and when arrested had the team in his possession and was on his way to Philadelphia. He was in Hanover for several days selling shirt waists, pantaloons, etc., without a license. Officer Dutta notified Constable Wilson of Gettysburg, who had in his possession the warrant for Shafer's arrest, to come to Hanover for the prisoner, which he did last evening, taking both Shafer and the team to Gettysburg and at the same time jumped the Bush board bill, which resulted in his arrest by Officer Dutta, who discovered in Shafer the man wanted at Gettysburg for horse stealing. When Shafer hired the team Hoke's name was painted on the wagon, and Shafer destroyed the name by painting over it. Mr. Hoke offered a reward of \$50 for the arrest of Shafer, and the intelligent detective work of officer Dutta will therefore not go unrewarded.

Three Killed at Camp Hays.

Gettysburg, July 24.—Three men killed, twenty-six injured and a hundred stunned is the terrible list of casualties caused by the heavy electrical storm which passed over Camp Alexander Hays last night between 9 and 10 o'clock. The dead are: Bert Barbe of Waynesboro, private in Company K, 10th Infantry.

Clyde Morrison of Oil City, private in Company D, 16th Infantry.

Milton Garver of Washington, Pa., Corporal in Company C, 10th Infantry.

The storm burst in its terrible fury over Camp Hays with little warning. In the camp were hundreds of visitors from Gettysburg who had gone out to witness the celebration planned by the members of the Second Brigade preparatory to their leaving to-day.

The camp of the second was filled with a merry throng, band concerts being held at many places, when suddenly a storm which had been gathering in the West swept quickly over the camp and flash after flash of the most blinding lightning followed by peals of thunder which crashed over camp striking terror to the thousands of people there. With it all came a strong wind storm. Suddenly a brilliant flash blazed from the sky followed by crashing thunder and when those who were near recovered from the temporary shock they found scores of the members of the 10th regiment strewn over the ground, their prostrate forms lying all about. Relief was at once sent from the 5th regiment close at hand and it was but a few minutes until it was found that Private Barbe and Corporal Garver had been instantly killed. Scores of others lay about unconscious.

While the rescue parties were working here another bright flash came from the clouds followed by another peal of thunder and many more were thrown to the ground, this time at the camp of the 16th. Relief parties found among the forms on the ground the dead body of Clyde Morrison.

The death of Private Morrison occurred under rather peculiar circumstances. He was standing at the hospital tent in the rear of his regiment. A stroke of lightning struck the tent of the drum major and chief musician of the regimental band a hundred yards in front of him, shattering the tent pole and some wood work. Both men had their wives with them and all were stunned. The lightning went from the tent to the ground and then ran along the ground until it reached the soldier striking him and causing death almost instantly.

Panic stricken, the soldiers and their guests rushed through the camp not knowing what to do or where to go. One tent after another was blown down and all the time could be heard the moans of those who were injured and who were lying about the camp.

Suddenly another bright flash darted from the sky striking the large iron flag pole in front of Division Headquarters. All of the tents here were full of people who covered in the corners while the thunder resounded. Finally one tent after another started to fall and many officers were caught beneath their tent. Among these was Surgeon General Weaver who was hurt but not seriously.

The water in the camp streets began to rise rapidly and the soldiers having this and the wind to cope with had all they could do to take care of themselves. Water in some of the streets was knee deep and men had difficulty in walking. The work of removing the dead to suitable places was hurried. The injured and those most severely shocked were hurried to the hospitals. The rescuing parties succeeded in getting all of the men out of the water and under shelter in a comparatively short time. Many other places in camp were struck. The 26 given as the number injured includes only those who were stunned and did not recover after a short while.

The scene at camp was absolutely beyond description. The men hurried about bearing the bodies of their injured comrades on stretchers while the storm continued in all fury, the reports rapidly following each other that various ones of the different regiments had been killed and all fearing that the next stroke would usher many more into eternity. The camp was full of women at the time and the great majority became hysterical, screaming and moaning.

Private Barbe was struck while in his tent. A blue flame enveloped his body and with a groan he fell dead at the feet of his comrade who was also severely stunned. Garver's head was split in two as though cleft by a hatchet. A peculiar fact which was noted at the hospitals where all three of the men who were killed were taken was that their leggings were ripped along the line of the steel stay, and it is the supposition that the steel attracted the lightning.

All night long the physicians worked in the hospitals with the injured men. Hundreds of tents were blown down and many of the men were forced to sleep outside on the wet ground. The Governor's tent was blown down and the Governor and friends who were with him had great difficulty in getting out.

Yesterday afternoon Major C. C. Wiley, surgeon general of the Second Brigade, was severely shocked when about to board a trolley car. The lightning struck near by and he was thrown to the ground unconscious. After several minutes he was able to walk and has now almost completely recovered.

New Oxford Catholic Picnic Aug. 22.

Took Poison.

Miss Edna Tudor was made seriously ill Friday evening at her home in Gettysburg by eating bread on which strychnine had been placed to poison rodents. In some manner the piece of bread got to the table with the other bread and Miss Tudor happened to take that piece from the tray. She was taken violently ill soon after eating it. Physicians were summoned and by hard work soon had her out of danger, though it was a very close call.

Lightning Kills Lieut. Morley

Gettysburg, July 21.—Lieutenant Paul K. Morley, of Company B, First Infantry, was instantly killed by a bolt of lightning this evening. Lieutenant Morley was junior officer of the regimental guard and was standing on a drain pipe at the edge of his camp when he was struck, death resulting instantly. His home is in Rosemont. Sergeant William Ruppel and Corporal David J. Vine, of Company E, First Regiment, both of Philadelphia, were badly shocked while making for their tents during the height of the storm.

Had Narrow Escape.

Mr. Hays B. Fair, the Carlisle street tinsmith, had a narrow escape from what might be a serious accident one day recently. He was about to place the spouting hangers on the new house of Mr. A. C. Diehl, Pitt street, and was walking across the joist on the second story when he tread upon a loose board which tilted and threw him between the joist. In his right hand he held a number of tools, but fortunately he caught a joist with his left hand and hung suspended. He dropped the tools and with both hands was able to raise himself back upon the joist. Had he not been fortunate enough to catch the joist in the descent he no doubt would have gone through to the cellar and received serious injury. As it was he escaped with a number of scars and bruises on his arms.

Barn Struck by Lightning.

About 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon the large brick barn on one of Amos Sillick's farms about one mile South of Biglerville was struck by lightning and totally destroyed. The barn was covered with a shingle roof and the instant the bolt struck the building the entire roof was elevated in flames. In a very short time the entire building was in flames and it, together with all its contents was soon a smoking mass of ruins. There was no stock in the barn at the time but a dog belonging to Mr. Osborne, residing on the property, became excited, rushed into the building and was burned to death. The barn contained about 10 tons of hay, part belonging to Sillick and part to Osborne. A ladder shredder, two wagons and some harness, the property of Mr. Osborne, were also destroyed. Neither the building nor its contents were covered by insurance and the total loss is estimated at about \$1200.

Robbery at Hanover

With little reward for his trouble a thief ransacked the residences of Geo. Muller and John Brodbeck, in Hanover, last Friday night or early Saturday morning. Both homes were entered through untended windows, but closed shutters which were pried open. At the Muller home the drawers in the buffet on the first floor were rummaged through, but nothing taken. Then the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Muller was entered, and without waking the occupants the bureau drawers were searched. The only thing taken was a pocketbook from the trousers of Mr. Muller which were hanging at the foot of the bed. The wallet was found by Mrs. Muller on the lounge down stairs next morning. The contents, about \$3, was missing. A watch belonging to Mr. Muller was in another pocket, but not tested. At the Brodbeck house, the only thing secured was a revolver.

Dressmaking.

Anytime after the 1st day of August 1908, I will be at the home of Mrs. Catherine Hartman, to do any and all kinds of dressmaking promptly and at reasonable prices. Give me a call.

MISS MARTHA MURREN,
Philadelphia Street, New Oxford.

Miss Henrietta Ficke will sell all personal property at her home near Pines church, Strahan township, on Saturday Aug. 22. At the same time the real estate will be offered for sale.

Saturday's rain prevented the holding of the Conewago picnic and the event was postponed until Monday. Owing to the grove being unfit for the outdoor festivities, the picnic was held in Conewago Hall.

SUPERIOR TONE QUALITY.

"The Weaver Piano is acknowledged by the foremost musicians to possess a quality of tone that distinguishes it from all others."—Southern Review of Commerce, Louisville Ky.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO.,
Manufacturers, York, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman

Choice Wheat.....	\$ 87
No. 2 ".....	80
Raked ".....	80
Rye.....	75 @ 70
Corn.....	75 @ 80
Oats.....	45 @ 50
Clover seed, per lb.....	10 @ 12
Timothy seed.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....	6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....	7 00 @ 8 00

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bievenour, Mountpleasant township, a son. The stork presented Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Colestock with a fine bouncing baby boy on July 24th.

The annual Adams county picnic will be held this year at Mount Holly Park on Wednesday, August 5.

It is all right for a girl to take music lessons, but she should remember that cooking lessons help some.

Miss Sarah Lau of East Berlin, who had been in a Philadelphia hospital for some time was brought home last week and is convalescent.

In some manner Mrs. D. W. Sunday of near East Berlin, had her right hand caught in a wire fence, and four fingers badly lacerated.

Mable Grace, is the name of a new daughter that arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lehigh, Philadelphia street, last week.

Mrs. Eleanor J. Wolf of near Latimore, who recently passed her 92nd birthday was the recipient of a large number of handsome post cards.

Mention was made last week of the arrest of six young men for disturbing the peace. They were brought before Justice Markley of this place and fined \$3.25 apiece.—Y. S. Comet.

A union Sunday school rally and conference was held in the First Lutheran church, this place, on Tuesday evening. The meeting was under the supervision of Mr. Getty, the County Field Worker.

The crowd at the twenty-second annual reunion of the Lutherans of Maryland and adjoining States held at Pen-Mar Thursday was estimated at 12,000. The railroads alone handled about 7,000 people.

James Crist of Hampton, was arrested Tuesday evening at Hanover by Officer Kiser for reckless driving. He was taken before Justice of the Peace Sell, who fined him \$5. He paid his fine and was released.

An immense washout occurred some time Sunday night on the W. M. railroad near St. George's Station, which delayed traffic until noon Monday. The train due here at 9:55 a. m. from Baltimore to Highfield was 4½ hours late.

While Lewis Myers of East Berlin, was burning brush last Thursday on his father's farm in Reading township, the dry grass and stubbles around the brush caught fire and burned over about eight acres of land before it was gotten under control.

SUNBURN, TAN, FRECKLES, ETC.

A. D. S. Peroxide Cream was selected as the best formula by a National Manufacturing Association of 7000 Druggists. They know Use Peroxide Cream for Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, etc. Ed. T. Auker, A. D. S. Representative.

Prof. Norman Haar of Abbotstown, recently elected for his second term to teach in the Hanover High school, has handed his resignation to the school board of that place, to take effect immediately. Mr. Haar has accepted a similar position in Lakewood, N. J.

Broker Bastian has sold the property of George D. Strasbaugh, in Oxford township, near Irishtown, to Charles Kiser of near Mt. Rock, for \$1200. It contains ten acres of land and is improved with a two-story frame dwelling house, frame barn and other necessary outbuildings. Possession April 1, 1909.

Ex-Sheriff L. H. Greenwald of Hanover, offered at public sale on Saturday two farms near East Berlin. Farm No. 1 in Reading township comprising 182 acres and 80 perches, was withdrawn at a bid of \$5,000, and farm No. 2 in Washington township, consisting of 140 acres, was withdrawn at a bid of \$3600.

The condition of Harry Orndorff, the would be suicide, of Littlestown, shows some change for the better and his recovery is expected. Mrs. John Brockley, of Littlestown, who has been in a critical condition since being thrown from a conveyance near Harney, Md., several weeks ago, is somewhat improved.

The greater portion of Adams and adjoining counties have been visited by exceptionally heavy electrical and rain storms during the past week. No special damage is reported from the immediate vicinity, beyond badly washing the country roads and fields. Some fences and crops were carried away along the streams.

Israel Hostetter of Hanover, whose mind has become deranged over the death of a brother, was admitted to the insane ward of the York county almshouse Friday morning. He was later examined by Dr. M. J. McKinnon, and it was decided to send him to the State asylum at Harrisburg. Mr. Hostetter is 44 years of age.

REMOVES BLACKHEADS AND OTHER SKIN BLEMISHES

7000 Druggists offer you the benefit of their knowledge and experience for 25c. They know. Use Peroxide Cream for skin troubles. Removes blackheads. Clears the complexion. Does not grow hair. Ed. T. Auker, A. D. S. Representative

Mr. Geo. T. Himes, Philadelphia street, reports a red plum measuring 8 inches in circumference and weighing 4 pound.

B. K. Miller, of Milwaukee, has presented to Gettysburg college a collection of about seven books on Economics. The collection is a valuable one containing many rare volumes.

John D. Mayers, of Littlestown, on Wednesday purchased the stock, good-will and fixtures of the L. T. Mehring hardware business which had been conducted by the latter named gentleman in that place for many years, and took possession the following morning.

Sunday afternoon L. H. Rice of Ardenstville, received a telegram from Pittsburg stating that his son Harry, who was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, had become much worse and requesting him to come to Pittsburg at once. Harry Rice graduated from Gettysburg college in 1905 and has been working in Pittsburg for the past year.

Mr. Chas. G. Miller of Harrisburg, will open an up-to-date shoe and furnishing store, in the Smith store building, Hanover street, on or about the 15th of August. Mr. Miller is a gentleman well and favorably known by most of our people, energetic and obliging, and we bespeak for him a large store of the public patronage. See ad. in another column.

The frame stable in the rear of Dr. J. W. Tudor's residence in Gettysburg, was totally destroyed by fire at 2:30 Thursday afternoon. An alarm was sounded and was responded to promptly, but the flames had gained too much headway, and the building was totally destroyed. The only thing in the structure was several tons of hay. The origin of fire is unknown. Loss covered by insurance.

Center Mills, July 22.—While driving out the state road last evening Harry Bucher and E. S. Peters got into an ugly runaway accident in which they fortunately escaped injury. The night was very dark and they drove off of a bridge being thrown out of the buggy into a ditch about six feet deep. The vehicle was badly broken and the horse ran away. Both horse and buggy belonged to Mr. Bucher.

The heavy rains of the past week have wrought havoc along the new Littlestown trolley line. The track was washed out at several places near Littlestown, and workmen were compelled to build a temporary structure of old ties under the rails at these places, to hold up the track until the roadbed is filled up. The grading of the trolley road is now completed to the borough limits of Littlestown, and it is expected that the track will be laid by Friday.

A. C. Gardner, Jr. of York Spring, was out calling on a young lady on Saturday evening when he had the misfortune to be the victim of a piece of tanglefoot fly paper which happened to be in a chair where he sat down. Albert and the paper became so attached to each other on short acquaintance that it was with some difficulty that they parted company. Being a fielder on the ball team he is now using that particular pair of trousers to catch the flies.—Y. S. Comet.

Mrs. John Stouffer of Harrisburg, nearly died one day last week from the effects of using vitalized air after taking some neuralgia tablets. Mrs. Stouffer had been suffering from neuralgia and took some tablets for relief. Afterwards she went to a dentist and had some teeth extracted using vitalized air. Soon after arriving home she became very ill and three doctors who had been summoned pronounced her in a dying condition but she rallied and is now fully recovered. Mrs. Stouffer formerly resided in York Springs.

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During the storm on Friday evening the chimneys on the houses of John Hertz and Abram Rife, at Midway, the houses of John Jacobs, Charles Heckendorn, Abram Stouffer, Hanover Power House, Produce Co., and others in Hanover were struck by lightning, and from reports received lightning bolts struck probably half a hundred buildings in various sections of York and Adams counties within a radius of 5 or 6 miles of Hanover, but in nearly every instance no fires resulted, the damage being confined to the ripping off of slate and shingle roofs and the splintering of timbers.

Highway Robbery.

Edward J. Hersh of York, a representative of Trupp Bros., who has been making Hotel Young, Littlestown, his headquarters for some time past, while engaged in the sale of pianos and organs in that section, last Monday evening caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Edw. Woodyard, better known as "Woody," a well-known colored character, who formerly hailed from Harrisburg. Mr. Hersh states that on Monday afternoon he and Woodyard started for Pleasant Valley with a piano; the negro was driving and Mr. Hersh fell asleep, when, it is alleged, Woodyard struck him on the side of his face with a beer bottle, knocking him out of the wagon, the heavy vehicle passing over Mr. Hersh's right ankle and across his abdomen; a sum of money which he had in his pocket about \$9, Mr. Hersh says, was missing after his mishap; the assault occurring along the Baltimore pike, about 4 miles from Littlestown. A passing physician rendered the injured man timely aid and a team was sent from Littlestown to bring him to his hotel, while Woodyard brought the piano wagon back. Mr. Hersh was badly bruised, but it is hoped that no serious development may follow in his case. After due consideration Hersh decided not to prosecute the negro further, but to consent to his release, on the condition that he Woodyard, should quit this part of the country indefinitely.

Fell From Buggy.

An infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Taughinbaugh of West High street, has been in a precarious condition for several days on account of an accident. Some days ago a neighbor was entertaining the child for a short time and to amuse it set the child upon the seat of a runabout, while she pushed the buggy to any fro. The infant accidentally fell from the seat to the ground, receiving but slight external bruises, but it claimed the child was injured internally. At last reports however, the child was improving and no serious consequences are anticipated.

Barn Destroyed by Lightning.

The frame barn on the farm of Bernard Kemp, a truck farmer about one mile West of Lilly's mill, along the Conewago creek Mountpleasant township, was struck by lightning during the severe electrical and rain storm shortly after 9 o'clock Thursday night. The building with the season's crops of hay and rye, were completely destroyed. A horse and cow which were in the barn at the time were saved. The loss will aggregate about \$1000 with \$500 insurance.

Aged Lady Breaks Arm.

Mrs. Stock, wife of Mr. Levi Stock, an aged and highly respected lady met with a bad misfortune at her home on North Peters street, Saturday morning. The lady was passing over a boardwalk in the yard when she accidentally slipped and fell breaking the large bone in her left arm close to the wrist. The injury was adjusted by Dr. Sheetz and she is getting along as well as can be expected.

Bad Milk for Soldiers.

Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust has received from Dr. William Frear, the chemist of his division, reports indicating that the milk served to four regimental messes at Gettysburg was "doctored" with boric acid to preserve it. As soon as possible the evidence will be placed before a Magistrate and the parties selling the milk will be prosecuted.

Death Doings.

Mrs. John Getz formerly of East Berlin, died at her home 217 West King street, York, on Monday morning, aged 61 years, 3 months and 19 days. The deceased is survived by her husband and several children.

Mrs. Mary E. Forry, wife of George Forry, died at her home near Nace's mill, West Manheim township, York county, at 11 a. m. Tuesday, July 21, aged 73 years and 1 month. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simpson, late of near Littlestown, and was the second wife of Mr. Forry. She is survived by five brothers and one sister.

Rev. Mrs. Bream, a brother of Jacob Bream of near Heidlersburg, died very suddenly at Mechanicsburg last Saturday evening. He was born and reared in the vicinity of Heidlersburg.

Mrs. Ellen Ringwalt, widow of Adam Ringwalt, a prominent merchant of Lancaster, Penna., died July 9, from heart trouble. Her death was rather sudden, although she had been in failing health for some time. She was 76 years old and her maiden name was McClellan. She was born in Gettysburg, where her father was a prominent hotel keeper, and for whom the McClellan House was named.

John B. Conley, known in this section where he has a number of relatives, died at his home in York last Wednesday, aged 41 years, 6 months and 15 days.

Charles Bond of Wilkesbarre, died at 5:40 Friday morning at the home of his brother in law, Wilson W. Krebs, in Gettysburg, from heart disease, aged 37 years, 4 months and 20 days. Deceased had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Krebs since the Saturday previous.

After an illness of over two years from dropsy and heart trouble, Miss Ella M. Fidler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Fidler, died at her home in Mountpleasant township, about two miles from this place, at 4:45 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, aged 22 years, 4 months and 10 days. The Fidler family formerly resided beyond Hunterstown, and later removed to near Washington, D. C., returning to the old Jesse Diehl property near town, several months ago. The funeral took place from her late home at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon, services and interment at Pines church, Rev. E. E. Dietterich, officiating.

Samuel Wiest died at the home of his sister Mrs. Lewis Bubb, in East Berlin, at 3 o'clock Monday morning after a lingering illness from stomach trouble and other complications, aged 60 years. Deceased is survived by three sisters and two brothers. His wife and only daughter died some years ago. Mr. Wiest was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Sarah Wiest of South Peters street. The funeral takes place this Thursday morning, services and interment at East Berlin.

Calvin Isaac, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Miller of Mt. Joy township, died Saturday night from spinal meningitis from which he suffered since Wednesday. He was aged 7 years, 9 months and 8 days. Surviving are his parents, one brother and two sisters.

Nathan V. Beitman, a successful farmer and a respected citizen of Huntingdon township, died at his home on Friday morning from the effects of a fifth stroke of paralysis. He was afflicted with the first one four years ago, and on Tuesday of last week had gone out to the barn, and was found by his son, the dog giving the alarm, hanging over the fence unconscious, and in such a state he remained until Friday when he died. His wife died about 3 years ago. He is survived by two sons—Frank at home, and Mervin of Huntingdon township, one sister, Mrs. Ida Good, of Gettysburg, and two brothers, Wesley, in the West, and George living near his home.

Horse Thief Arrested.

Hanover, July 24.—Officer John A. Duttera arrested B. Shafer of Philadelphia, yesterday afternoon on the Hanover and East Berlin turnpike, at Hershey's hill, on a warrant issued by Squire Lewis D. Sell, charging him on oath of Mrs. Mary Bush with jumping a board bill and also with selling goods in Hanover borough without a license. He was taken before Justice Sell, where he settled both cases. Shafer was then arrested by Officer Duttera without a warrant, on the charge of stealing a horse and dayton wagon from liveryman J. C. Hoke, in Gettysburg, on June 24. Shafer hired the team from Mr. Hoke for two days and when arrested had the team in his possession and was on his way to Philadelphia. He was in Hanover for several days selling shirt waists, pantaloons, etc., without a license. Officer Duttera notified Constable Wilson of Gettysburg, who had in his possession the warrant for Shafer's arrest, to come to Hanover for the prisoner, which he did last evening, taking both Shafer and the team to Gettysburg and at the same time jumped the Bush board bill, which resulted in his arrest by Officer Duttera, who discovered in Shafer the man wanted at Gettysburg for horse stealing. When Shafer hired the team Hoke's name was painted on the wagon, and Shafer destroyed the name by painting over it. Mr. Hoke offered a reward of \$50 for the arrest of Shafer, and the intelligent detective work of officer Duttera will therefore not go unrewarded.

Three Killed at Camp Hays.

Gettysburg, July 24.—Three men killed, twenty-six injured and a hundred stunned is the terrible list of casualties caused by the heavy electrical storm which passed over Camp Alexander Hays last night between 9 and 10 o'clock. The dead are: Bert Barbe of Waynesboro, private in Company K, 10th Infantry.

Clyde Morrison of Oil City, private in Company D, 16th Infantry.

Milton Garver of Washington, Pa., Corporal in Company C, 10th Infantry.

The storm burst in its terrible fury over Camp Hays with little warning. In the camp were hundreds of visitors from Gettysburg who had gone out to witness the celebration planned by the members of the Second Brigade preparatory to their leaving to-day.

The camp of the second was filled with a merry throng, band concerts being held at many places, when suddenly a storm which had been gathering in the West swept quickly over the camp and flash after flash of the most blinding lightning followed by peals of thunder which crashed over camp striking terror to the thousands of people there. With it all came a strong wind storm. Suddenly a brilliant flash blazed from the sky followed by crashing thunder and when those who were near recovered from the temporary shock they found scores of the members of the 10th regiment strewn over the ground, their prostrate forms lying all about. Relief was at once sent from the 5th regiment close at hand and it was but a few minutes until it was found that Private Barbe and Corporal Garver had been instantly killed. Scores of others lay about unconscious.

While the rescue parties were working here another bright flash came from the clouds followed by another peal of thunder and many more were thrown to the ground, this time at the camp of the 16th. Relief parties found among the forms on the ground the dead body of Clyde Morrison.

The death of Private Morrison occurred under rather peculiar circumstances. He was standing at the hospital tent in the rear of his regiment. A stroke of lightning struck the tent of the drum major and chief musician of the regimental band a hundred yards in front of him, shattering the tent pole and some wood work. Both men had their wives with them and all were stunned. The lightning went from the tent to the ground and then ran along the ground until it reached the soldier striking him and causing death almost instantly.

Panic stricken, the soldiers and their guests rushed through the camp not knowing what to do or where to go. One tent after another was blown down and all the time could be heard the moans of those who were injured and who were lying about the camp.

Suddenly another bright flash darted from the sky striking the large iron flag pole in front of Division Headquarters. All of the tents here were full of people who covered in the corners while the thunder resounded. Finally one tent after another started to fall and many officers were caught beneath their tent. Among these was Surgeon General Weaver who was hurt but not seriously.

The water in the camp streets began to rise rapidly and the soldiers having this and the wind to cope with had all they could do to take care of themselves. Water in some of the streets was knee deep and men had difficulty in walking. The work of removing the dead to suitable places was hurried. The injured and those most severely shocked were hurried to the hospitals. The rescuing parties succeeded in getting all of the men out of the water and under shelter in a comparatively short time. Many other places in camp were struck. The 26 given as the number injured includes only those who were stunned and did not recover after a short while.

The scene at camp was absolutely beyond description. The men hurried about bearing the bodies of their injured comrades on stretchers while the storm continued in all fury, the reports rapidly following each other that various ones of the different regiments had been killed and all fearing that the next stroke would usher many more into eternity. The camp was full of women at the time and the great majority became hysterical, screaming and moaning.

Private Barbe was struck while in his tent. A blue flame enveloped his body and with a groan he fell dead at the feet of his comrade who was also severely stunned. Garver's head was split in two as though cleft by a hatchet. A peculiar fact which was noted at the hospitals where all three of the men who were killed were taken was that their leggings were ripped along the line of the steel stay, and it is the supposition that the steel attracted the lightning.

All night long the physicians worked in the hospitals with the injured men. Hundreds of tents were blown down and many of the men were forced to sleep outside on the wet ground. The Governor's tent was blown down and the Governor and friends who were with him had great difficulty in getting out.

Yesterday afternoon Major C. C. Wiley, surgeon general of the Second Brigade, was severely shocked when about to board a trolley car. The lightning struck near by and he was thrown to the ground unconscious. After several minutes he was able to walk and has now almost completely recovered.

New Oxford Catholic Picnic Aug. 22.

Took Poison.

Miss Edna Tudor was made seriously ill Friday evening at her home in Gettysburg by eating bread on which strychnine had been placed to poison rodents. In some manner the piece of bread got to the table with the other bread and Miss Tudor happened to take that piece from the tray. She was taken violently ill soon after eating it. Physicians were summoned and by hard work soon had her out of danger, though it was a very close call.

Lightning Kills Lieut. Morley

Gettysburg, July 21.—Lieutenant Paul K. Morley, of Company B, First Infantry, was instantly killed by a bolt of lightning this evening. Lieutenant Morley was junior officer of the regimental guard and was standing on a drain pipe at the edge of his camp when he was struck, death resulting instantly. His home is in Rosemont. Sergeant William Ruppel and Corporal David J. Vine, of Company E, First Regiment, both of Philadelphia, were badly shocked while making for their tents during the height of the storm.

Had Narrow Escape.

Mr. Hays B. Fair, the Carlisle street tinsmith, had a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident one day recently. He was about to place the spouting hangers on the new house of Mr. A. C. Diehl, Pitt street, and was walking across the joist on the second story when he tread upon a loose board which tilted and threw him between the joist. In his right hand he held a number of tools, but fortunately he caught a joist with his left hand and hung suspended. He dropped the tools and with both hands was able to raise himself back upon the joist. Had he not been fortunate enough to catch the joist in the descent he no doubt would have gone through to the cellar and received serious injury. As it was he escaped with a number of scars and bruises on his arms.

Barn Struck by Lightning.

About 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon the large brick barn on one of Amos Slick's farms about one mile South of Biglerville was struck by lightning and totally destroyed. The barn was covered with a shingle roof and the instant the bolt struck the building the entire roof was elevated in flames. In a very short time the entire building was in flames and it, together with all its contents was soon a smoking mass of ruins. There was no stock in the barn at the time but a dog belonging to Mr. Osborne, residing on the property, became excited, rushed into the building and was burned to death. The barn contained about 10 tons of hay, part belonging to Slick and part to Osborne. A fodder shredder, two wagons and some harness, the property of Mr. Osborne, were also destroyed. Neither the building nor its contents were covered by insurance and the total loss is estimated at about \$1200.

Robbery at Hanover

With little reward for his trouble a thief ransacked the residences of Geo. Miller and John Brodbeck, in Hanover, last Friday night or early Saturday morning. Both homes were entered through unfastened windows, but closed shutters which were pried open. At the Miller home the drawers in the buffet on the first floor were rummaged through, but nothing taken. Then the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Miller was entered, and without waking the occupants the bureau drawers were searched. The only thing taken was a pocketbook from the trousers of Mr. Miller which were hanging at the foot of the bed. The wallet was found by Mrs. Miller on the lounge down stairs next morning. The contents, about \$3.00 was missing. A watch belonging to Mr. Miller was in another pocket, but not tested. At the Brodbeck house, the only thing secured was a revolver.

Dressmaking.

Anytime after the 1st day of August 1908, I will be at the home of Mrs. Catherine Hartman, to do any and all kinds of dressmaking promptly and at reasonable prices. Give me a call.

MISS MARTHA MURREN, Philadelphia Street, New Oxford.

Miss Henrietta Fickes will sell all personal property at her home near Pine church, Straban township, on Saturday Aug. 22. At the same time the real estate will be offered for sale.

Saturday's rain prevented the holding of the Conewago picnic and the event was postponed until Monday. Owing to the grove being unfit for the outdoor festivities, the picnic was held in Conewago Hall.

SUPERIOR TONE QUALITY.

"The Weaver Piano is acknowledged by the foremost musicians to possess a quality of tone that distinguishes it from all others."—Southern Review of Commerce, Louisville Ky.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO., Manufacturers, York, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... \$ 87
No. 2 "..... 80
Raked "..... 80
Rye..... 75 @ 70
Corn..... 55 @ 50
Oats..... 45 @ 50
Clover seed, per lb..... 10 @ 12
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw..... 6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay..... 7 00 @ 8 00

SOUL-BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are—
Deep, unseen, unknown,
The foundation stone.
Then the courses framed to bear
The cloisters pillared fair,
Leaving all the airy spire,
Reaching heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are—
Based on earth's eternal law,
Sere and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunning through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.
—Susan Coolidge.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

The automobile had broken down at least five miles from the nearest place at which it was possible to get help.

Trenton and Miss Bassett sat inside, sheltered from the storm and wrapped in comfortable robes, while the chauffeur hunted for the trouble and slapped his arms around himself to keep from freezing. It had not been very cold when they started. The blizzard had come up suddenly, and the snow was falling so rapidly and drifting so badly that their chances of getting through would have been very poor even if the car had not gone to the bad.

"What are we to do?" Miss Bassett asked.

"Well, we might get out and tramp through the snow either to Woodsville or to Midvale," Trenton replied.

"You do not seem to be taking this matter very seriously."

"Yes, I am. You don't know how serious it is to me. I happen to own this car, and standing out here in a snowdrift all night isn't likely to do it a bit of good."

"I'm so sorry that I am likely to be the cause of financial loss to you. If I had refused to come it would not have happened."

"Yes, it would."

"I don't understand how it could."

"Do not flatter yourself. Miss Bassett, that I should have sat down and moped if you had declined to come. There were other girls who would have been glad to be invited."

"Then I suppose you had already thought it out when you came to me."

"Thought out what, please?"

"You had gone over it all in your mind—had decided if I had declined to come you would come with one of the others, since you had satisfied yourself that you had only to ask any of them in order to receive an acceptance."

"No, to be candid, I hadn't thought much about it. There was no occasion for that. You see, I knew you were coming."

Miss Bassett turned and looked out at the blinding snow that was whirling past, driven by a wind which was increased in velocity every minute. The chauffeur was standing with his back turned to the storm, apparently at the end of his resources. He seemed to be half frozen, in spite of his big fur coat and the cap that was drawn down over his head.

"Why don't you send him off in search of help?" Miss Bassett asked, turning to Trenton.

"I have been thinking of doing that. I am glad you have suggested it."

"I can't see why you should wait for suggestions from me in a case of this kind."

"It occurred to me that you might think I was conceited if I sent him away."

"Why should I think that?"

"You shouldn't, but I was afraid you might. You see, I didn't want to have you sit here and wonder, after I had sent him off, what reason I had for supposing that you preferred me to him as a companion."

"I have no doubt that many chauffeurs are estimable men—much more so than are the men whom they serve; but I have never been in the habit of turning to them for social diversion or companionship."

Trenton felt that it would be well for him to turn his attention for a moment to the chauffeur. He got out and held a brief but earnest conference with his man, after which the driver started down the road through the storm and in a few minutes disappeared.

"How long do you think it will take him?" Miss Bassett asked after Trenton, shivering and looking worried, got inside.

"I haven't any idea," he replied. "If he gets through at all it will be extremely lucky for all of us. The storm is getting worse and worse."

Miss Bassett drew back as far as she could in her own corner, pulled the heavy robes around her, and looked out at the world, which was rapidly disappearing under an avalanche of snow. It was beginning to get dark, although they had hardly been on the road an hour, and it was barely 2 o'clock when they had left home.

Trenton watched her out of the tail of an eye, and made himself comfortable in his own corner. Thus they sat for half an hour in absolute silence. It had grown quite dark, and Trenton began, at last, to wonder how long the lady was likely to be able to keep from breaking down. Just then he spoke:

"There must, at least, be a farmhouse somewhere near here," she said.

"Very likely there is," he replied.

"Of course I would not ask you to put yourself to any trouble or inconvenience on my account, but if you think it would be dangerous for you to remain here alone all night you might accompany me in an endeavor to find some better place than this in which to wait for the rescuing party."

"If you care at all for my advice, I would suggest that we remain here. You can make yourself entirely comfortable. We are much more safe where we are than we would be wandering around in this storm. I know people who sleep outdoors every night in the year. The doctors say it is a good thing to do. Do you feel at all cold? If you do, there is another robe here that you can have."

"I'm not cold, thank you, but I do not care to remain here any longer, however comfortable or beneficial it might be to wait."

"Very well. I will accompany you if you feel compelled to take your chances in the storm."

As they were getting out of the automobile they heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and a moment later a team attached to a bob-sled approached them. The chauffeur had found a farmer who was willing to go to the rescue.

After Miss Bassett had seated herself in the sled and been well wrapped up, Trenton lifted his fur cap and bowing very politely, said:

"Good-by. I hope you may find pleasant lodging for the night, and I offer you my sincerest apologies for any discomfort you may have suffered or may have to face. I will make arrangements in the morning for your safe return to the city."

"Aren't you coming with us?" she asked.

"No. It would be better, would it not, if I remained here?"

"Oh, very well, if you think so," she replied. "You may go ahead, driver, if you are ready."

"On second thought," Trenton said, "I believe I will go."

Without waiting for an invitation he got into the sled and the farmer urged his team forward.

The chauffeur sat on the seat with the driver. Trenton gradually worked his way through the clean, sweet-smelling straw until he was very close to Miss Bassett. The biting snow blew into their faces and the wind howled through the trees by the roadside. The sled tipped dangerously every little while as they went over drifts or got off the road, and almost before she was aware of it one of Miss Bassett's hands lay in Trenton's grasp. They were very near together, and the storm was blinding. Besides, the backs of the driver and the chauffeur were turned upon them. Slipping one of his arms around her, Trenton, with his face close to hers, whispered:

"After all, the good old-fashioned bob sled has some excellent advantages, hasn't it?"

She did not say anything. It was not necessary for her to do so, for both of his arms were around her and she could not have spoken if she had tried to. But she did not try.

She had no desire to put her answer into the form of words.—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Few "Don'ts" and Some "Forgets."

Don't imagine you're on the road for fun—it's business you are looking for.

Don't spend your money like a drunken sailor. Remember there is nine years of plenty and nine years of destitution.

Don't flirt with the girls in the departments. You lose prestige.

Don't forget that you must be a gentleman at all times.

Don't forget that it is cheaper to travel on mileage than it is to pay cash fare.

Don't forget to check your baggage before you leave.

Don't forget that if you sell goods in the morning, try to do business in the afternoon, as to-morrow may be a "bum" day.

Don't forget to write your firm daily if you do business or not. Let them know you are alive.

Don't forget to wear clean linen. It looks good and costs little.

Don't forget to use good English, as it leaves an impression on your customer.

Don't forget to send your order in correct. "Stuffing" an order is poor policy.

Don't try to sell more to the buyer than he can use in your line; don't attempt to tell funny stories to people that you are not very intimate with.—Pittsburg Traveling Man.

Agricultural Pest in France.

So great have been the ravages caused by the dodder—a leafless, twining, parasitic plant—that a decree has been issued by the French President prohibiting its importation into the country. It is a veritable agricultural scourge, attacking and destroying hops, vines, clover, peas, tomatoes and many other kinds of agricultural produce. Once having found its way into any district, it is most difficult to get rid of, and constitutes a permanent source of anxiety to the farmer. Cutting down, burning and poison have all been tried with unsatisfactory results.—London Globe.

Tolerably Startling.

It is not on record that there has been a more surprised woman in Maine this spring than the wife of the Bowdoin professor when she came home the other evening and found her husband taking care of a baby that had been left at the door.—Kennebec Journal.

The railways of Siam have a total length of 485 miles.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOME SURROUNDINGS ATTRACTIVE.

Study These Practical Plans and Suggestions and Use Them on Your Home Grounds—Your Outlay of Time and Money Will Not Be Large, While the Returns in Happiness and Satisfaction With Your Home Will Be a Thousand Fold.

In improving the surroundings of the country home, nothing elaborate is recommended. The original outlay in time and money need not be large and the cost of maintenance, if the scheme is a success, will be next to nothing. A very simple treatment will accord best with the purpose of the plan and the lives of the people to be benefited. Farmers are busy people and nothing that is going to interfere with the more important operations of the farm is to be considered.

Planning the Lawn, Grounds and Fencing.

The lawn, or houseyard, as it is called to distinguish it from the barnyard, is the first consideration. It is the foundation of the whole thing and on it is built the entire plan. It can be as large as the owner desires, but should include at least one acre of ground. Grading may, or may not, be necessary. Good drainage is essential and the ground should slope away from the house, at least towards the road or towards the entrance to the ground. It is quite important that the lawn be inclosed if the best results are to be secured. Woven wire is neat and strong and will keep out poultry as well as cattle and hogs. If the lawn or any portion of it needs seeding, the ground can be stirred in the spring and oats, timothy and clover sown. Blue grass and white clover will soon come in if there is any growing near, or they can be sown after the clover and timothy form a sod. In spots where there is much wear, it may be advisable to lay sod, but this is usually only necessary over limited areas.

Where the residence is already built, the question of its location is settled and the plan must be made to conform to it to a large extent. In selecting a position for a new house, it is generally best to locate it about the centre of the grounds and facing the main road or entrance.

The Making of a Picture.

Planting about the place calls for considerable ingenuity, but it gives an opportunity for a display of taste and individuality. By following a few general principles, no one will go far wrong and the changes can be easily made when desired, except in case of trees. The object in planting should be to make a picture. The house is naturally the centre about which the trees and shrubs are to be planted to show it to best advantage. There must be a good background. If the background is a solid block of a single variety, a few trees of a different habit may be planted to give variety and a more natural effect. No trees should be planted near enough to shade the house, as sunshine must have free entrance in the interest of health.

LOG BOOKS OF ROMANTIC INTEREST

Ralph D. Paine is contributing to the Outing Magazine an attractive series of articles on "Old Salem Ships and Sailors," having to do with the time when that Massachusetts town was America's busiest and most widely known port. In the old log books in the library of Essex Institute he found a most fertile vein of true romance and queer fact bearing upon the development of American commerce just after the Revolution. In a recent issue he says of this rich source of information:

"Almost one thousand of these logs and sea-journals are stored in a room of the Essex Institute, comprising many more than this number of voyages made between 1750 and 1890, a period of a century and a half which included the most brilliant epoch of American sea life. Privateer, sealer, whaler and merchantman, there they rest, row after row of canvas-covered books, filled with the day's work of as fine a race of seamen as ever sailed blue water; from the log of the tiny schooner Hopewell on a voyage to the West Indies amid perils of swarming pirates and privateers, a generation before the Revolution, down to the log of the white-winged Mindoro, of the Manila fleet, which squared away her yards for the last time only fifteen years ago."

"There is no other collection of Americana which can so vividly recall a vanished era and make it live again as these hundreds upon hundreds of ancient log-books. They are complete, final, embracing as they do the rise, the high-tide, the ebb and the vanishing of the commerce of Salem, the whole story of those vikings of deep-water enterprise who dazzled the maritime world."

The Well-Bred Chicks.

Effie, on her first visit to the country, saw a number of chickens from the front porch of a farmhouse. The child watched the fowls for some time as they industriously scratched around. Finally she turned and ran to her mother. "Oh, mother," she cried, excitedly, "come out on the porch and see the chickens wiping their feet on the grass."—Harper's Weekly.

How to Arrange the Trees For Best Effect.

In front, a few trees may be set to good advantage. Several irregular groups with perhaps one or two good specimens set singly will be sufficient ordinarily. They should not break up the expanse of green sward, as the chief element of beauty in a lawn is the large open space (or spaces if the grounds are large), but be grouped about the edge. The breaks between these groups admit of different views from the house and provide a variety of aspects as it is approached. If trees of size are already present, they can be left in part as a rule. If any seem out of harmony, they should come out at once, or be left only until others can be started to take their places. Trees can be selected to harmonize with the home. Low growing trees of spreading habit match the low rambling house, while those of upright growth, go with the buildings of greater height. Birches, white elm, red oak, green ash and hackberry are reliable trees of fairly rapid growth. White oak and hard maple are fine trees but rather slow growing. Among the conifers, Black Hill spruce, Austrian pine and the white pine are very desirable, the last named being the most valuable but the slowest to mature.

Flowers and Shrubs and How to Place Them.

The same general principles apply to the planting of shrubs and flowering plants. They, of course, can be planted close to the house as long as they do not shade the windows and can be made to add greatly to the beauty of the home. About the lawn, they appear to the best advantage in clumps of solid or mixed species and occupy an intermediate position between the grass and the trees.

A portion of the shrubbery should be selected for its winter effect. Barberry, dogwood, Japanese rose and wahoo are desirable on this account. All the shrubs planted should be hardy in the locality. Many native plants can be used and often give better results than introduced sorts. One of the most meritorious shrubs known for any locality is the bridal wreath or Spirea van houttei. It is beautiful in flower, graceful at all times, healthy, free from insects, hardy and easily grown.

Many flowering plants can be grown with little or no trouble. The tiger lily is hardy and takes care of itself. Perennial phlox, the peony, iris, etc., require little attention after planting. A few vines often add a touch of adornment that nothing else can. The native bittersweet and Virginia creeper are good as is also the wild grape. The clematis and crimson rambler rose are flowering climbers that give good satisfaction.—E. R. Garner, in Iowa Agriculturist.

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OLD-FASHIONED.

"How did you and your husband discover that you were affinities?" asked the pretty young widow.

"Heavens! We never did. We got married in a decent way, neither of us having any reason not to."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LONG-FELT NEED.

Knicker—"There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor."

Bocker—"Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient."—Harper's Bazar.

ALWAYS IS, ISN'T IT?

Oldschool (pompously)—"Oratory, sir, particularly in the political field, is a great engine of progress and power."

Youngblood (irreverently)—"Yes, especially if it is a hot-air engine."—Baltimore American.

OF LITTLE EFFECT.

A. S. C. Corporal (at soldiers' dance)—"Will you have a drink, sir?"

Major—"Thanks very much, corporal, but I think I've had enough."

Corporal—"Don't say that, sir. One more drink won't make you any worse than you are already!"—Punch.

HEALTH BRINGS HAPPINESS.

Invalid Once, a Happy Woman Now.

Mrs. C. R. Shelton, Pleasant street, Covington, Tenn., says: "Once I seemed a helpless invalid, but now I enjoy the best of health. Kidney disease brought me down terribly. Rheumatic aches and pains made every movement painful. The secretions were disordered and my head ached to distraction. I was in a bad condition, but medicines failed to help. I lost ground daily until I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once and soon made me strong and well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Kaiser Brightened.

An old lady near Bromberg, whose ten sons have all served in the German army, had the idea of having them photographed in a row, and sent the picture to the Kaiser. She has received a letter of hearty thanks and cordial wishes from the Imperial Cabinet by His Majesty's order.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases, etc., cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Smallest Mammal.

The smallest of all mammals are the shrew—nocturnal, mouse-like creatures, that hunt for worms and insects in woods and meadows. An eggshell would make a commodious barn for a mother and her little ones.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Recipe for Old Age.

A recipe for attaining a ripe old age is given by Miss Ann Graham, of Norwich, Conn., with great appropriateness, for she is the oldest woman in Connecticut, and has just celebrated her 105th birthday. Her maxim is "do plenty of hard work, go to bed early, consider carefully what you eat." The daily routine of this centenarian is of interest. She rises at 6 o'clock in the morning. An hour later she eats a hearty breakfast, then listens to the reading of the New Testament by her nurse; after which she takes a nap for an hour. She eats her most substantial meal at noon. Then she has another nap and at 5 o'clock she partakes of toast and tea. An hour later she goes to bed and sleeps the round of the clock. Miss Graham's hearing and eyesight are excellent, and she is a most interesting talker concerning the events of her long life.—Leslie's Weekly.

Ventilating the Bedroom.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the American Magazine, gives the following advice about the bed and bedroom: The bedroom should be well ventilated. All windows should be open from the top at least one, and better two to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale pitifully remarked, "is all the air there is to breathe at night." It is just as pure and as wholesome to breathe as day air. The temperature of the room should be about 55 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, if possible. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal, or slightly above, when lying on the side.

WIFE WON.

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some men are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience.

A very "conservative" Ills. man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me."

"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.'"

"He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right."

"Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich, snappy flavour similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added it was not only good but delicious."

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



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SOUL-BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are—
 Dark deep, unseen, unknown,
 Then the courses framed to bear
 The cloisters pillared fair,
 Last of all the airy spire,
 Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
 Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are—
 Based on earth's eternal law,
 Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
 Through the sunshine, through the snows,
 Up and on the building goes,
 Every fair thing finds its place,
 Every hard thing lends a grace,
 Every hand may make or mar.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

The automobile had broken down at least five miles from the nearest place at which it was possible to get help.

Trenton and Miss Bassett sat inside, sheltered from the storm and wrapped in comfortable robes, while the chauffeur hunted for the trouble and slapped his arms around himself to keep from freezing. It had not been very cold when they started. The blizzard had come up suddenly, and the snow was falling so rapidly and drifting so badly that their chances of getting through would have been very poor even if the car had not gone to the bad.

"What are we to do?" Miss Bassett asked.

"Well, we might get out and tramp through the snow either to Woodville or to Midvale," Trenton replied.

"You do not seem to be taking this matter very seriously."

"Yes, I am. You don't know how serious it is to me. I happen to own this car, and standing out here in a snowdrift all night isn't likely to do it a bit of good."

"I'm so sorry that I am likely to be the cause of financial loss to you. If I had refused to come it would not have happened."

"Yes, it would."

"I don't understand how it could."

"Do not flatter yourself, Miss Bassett, that I should have sat down and moped if you had declined to come. There were other girls who would have been glad to be invited."

"Then I suppose you had already thought it out when you came to me."

"Thought out what, please?"

"You had gone over it all in your mind—had decided if I had declined to come you would come with one of the others, since you had satisfied yourself that you had only to ask any of them in order to receive an acceptance."

"No, to be candid, I hadn't thought much about it. There was no occasion for that. You see, I knew you were coming."

Miss Bassett turned and looked out at the blinding snow that was whirling past, driven by a wind which was increased in velocity every minute. The chauffeur was standing with his back turned to the storm, apparently at the end of his resources. He seemed to be half frozen, in spite of his big fur coat and the cap that was drawn down over his head.

"Why don't you send him off in search of help?" Miss Bassett asked, turning to Trenton.

"I have been thinking of doing that. I am glad you have suggested it."

"I can't see why you should wait for suggestions from me in a case of this kind."

"It occurred to me that you might think I was conceited if I sent him away."

"Why should I think that?"

"You shouldn't, but I was afraid you might. You see, I didn't want to have you sit here and wonder, after I had sent him off, what reason I had for supposing that you preferred me to him as a companion."

"I have no doubt that many chauffeurs are estimable men—much more so than are the men whom they serve; but I have never been in the habit of turning to them for social diversion or companionship."

Trenton felt that it would be well for him to turn his attention for a moment to the chauffeur. He got out and held a brief but earnest conference with his man, after which the driver started down the road through the storm and in a few minutes disappeared.

"How long do you think it will take him?" Miss Bassett asked after Trenton, shivering and looking worried, got inside.

"I haven't any idea," he replied.

"If he gets through at all it will be extremely lucky for all of us. The storm is getting worse and worse."

Miss Bassett drew back as far as she could in her own corner, pulled the heavy robes around her, and looked out at the world, which was rapidly disappearing under an avalanche of snow. It was beginning to get dark, although they had hardly been on the road an hour, and it was barely 2 o'clock when they had left home.

Trenton watched her out of the tail of an eye, and made himself comfortable in his own corner. Thus they sat for half an hour in absolute silence. It had grown quite dark, and Trenton began, at last, to wonder how long the lady was likely to be able to keep from breaking down. Just then he spoke:

"There must, at least, be a farmhouse somewhere near here," she said.

"Very likely there is," he replied.

"Of course I would not ask you to put yourself to any trouble or inconvenience on my account, but if you think it would be dangerous for you to remain here alone all night you might accompany me in an endeavor to find some better place than this in which to wait for the rescuing party."

"If you care at all for my advice, I would suggest that we remain here. You can make yourself entirely comfortable. We are much more safe where we are than we would be wandering around in this storm. I know people who sleep outdoors every night in the year. The doctors say it is a good thing to do. Do you feel at all cold? If you do, there is another robe here that you can have."

"I'm not cold, thank you, but I do not care to remain here any longer, however comfortable or beneficial it might be to wait."

"Very well. I will accompany you if you feel compelled to take your chances in the storm."

As they were getting out of the automobile they heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and a moment later a team attached to a bob-sled approached them. The chauffeur had found a farmer who was willing to go to the rescue.

After Miss Bassett had seated herself in the sled and been well wrapped up, Trenton lifted his fur cap and bowing very politely, said:

"Good-by. I hope you may find pleasant lodging for the night, and I offer you my sincerest apologies for any discomfort you may have suffered or may have to face. I will make arrangements in the morning for your safe return to the city."

"Aren't you coming with us?" she asked.

"No. It would be better, would it not, if I remained here?"

"Oh, very well, if you think so," she replied. "You may go ahead, driver, if you are ready."

"On second thought," Trenton said, "I believe I will go."

Without waiting for an invitation he got into the sled and the farmer urged his team forward.

The chauffeur sat on the seat with the driver. Trenton gradually worked his way through the clean, sweet-smelling straw until he was very close to Miss Bassett. The biting snow blew into their faces and the wind howled through the trees by the roadside. The sled tipped dangerously every little while as they went over drifts or got off the road, and almost before she was aware of it one of Miss Bassett's hands lay in Trenton's grasp. They were very near together, and the storm was blinding. Besides, the backs of the driver and the chauffeur were turned upon them. Slipping one of his arms around her, Trenton, with his face close to hers, whispered:

"After all, the good old-fashioned bob sled has some excellent advantages, hasn't it?"

She did not say anything. It was not necessary for her to do so, for both of his arms were around her and she could not have spoken if she had tried to. But she did not try.

She had no desire to put her answer into the form of words.—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Few "Don'ts" and Some "Forgets."

Don't imagine you're on the road for fun—it's business you are looking for.

Don't spend your money like a drunken sailor. Remember there is "nine years of plenty and nine years of destitution."

Don't flirt with the girls in the departments. You lose prestige.

Don't forget that you must be a gentleman at all times.

Don't forget that it is cheaper to travel on mileage than it is to pay cash fare.

Don't forget to check your baggage before you leave.

Don't forget that if you sell goods in the morning, try to do business in the afternoon, as to-morrow may be a "bum" day.

Don't forget to write your firm daily if you do business or not. Let them know you are alive.

Don't forget to wear clean linen. It looks good and costs little.

Don't forget to use good English, as it leaves an impression on your customer.

Don't forget to send your order in correct. "Stuffing" an order is poor policy.

Don't try to sell more to the buyer than he can use in your line; don't attempt to tell funny stories to people that you are not very intimate with.

—Pittsburg Traveling Man.

Agricultural Pest in France.

So great have been the ravages caused by the dodder—a leafless, twining, parasitic plant—that a decree has been issued by the French President prohibiting its importation into the country. It is a veritable agricultural scourge, attacking and destroying hops, vines, clover, peas, tomatoes and many other kinds of agricultural produce. Once having found its way into any district, it is most difficult to get rid of, and constitutes a permanent source of anxiety to the farmer. Cutting down, burning and poison have all been tried with unsatisfactory results.

—London Globe.

Tolerably Startling.

It is not on record that there has been a more surprised woman in Maine this spring than the wife of the Bowdoin professor when she came home the other evening and found her husband taking care of a baby that had been left at the door.

—Kennebec Journal.

The railways of Siam have a total length of 435 miles.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOME SURROUNDINGS ATTRACTIVE.

Study These Practical Plans and Suggestions and Use Them on Your Home Grounds—Your Outlay of Time and Money Will Not Be Large, While the Returns in Happiness and Satisfaction With Your Home Will Be a Thousand Fold.

In improving the surroundings of the country home, nothing elaborate is recommended. The original outlay in time and money need not be large and the cost of maintenance, if the scheme is a success, will be next to nothing. A very simple treatment will accord best with the purpose of the plan and the lives of the people to be benefited. Farmers are busy people and nothing that is going to interfere with the more important operations of the farm is to be considered.

Planning the Lawn, Grounds and Fencing.

The lawn, or houseyard, as it is called to distinguish it from the barnyard, is the first consideration. It is the foundation of the whole thing and on it is built the entire plan. It can be as large as the owner desires, but should include at least one acre of ground. Grading may, or may not, be necessary. Good drainage is essential and the ground should slope away from the house, at least towards the road or towards the entrance to the ground. It is quite important that the lawn be inclosed if the best results are to be secured. Woven wire is neat and strong and will keep out poultry as well as cattle and hogs. If the lawn or any portion of it needs seeding, the ground can be stirred in the spring and oats, timothy and clover sown. Blue grass and white clover will soon come in if there is any growing near, or they can be sown after the clover and timothy form a sod. In spots where there is much wear, it may be advisable to lay sod, but this is usually only necessary over limited areas.

Where the residence is already built, the question of its location is settled and the plan must be made to conform to it to a large extent. In selecting a position for a new house, it is generally best to locate it about the centre of the grounds and facing the main road or entrance.

The Making of a Picture.

Planting about the place calls for considerable ingenuity, but it gives an opportunity for a display of taste and individuality. By following a few general principles, no one will go far wrong and the changes can be easily made when desired, except in case of trees. The object in planting should be to make a picture. The house is naturally the centre about which the trees and shrubs are to be planted to show it to best advantage. There must be a good background. If the background is a solid block of a single variety, a few trees of a different habit may be planted to give variety and a more natural effect. No trees should be planted near enough to shade the house, as sunshine must have free entrance in the interest of health.

Flowers and Shrubs and How to Place Them.

The same general principles apply to the planting of shrubs and flowering plants. They, of course, can be planted close to the house as long as they do not shade the windows and can be made to add greatly to the beauty of the home. About the lawn, they appear to the best advantage in clumps of solid or mixed species and occupy an intermediate position between the grass and the trees.

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Weekly Jeffersonian.

The Well-Bred Chicks.

Effie, on her first visit to the country, saw a number of chickens from the front porch of a farmhouse. The child watched the fowls for some time as they industriously scratched around. Finally she turned and ran to her mother. "Oh, mother," she cried, excitedly, "come out on the porch and see the chickens wiping their feet on the grass."—Harper's Weekly.

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 With those who seek a cure,
 He has to keep his temper, or
 He'll lose his patients, sure.
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COULDN'T WORK.
 Women—"Now that I have fed you, are you going without doing your work?"
 Tramp—"O! couldn't wurruk on an impty stomach, mum; an' O! nivr wurruk on er full one. So there yez be!"—Smart Set.

OLD-FASHIONED.
 "How did you and your husband discover that you were affinities?" asked the pretty young widow.
 "Heavens! We never did. We got married in a decent way, neither of us having any reason not to."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LONG-FELT NEED.
 Knicker—"There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor."
 Bocker—"Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient."—Harper's Bazar.

ALWAYS IS, ISN'T IT?
 Oldschool (pompously)—"Oratory, sir, particularly in the political field, is a great engine of progress and power."
 Youngblood (irreverently)—"Yes, especially if it is a hot-air engine."—Baltimore American.

OF LITTLE EFFECT.
 A. S. C. Corporal (at soldiers' dance)—"Will you have a drink, sir?"
 Major—"Thanks very much, corporal, but I think I've had enough." Corporal—"Don't say that, sir. One more drink won't make you any worse than you are already!"—Punch.

HEALTH BRINGS HAPPINESS.

Invalid Once, a Happy Woman Now.

Mrs. C. R. Shelton, Pleasant street, Covington, Tenn., says: "Once I seemed a helpless invalid, but now I enjoy the best of health. Kidney disease brought me down terribly. Rheumatic aches and pains made every movement painful. The secretions were disordered and my head ached to distraction. I was in a bad condition, but medicines failed to help. I lost ground daily until I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once and soon made me strong and well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Kaiser Delighted.

An old lady near Bromberg, whose ten sons have all served in the German army, had the idea of having them photographed in a row, and sent the picture to the Kaiser. She has received a letter of hearty thanks and cordial wishes from the Imperial Cabinet by His Majesty's order.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, M.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Smallest Mammals.

The smallest of all mammals are the shrew—nocturnal, mouse-like creatures, that hunt for worms and insects in woods and meadows. An eggshell would make a commodious barn for a mother and her little ones.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Recipe for Old Age.

A recipe for attaining a ripe old age is given by Miss Ann Graham, of Norwich, Conn., with great appropriateness, for she is the oldest woman in Connecticut, and has just celebrated her 105th birthday. Her maxim is "do plenty of hard work, go to bed early, consider carefully what you eat." The daily routine of this centenarian is of interest. She rises at 6 o'clock in the morning. An hour later she eats a hearty breakfast, then listens to the reading of the New Testament by her nurse; after which she takes a nap for an hour. She eats her most substantial meal at noon. Then she has another nap and at 5 o'clock she partakes of toast and tea. An hour later she goes to bed and sleeps the round of the clock. Miss Graham's hearing and eyesight are excellent, and she is a most interesting talker concerning the events of her long life.

—Leslie's Weekly.

Ventilating the Bedroom.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the American Magazine, gives the following advice about the bed and bedroom: The bedroom should be well ventilated. All windows should be open from the top at least one, and better two to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale phily remarked, "is all the air there is to breathe at night." It is just as pure and as wholesome to breathe as day air. The temperature of the room should be about 55 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, if possible. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal, or slightly above, when lying on the side.

WIFE WON.

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some men are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience.

A very "conservative" ill. man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me."

"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.'"

"He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right."

"Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich, snappy flavour similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added it was not only good but delicious."

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SOUL-BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are—
 Placed deep, unseen, unknown,
 Then the courses framed to bear
 Lift the cloisters pillared fair,
 Last of all the airy spire,
 Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
 Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are—
 Based on earth's eternal law,
 Rure and steadfast, without flaw,
 Through the sunshine, through the snows,
 Up and on the building goes;
 Every fair thing finds its place,
 Every hard thing lends a grace,
 Every hand may make or mar.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

The automobile had broken down at least five miles from the nearest place at which it was possible to get help.

Trenton and Miss Bassett sat inside, sheltered from the storm and wrapped in comfortable robes, while the chauffeur hunted for the trouble and slapped his arms around himself to keep from freezing. It had not been very cold when they started. The blizzard had come up suddenly, and the snow was falling so rapidly and drifting so badly that their chances of getting through would have been very poor even if the car had not gone to the bad.

"What are we to do?" Miss Bassett asked.

"Well, we might get out and tramp through the snow either to Woods-ville or to Midvale," Trenton replied.

"You do not seem to be taking this matter very seriously."

"Yes, I am. You don't know how serious it is to me. I happen to own this car, and standing out here in a snowdrift all night isn't likely to do it a bit of good."

"I'm so sorry that I am likely to be the cause of financial loss to you. If I had refused to come it would not have happened."

"Yes, it would."

"I don't understand how it could."

"Do not flatter yourself, Miss Bassett, that I should have sat down and moped if you had declined to come. There were other girls who would have been glad to be invited."

"Then I suppose you had already thought it out when you came to me."

"Thought out what, please?"

"You had gone over it all in your mind—had decided if I had declined to come you would come with one of the others, since you had satisfied yourself that you had only to ask any of them in order to receive an acceptance."

"No, to be candid, I hadn't thought much about it. There was no occasion for that. You see, I knew you were coming."

Miss Bassett turned and looked out at the blinding snow that was whirling past, driven by a wind which was increased in velocity every minute. The chauffeur was standing with his back turned to the storm, apparently at the end of his resources. He seemed to be half frozen, in spite of his big fur coat and the cap that was drawn down over his head.

"Why don't you send him off in search of help?" Miss Bassett asked, turning to Trenton.

"I have been thinking of doing that. I am glad you have suggested it."

"I can't see why you should wait for suggestions from me in a case of this kind."

"It occurred to me that you might think I was conceited if I sent him away."

"Why should I think that?"

"You shouldn't, but I was afraid you might. You see, I didn't want to have you sit here and wonder, after I had sent him off, what reason I had for supposing that you preferred me to him as a companion."

"I have no doubt that many chauffeurs are estimable men—much more so than are the men whom they serve; but I have never been in the habit of turning to them for social diversion or companionship."

Trenton felt that it would be well for him to turn his attention for a moment to the chauffeur. He got out and held a brief but earnest conference with his man, after which the driver started down the road through the storm and in a few minutes disappeared.

"How long do you think it will take him?" Miss Bassett asked after Trenton, shivering and looking worried, got inside.

"I haven't any idea," he replied. "If he gets through at all it will be extremely lucky for all of us. The storm is getting worse and worse."

Miss Bassett drew back as far as she could in her own corner, pulled the heavy robes around her, and looked out at the world, which was rapidly disappearing under an avalanche of snow. It was beginning to get dark, although they had hardly been on the road an hour, and it was barely 2 o'clock when they had left home.

Trenton watched her out of the tail of an eye, and made himself comfortable in his own corner. Thus they sat for half an hour in absolute silence. It had grown quite dark, and Trenton began, at last, to wonder how long the lady was likely to be able to keep from breaking down. Just then he spoke:

"There must, at least, be a farmhouse somewhere near here," she said.

"Very likely there is," he replied.

"Of course I would not ask you to put yourself to any trouble or inconvenience on my account, but if you think it would be dangerous for you to remain here alone all night you might accompany me in an endeavor to find some better place than this in which to wait for the rescuing party."

"If you care at all for my advice, I would suggest that we remain here. You can make yourself entirely comfortable. We are much more safe where we are than we would be wandering around in this storm. I know people who sleep outdoors every night in the year. The doctors say it is a good thing to do. Do you feel at all cold? If you do, there is another robe here that you can have."

"I'm not cold, thank you, but I do not care to remain here any longer, however comfortable or beneficial it might be to wait."

"Very well. I will accompany you if you feel compelled to take your chances in the storm."

As they were getting out of the automobile they heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and a moment later a team attached to a bob-sled approached them. The chauffeur had found a farmer who was willing to go to the rescue.

After Miss Bassett had seated herself in the sled and been well wrapped up, Trenton lifted his fur cap and bowing very politely, said:

"Good-by. I hope you may find pleasant lodging for the night, and I offer you my sincerest apologies for any discomfort you may have suffered or may have to face. I will make arrangements in the morning for your safe return to the city."

"Aren't you coming with us?" she asked.

"No. It would be better, would it not, if I remained here?"

"Oh, very well, if you think so," she replied. "You may go ahead, driver, if you are ready."

"On second thought," Trenton said, "I believe I will go."

Without waiting for an invitation he got into the sled and the farmer urged his team forward.

The chauffeur sat on the seat with the driver. Trenton gradually worked his way through the clean, sweet-smelling straw until he was very close to Miss Bassett. The biting snow blew into their faces and the wind howled through the trees by the roadside. The sled tipped dangerously every little while as they went over drifts or got off the road, and almost before she was aware of it one of Miss Bassett's hands lay in Trenton's grasp. They were very near together, and the storm was blinding. Besides, the backs of the driver and the chauffeur were turned upon them. Slipping one of his arms around her, Trenton, with his face close to hers, whispered:

"After all, the good old-fashioned bob sled has some excellent advantages, hasn't it?"

She did not say anything. It was not necessary for her to do so, for both of his arms were around her and she could not have spoken if she had tried to. But she did not try.

She had no desire to put her answer into the form of words.—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Few "Don'ts" and Some "Forgets."

Don't imagine you're on the road for fun—it's business you are looking for.

Don't spend your money like a drunken sailor. Remember there is "nine years of plenty and nine years of destitution."

Don't flirt with the girls in the departments. You lose prestige.

Don't forget that you must be a gentleman at all times.

Don't forget that it is cheaper to travel on mileage than it is to pay cash fare.

Don't forget to check your baggage before you leave.

Don't forget that if you sell goods in the morning, try to do business in the afternoon, as to-morrow may be a "bum" day.

Don't forget to write your firm daily if you do business or not. Let them know you are alive.

Don't forget to wear clean linen. It looks good and costs little.

Don't forget to use good English, as it leaves an impression on your customer.

Don't forget to send your order in correct. "Stuffing" an order is poor policy.

Don't try to sell more to the buyer than he can use in your line; don't attempt to tell funny stories to people that you are not very intimate with.—Pittsburg Traveling Man.

Agricultural Pest in France.

So great have been the ravages caused by the dodder—a leafless, twining, parasitic plant—that a decree has been issued by the French President prohibiting its importation into the country. It is a veritable agricultural scourge, attacking and destroying hops, vines, clover, peas, tomatoes and many other kinds of agricultural produce. Once having found its way into any district, it is most difficult to get rid of, and constitutes a permanent source of anxiety to the farmer. Cutting down, burning and poison have all been tried with unsatisfactory results.—London Globe.

Tolerably Startling.

It is not on record that there has been a more surprised woman in Maine this spring than the wife of the Bowdoin professor when she came home the other evening and found her husband taking care of a baby that had been left at the door.—Kennebec Journal.

The railways of Siam have a total length of 465 miles.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOME SURROUNDINGS ATTRACTIVE.

Study These Practical Plans and Suggestions and Use Them on Your Home Grounds—Your Outlay of Time and Money Will Not Be Large, While the Returns in Happiness and Satisfaction With Your Home Will Be a Thousand Fold.

In improving the surroundings of the country home, nothing elaborate is recommended. The original outlay in time and money need not be large and the cost of maintenance, if the scheme is a success, will be next to nothing. A very simple treatment will accord best with the purpose of the plan and the lives of the people to be benefited. Farmers are busy people and nothing that is going to interfere with the more important operations of the farm is to be considered.

Planning the Lawn, Grounds and Fencing.

The lawn, or houseyard, as it is called to distinguish it from the barnyard, is the first consideration. It is the foundation of the whole thing and on it is built the entire plan. It can be as large as the owner desires, but should include at least one acre of ground. Grading may, or may not, be necessary. Good drainage is essential and the ground should slope away from the house, at least towards the road or towards the entrance to the ground. It is quite important that the lawn be inclosed if the best results are to be secured. Woven wire is neat and strong and will keep out poultry as well as cattle and hogs. If the lawn or any portion of it needs seeding, the ground can be stirred in the spring and oats, timothy and clover sown. Blue grass and white clover will soon come in if there is any growing near, or they can be sown after the clover and timothy form a sod. In spots where there is much wear, it may be advisable to lay sod, but this is usually only necessary over limited areas.

Where the residence is already built, the question of its location is settled and the plan must be made to conform to it to a large extent. In selecting a position for a new house, it is generally best to locate it about the centre of the grounds and facing the main road or entrance.

The Making of a Picture.

Planting about the place calls for considerable ingenuity, but it gives an opportunity for a display of taste and individuality. By following a few general principles, no one will go far wrong and the changes can be easily made when desired, except in case of trees. The object in planting should be to make a picture. The house is naturally the centre about which the trees and shrubs are to be planted to show it to best advantage. There must be a good background. If the background is a solid block of a single variety, a few trees of a different habit may be planted to give variety and a more natural effect. No trees should be planted near enough to shade the house, as sunshine must have free entrance in the interest of health.

LOG BOOKS OF ROMANTIC INTEREST

Ralph D. Paine is contributing to the Outing Magazine an attractive series of articles on "Old Salem Ships and Sailors," having to do with the time when that Massachusetts town was America's busiest and most widely known port. In the old log books in the library of Essex Institute he found a most fertile vein of true romance and queer fact bearing upon the development of American commerce just after the Revolution. In a recent issue he says of this rich source of information:

"Almost one thousand of these logs and sea-journals are stored in a room of the Essex Institute, comprising many more than this number of voyages made between 1750 and 1890, a period of a century and a half which included the most brilliant epoch of American sea life. Privateer, sealer, whaler and merchantman, there they rest, row after row of canvas-covered books, filled with the day's work of as fine a race of seamen as ever sailed blue water; from the log of the tiny schooner Hopewell on a voyage to the West Indies amid perils of swarming pirates and privateers, a generation before the Revolution, down to the log of the white-winged Mindoro, of the Manila fleet, which squared away her yards for the last time only fifteen years ago.

"There is no other collection of Americana which can so vividly recall a vanished era and make it live again as these hundreds upon hundreds of ancient log-books. They are complete, final, embracing as they do the rise, the high-tide, the ebb and the vanishing of the commerce of Salem, the whole story of those vikings of deep-water enterprise who dazzled the maritime world."

The Well-Bred Chicks.

Effie, on her first visit to the country, saw a number of chickens from the front porch of a farmhouse. The child watched the fowls for some time as they industriously scratched around. Finally she turned and ran to her mother. "Oh, mother," she cried, excitedly, "come out on the porch and see the chickens wiping their feet on the grass."—Harper's Weekly.

How to Arrange the Trees For Best Effect.

In front, a few trees may be set to good advantage. Several irregular groups with perhaps one or two good specimens set singly will be sufficient ordinarily. They should not break up the expanse of green sward, as the chief element of beauty in a lawn is the large open space (or spaces if the grounds are large), but be grouped about the edge. The breaks between these groups admit of different views from the house and provide a variety of aspects as it is approached. If trees of size are already present, they can be left in part as a rule. If any seem out of harmony, they should come out at once, or be left only until others can be started to take their places. Trees can be selected to harmonize with the home. Low growing trees of spreading habit match the low rambling house, while those of upright growth, go with the buildings of greater height. Birches, white elm, red oak, green ash and hackberry are reliable trees of fairly rapid growth. White oak and hard maple are fine trees but rather slow growing. Among the conifers, Black Hill spruce, Austrian pine and the white pine are very desirable, the last named being the most valuable but the slowest to mature.

Flowers and Shrubs and How to Place Them.

The same general principles apply to the planting of shrubs and flowering plants. They, of course, can be planted close to the house as long as they do not shade the windows and can be made to add greatly to the beauty of the home. About the lawn, they appear to the best advantage in clumps of solid or mixed species and occupy an intermediate position between the grass and the trees.

A portion of the shrubbery should be selected for its winter effect. Barberry, dogwood, Japanese rose and wahoo are desirable on this account. All the shrubs planted should be hardy in the locality. Many native plants can be used and often give better results than introduced sorts. One of the most meritorious shrubs known for any locality is the bridal wreath or Spirea van houttei. It is beautiful in flower, graceful at all times, healthy, free from insects, hardy and easily grown.

Many flowering plants can be grown with little or no trouble. The tiger lily is hardy and takes care of itself. Perennial phlox, the peony, iris, etc., require little attention after planting. A few vines often add a touch of adornment that nothing else can. The native bittersweet and Virginia creeper are good as is also the wild grape. The clematis and crimson rambler rose are flowering climbers that give good satisfaction.—E. R. Garner, in Iowa Agriculturist.

How Many Points On Our Stars?

Most of us, if asked how many points a star should have, would say five, and cite the flag as proof, but the Director of the Mint has lately corrected this misapprehension in answering an inquiry on the subject. He calls attention to the fact that the stars on the great seal of the United States and on the seal of the President are five-pointed, but that the stars are six-pointed on the seal of the House of Representatives; and further to the six-pointed stars on the obverse of the half and quarter dollar coins and the five-pointed stars on the reverse. The reverse of these coins is a copy of the great seal with the clouds and stars omitted. So far as known, the six-pointed star comes from copying the colonial coins made after the manner of English heraldry, which sanctions that star. The stars on the flag are copied from the Washington coat of arms.—Youth's Companion.

Two Hundred Miles of Horse.

One of the greatest problems in this metropolis is how to keep traffic moving in the streets. There is a perpetual and increasing tendency towards blockades. The metropolitan problem is constantly growing more complex. The 120,000 horses hitched to vehicles in New York add a long and unnecessary line to the traffic parade. Counting eight feet from the dashboard to the horse's head, we are daily submitting to a needless procession taking up nearly 200 miles in our city streets. It is clear that in the aggregate Father Manhattan and his family are standing on the curb waiting for the procession of 200 miles of superfluous horses to pass before they can cross to the other side of the avenue. These are grotesque pictures, yet they but embody the actual absurdities of a horse-infested city.—Appleton's.

The Silent Winners.

Examine our list of Presidential candidates and see how few of them made stump speeches. George Washington made none. Thomas Jefferson made none. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, James Monroe made none. Neither did Andrew Jackson, nor Martin Van Buren, nor General Harrison, nor James K. Polk, nor Franklin Pierce, nor James Buchanan.—Weekly Jeffersonian.

Merry Side of Life.

PRUDENCE.

Though the doctor's thoughts may be at war
 With those who seek a cure,
 He has to keep his temper, or
 He'll lose his patients, sure.
 —Nixon Waterman, in St. Nicholas.

AN INOFFENSIVE REIGN.

Viggs—"Emperor Franz Joseph has reigned sixty years."
 Jiggs—"But he hasn't interfered with any ball games."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OF A MODERN GENIUS.

"Going to compile his life and letters?"
 "There were no letters. I'm going to compile his life and postcards."—Washington Herald.

HORSE SENSE.

Joakley—"Now, he's got what I really call 'horse sense.'"
 Coakley—"How, for instance?"
 Joakley—"He never bets on one."—Philadelphia Press.

AMIALE.

"Look at the self-satisfied dub! Now, what commendable trait does he possess?"
 "Well, that of being easily pleased."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PESSIMISM.

Knicker—"Man is born to trouble."
 Bocker—"Yes, if you try to picnic it rains, and if you eat indoors the cook leaves."—New York Sun.

CLASSIFYING THE REMARKS.

A clergyman was recently telling a marvelous story, when his little girl said:
 "Now, pa, is that really true, or is it just preaching?"—London Tatler.

AT THE SEASHORE.

"And I am the first you have loved, Bertha?"
 "Of course, you are. How tedious you men are. You all ask me the same question."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PREPARING FOR THE JONESES.

Misses—"Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner."
 Cook—"Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst. They'll never trouble yez again."—Illustrated Bits.

BORED.

Sammy—"Will you love me when I am gone?"
 Amy—"I could love you now, if I knew that you were going."—From Illustrated Bits.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

"We have no drinkers in these days."
 "No?"
 "Now my grandfather was good for six orange phosphates."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A HARSH CHARACTERIZATION.

Old Gentleman—"Very charming old sedilia you have here."
 Caretaker—"Yes, sir; you ain't by no means the fust as 'as admired 'em. That's where the clergymen used to sit, in the order of their senility."—Punch.

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Women—"Now that I have fed you, are you going without doing your work?"
 Tramp—"O! couldn't wurruk on an empty stomach, mum; an' O! nivir wurruk on er full one. So there yez be!"—Smart Set.

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 Bocker—"Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient."—Harper's Bazar.

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 Major—Thanks very much, corporal, but I think I've had enough."
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A very "conservative" ill-s. man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me.

"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.'

"He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right.

"Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich, snappy flavour similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added it was not only good but delicious.

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

United States Leads in Coal.

It has been only eight years since this country passed Great Britain in the matter of coal production. Now the English mines are hardly to be regarded as competitors.

DOCTOR SAID "USE CUTICURA"

For Bad Case of Eczema on Child—Disease Had Reached a Fearful State—Order Resulted in Cure.

"When I was small I was troubled with eczema for about three months. It was all over my face and covered nearly all of my head. It reached such a state that it was just a large scab all over, and the pain and itching were terrible. I doctored with an able physician for some time and was then advised by him to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did and I was entirely cured. I have not been bothered with it since. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, but do not know exactly how much was used to complete the cure. Miss Anabel Wilson, North Branch, Mich., Oct. 20, '07."

China Will Have Forestry School. China's first school of forestry will shortly be opened at Mukden. The Chinese empire is usually pointed out as the worst example, among modern nations, of forest destruction.



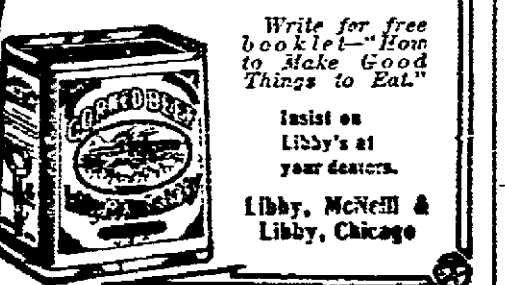
Libby's Cooked Corned Beef

There's a big difference between just corned beef—the kind sold in bulk—and Libby's Cooked Corned Beef. The difference is in the taste, quality of meat and natural flavor.

Every fiber of the meat of Libby's Cooked Corned Beef is evenly and mildly cured, cooked scientifically and carefully packed in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

It forms an appetizing dish, rich in food value and makes a summer meal that satisfies.

For Quick Serving:—Libby's Cooked Corned Beef, cut into thin slices. Arrange on a platter and garnish with Libby's Chow Chow. A tempting dish for luncheon, dinner, supper.



Write for free booklet—How to Make Good Things to Eat. Insist on Libby's at your dealer's. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



A RACE FOR LIFE.

Late in May of this year, and well up to the head of the Kuskokwim River, two miners were coming down from the icy streams that wash the yellow metal from these undefined deposits of Alaska's frozen banks. They had had an unsuccessful prospecting tour. They had found good indications, but the money of the trip was all gone and no provisions were to be had. Then toward the lower reaches of the river they had turned their faces, where food could be secured. In the mountains they could stay no longer. The dead-lock on travel had just been removed by the bursting of the rivers from their icy fetters, and to drop down the river was a pleasant matter, compared to the many laborious days spent in ascending, when nothing but the hope of great success could spur man to the dangers and perils of such ventures.

Partly satisfied with the trip, they were ready now to return. One day was spent in making the land trip to the main river, which, by the aid of the dogs, could be done by each packing a load. The dogs were accustomed to this: but being underfed at this time of the year, they felt the weight more than if food had been plentiful. Prospectors may quarrel and separate, but one true friend never leaves them, and that is the dog. Whether food be plentiful or scarce, he is ever at his master's side to do his part, carry his loads, or draw the sledges; and if he cannot go in the boat, if it is summer, he runs on the bank and swims the icy streams if he can but be with his master at camp.

Disappointed in the hope of gold, and without money or provision, the two partners and the dogs had camped on the bank of the river, and were now breaking camp in the morning, preparatory to leaving for the coast. By an unexpected mishap, one man accidentally shot the other through the leg. The bullet shattered the bones into many pieces. A few other prospectors encamped near by came to the aid of the distressed pair. The nearest doctor was about 800 miles distant, with an ice-bound coast between. Men of the wilderness do things when they need to be done, and do not lose much time in preparation. The limb was secured as best they knew how, and the trip begun with much haste. The oars fell heavily, as the boat moved from shore. Some things must be left, and among them the dogs, which, as was their custom, ran along the bank, howling, as the boat disappeared from their sight. No food was left in camp and none could be had in the forest, and their only friends were leaving them in the boat. The sick man required too much room to take the dogs in the skiff, though to leave them was distressing, even to the suffering master. Presently the decision was reached, and the boat swung to shore. The dogs were mercifully shot.

On the second day of the race for life, to the joy of both, a steamer was sighted. She was tied to the bank and taking on wood for the trip down stream. The friendly captain took them on board. A few days more and the steamer would be at the upper mission station where word could be had of the doctor. Finally the cheering news came to the sufferer: "The mission is in sight," and though the doctor was absent the kindest skill and care of the missionaries were expended for the injured man. But he must go to the hospital, and so, from one boat to another, the poor sufferer traveled until the coast was reached. A schooner in winter was put in readiness, and after two weeks had elapsed since the accident, the race for life still urged on energetically.

Then followed a dreary experience of storms and fog and the crossing of flats and rolling in the trough of the sea, with misery and discomfort too lengthy to relate. Not until a week after taking the schooner did they dare to round the cape, and then the heavy fogs bespoke ice near by. The wind decided them to take their course for the Nushagak, but it died out before they rounded Cape Constantine, only to come up in a southeaster, with a tide drifting shoreward. Their position became most critical as the gale increased and the anchors began to drag. To avoid stranding on the shallows, the sails were set, the chains slipped and the craft headed straight for the cape. Soon a heavy bump was felt and the seas rolling over the deck told them they were near land. Presently the ebbing tide left them on dry land. Few had thought of anything but their lives. It was found that the terrible pounding of the little schooner had loosened the dressings on the injured limb, and added cruelly to his sufferings.

They were wrecked forty miles from the hospital. The captain and another man started out to get help, and in forty-eight hours were at the hospital, footsore and hungry, but thankful to the people who had helped them on the way. Supt. Ber-

glund, of the Alaska Fishermen's Packing Company, placed his steamer at their disposal for the rescue, and in twenty-four hours more the injured man was brought to the hospital. He was almost in a dying condition, for blood-poisoning had apparently set in. His temperature was 101. At the operation a captain who was present said: "Why torture him further? It would be as well to dig one grave for all of the man as for part of him."

A few days after the operation, when he had strength enough to speak, the sick man said, "I am a countryman of Carnegie, but I have not his wealth. If I cannot pay you missionaries for saving my life the Lord will repay you, and if any of my claims turn out, I hope to do so myself." This man is still with us, well, but crippled. We have applied the \$20 the Christian Herald readers sent us on his account, and we assure you that your wish that God might bless the gift, the distributor and the beneficiaries, has already had its fulfillment, and we trust that the blessing of the Lord may be the portion of the benevolent giver also.—J. H. Romig, in the Christian Herald.

THE DEED OF A HERO.

Not all the courage of war is expended on the battle-field. A man died lately in Calcutta who performed a deed which contributed greatly to save the Indian Empire. At that time, in 1857, he was a mere lad, employed as an assistant in the telegraph service. His name was W. Brendish, and he sent, at the risk of his life, a despatch from Delhi to Umballa, which bore the first news of the outbreak. This message, repeated to every town which could be reached, proved of priceless value. Colonel Edward Vibart, in his "Sepoy Mutiny," tells the story of how, to quote the judicial commissioner of the Punjab, "the electric telegraph saved India."

It was the custom to close the telegraph offices on Sunday between the hours of 9 and 4. On May 10, 1857, as the operator at Delhi was about to close his station, he received a message from the Meerut office announcing an uprising in that section. At 4 o'clock, when the office was reopened, connections with Meerut were found to be interrupted.

The telegraph force at Delhi consisted of the chief and two young assistants, Brendish and Pilkington. The office was situated outside of the city, about a mile from the gates. On discovering the break in the connections, the chief sent the two lads to test the cable across the river. They found that they could signal to Delhi, but not to Meerut, and reported the fact on their return. It was too late to do anything that night, but the next morning Mr. Todd, the chief, went out himself to investigate the line. He never returned, and although his fate is unknown, there is little doubt that he was murdered.

The office was thus left in charge of the two lads. Signs of trouble began to be evident close at hand. Brendish, stepping from the door, met a wounded officer, who cried to him, "For God's sake get inside and close your doors!"

The revolt crept closer and closer. The boys felt that their lives were in danger: soon they became sure of it. But before they fled to a place of comparative safety they waited to send out to the Indian world the news of the revolt.

Brendish ticked off the message which caused Sir Edward to say: "Look at the courage of that little boy! With shot falling all round him, he stayed to manipulate the message that was the means of saving the Punjab."

The government rewarded Brendish for his services by giving him a life pension, and the other day the old man died in the India he had helped to preserve.

AMAZING SOMNAMBULISM.

In a hospital in Birmingham, England, is a patient whose strange powers have attracted wide attention there and have been submitted to eminent psychologists here. The patient is a music teacher, whose habit of walking in her sleep had developed so far as to alarm her family. She became in fact a confirmed somnambulist, and this strange development caused much sorrow and no little uneasiness to her relatives. They sent her to the hospital in the hope that it might be cured. She was allowed to do as she chose, but was kept under observation while her case was studied. She habitually left her bed after three or four hours and busied herself in various ways, including descending into the music room and playing the piano, tuning a violin and fitting new strings to it, and crocheting. Her most remarkable feats, however, were reading and writing in the dark. This development is extremely rare in somnambulist cases. If there was even a faint artificial light in the room she would avoid it and go over to the darkest corner, where she would read, study and write letters. When awake she has no recollection of having been reading or writing. An examination of her eyes reveals no reason for her being able to see in the dark. Her condition is obviously abnormal, but it is an indication that the human personality, in spite of the theories of materialists, is gifted with powers of which we have no conception in our present state.—Christian Herald.

Better Than Expected.

A defeated suffragette of Paris has received so many offers of marriage that she regards her campaign as a substantial success.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SKIN OF BANANA.

Africans Find Use For the Fruit Peel.—How Old Shoes and Seaweed Are Utilized.

Banana skins are utilized in soap-making on the west coast of Africa. The skins are rich in alkali, so they are burnt to an ash and this mixed with water and palm oil goes to make a cleanser which is in demand among the whites as well as the natives.

This brings out very conspicuously a fact which Americans, the most wasteful people on earth, have not begun to realize—that big values are thrown away in so-called refuse.

At some time, when you have tossed out a pair of discarded shoes, did it ever strike you that you might be combing your hair with them later?

That old footwear does enter into combs is a fact. The shoes are cut up, soaked in chloride of sulphur until the pieces are hard and brittle, and then ground to a powder. This is mixed with a material of the nature of glue or gum and then compressed into shapes not only for combs, but for buttons and knife handles.

Another example of an apparently valueless thing being quite the reverse is given by Norway. The farmers in the southern part of that country have found that the gathering of seaweed is more profitable than tilling their fertile lands. The seaweed is dried and burned, and the ashes are sold to chemists. From it iodine is obtained.—Philadelphia Press.

WISE WORDS.

The sting of defeat lasts longer than the sweetness of victory.

Wall flowers must be society girls who have been nipped in the bud.

Some men marry for love, some for money, and others simply because they crave excitement.

Some people only believe half of what they hear, and then invariably select the wrong half.

A man never realizes how little he knows until he stacks up against a young fellow who has just finished his freshman year at college.

Every man has a future before him, but the trouble is he has the handicap of a past behind him.

The man who expects to be rewarded in heaven is just as anxious for pay-day to come around as any one else.

Many a man is buried in oblivion long before he is dead.

Marriage is a contract, but there are lots of contract jumpers.

The charity that begins at home is generally too weak to travel.

The people who come up to our expectations are those we measure by the golden rule.

The rack used to be an instrument of torture. In fact, the music rack continues to be.

A girl believes so much a fellow tells her before marriage that her capacity for believing is apt to be exhausted afterward.—From "Musings of the Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

An Indisputable Title.

Col. Brownson, eighty-four years old, but still erect and vigorous, was riding leisurely homeward on his bay mare Kit, when he was overtaken by a man residing in the next township, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and they fell into conversation.

"I have just been down to the county seat," said the other, "on what you would say is a foolish errand, inasmuch as I have lived where I am for thirty-seven years, and nearly everybody within forty miles of here knows me. I have been proving up my title."

"Your title?"

"Yes; and let me tell you, Colonel, you had better look up yours. You never can tell what may happen."

"I am not afraid about my title, sir," majestically answered Colonel Brownson, who had never owned an acre of ground in his life. "I won it, sir, in the Mexican War!"—Youth's Companion.

Crane For Handling Rails.

A rapid method of handling rails by power has been recently worked out by T. J. Wyche, division engineer of the Western Pacific Railway. Rails to be forwarded to the track laying gang are generally handled by hand, the work being slow and dangerous. By Mr. Wyche's method the rails are lifted from the pile in the material yard and landed upon the flatcar, seven or eight at a time, with a locomotive derrick or crane of the "Big City" type, such as is commonly used in railway coaling service or for lifting heavy castings around the shops. The equipment can be used with equal facility in unloading rails from car to pile.

Take Your Choice.

Have you ever almost run into some one on the street, and then dodged from side to side for half a minute, vainly endeavoring to pass, while the other person by some strange fatality blocked your every move by trying to pass you in the same way?

Such was the recent experience of a young man in Portland, Me. He and a strange young woman had been going through this performance for several seconds, when his unwilling vis-a-vis staggered him by saying: "Well, hurry up! Which is it to be—a wait or a two-step?"—Woman's Home Companion.

COMPLETE BIG TASK.

History of the Manchu Clan Contains 221,100 Pages.

The throne has ordered the compilation of a history of the reign of Kuang Hsu, the present Emperor of China, to include all the important affairs of the Government that have occurred in the entire dynasty.

The genealogical history of the Manchu imperial clan from 1644 to 1907 has been compiled under the direction of two imperial commissioners. One hundred and twenty-three literary officials, who assisted in writing and compiling this history, have been rewarded for meritorious services.

The work contains 221,100 pages and is bound in 47 volumes, and was seven months in preparation.

Imaginary Necessities.

What is it that for the thousands of people who are slaves to imaginary necessities we must have avoided the panic of last October? It was these people indeed who brought it on. It was these people who suffered most when it came. The laws of nature are iron in their retribution. The man who is earning \$30 a week and spending \$15 does not fear panics. Neither does the man who is earning \$50,000 a year and spending \$25,000. Sailors who do not know how to cut down their expenses are at the mercy of panics. A certain rich New Yorker, who retired from the Stock Exchange recently, started business 40 years ago with three friends. When times were prosperous he could not afford to live as well as they did. When times were hard they had to borrow money of him in order to live at all.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Classify an Artist.

The Munich Jugend has discovered five new signs by which to detect the school to which a painter belongs. (1) If he paints the sky gray and the grass black, he belongs to the good old classical school; (2) if he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist; (3) if he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he is an impressionist; (4) if he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a colorist; (5) if he paints the sky black and the grass red, he shows possession of great decorative talent.—Literary Digest.

Higher Than Eiffel Tower.

M. Tournay, a Belgian engineer, has been commissioned by the committee from the international exhibition at Brussels in 1910 to erect a tower at Ixelles which will be much higher than the Eiffel Tower. The cost is estimated at \$240,000.

What a Poultry Man Says About 20-Mule Team Borax.

As I am in the poultry business, I had ten white chicks to wash and prepare for a show. I used "20-Mule Team" Soap for washing the birds, and I can say from years of experience washing white birds, never before have I found a soap or Borax that cleaned my birds so fine and easy. I had a great deal of comment on my birds being so white. J. A. Dinwiddie, New Market, Tenn.

All dealers—1/2, 1 and 5 lb. cartons. Sample and booklet, 5c. Pacific Coast Borax Co., New York.

Bugs Stopped Engine.

A mill at Great Barrington, Mass., was shut down in a most unusual manner a few weeks ago, when water bugs, crowding into the space around the engine-stop push button, produced a short circuit and the consequent stoppage.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen feet, sore feet, itching, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. 35c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE by mail. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The total value of the telegraph and telephone line poles used in this country during 1906 was \$9,471,171.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and night living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

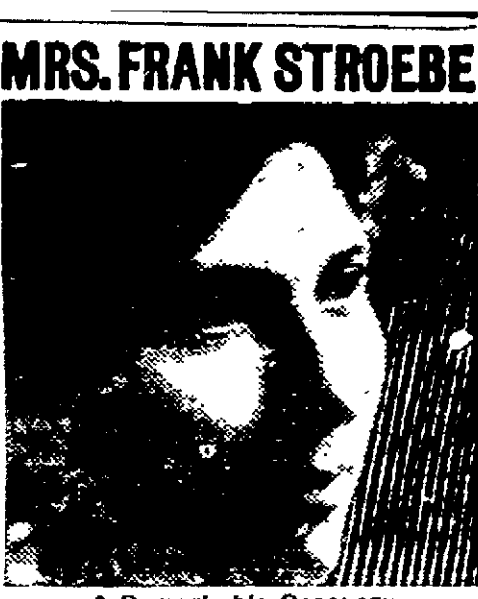
Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA

FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle



A Remarkable Recovery.

Mrs. Frank Stroebe, 1 E. D. Appleton, Wis., writes: "I began using Peruna a few months ago, when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck, could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength."

"I certainly think Peruna is without a rival as a tonic and strength builder."

DO YOU WANT \$5.00 PER DAY?

IT CAN BE EASILY MADE SELLING OUR LINE OF HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES



HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS 410-100 Tecumseh St. BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER

destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home—in dining room, sleeping room and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat, and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers send order to J. C. HAROLD SOMERS, 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OUTDOOR LIFE AND



CUTICURA

Should be inseparable. For summer eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, inflammations, chafings, sunburn, pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and sore hands, and antiseptic cleansing as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are invaluable.

Sold throughout the world. Depot: London, 27, Charterhouse St.; Paris, 3, Rue de la Paix; Australia, 10, Town & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokyo; S. Africa, Leonard, Ltd., Cape Town; etc. U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., New York, Boston, and all first-class drug stores.

P. O. No. 28, 1013.

WIDOWS under NEW LAW obtain PENSIONS by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.



FRED F. FIELD CO., Brockton, Mass.

Jurors Drawn
The jury list for August Court is as follows.

GRAND JURY.
O F Ater, Latimore
Howard J Blocher, Littlestown
Morris L Bollinger, Conewago
B F Baker, Freedom
Robert H Black, Cumberland
James B Crist, Reading
John W Currens, Freedom
C A Decker, McSherrystown
Joseph Fink, McSherrystown
W H Ficker, Bendersville
J Blair Garretson, Menallen
Stephen Hiner, Reading
H G Lough, New Oxford
W B Leib, East Berlin
William Menges, Conewago
J E Melhorn, McSherrystown
S D Mehring, Littlestown
Thomas G Neely, York Springs
Cyrus A Starnier, Tyrone
I P Smith, Mountpleasant
Henry M Strine,
Frederick Wolf,
Wm J Walter, Gettysburg
Wm H Wisotzkey, Littlestown

PETIT JURY.
Emory Alwine, Abbottstown
T C Buntz, McSherrystown
Wm W Boyer, Arendtsville
W H Cromer, Hamiltonban
James B Carns, Abbottstown
J Allen Crist, Tyrone
Curtis Deatrick, Reading
R M Elden, Menallen
Joshua L Hann, Mountjoy
Irvin Hoover, Reading
George W Harbold, Latimore
Edw C Keeter, Hanington
Joseph Krichen, Conewago
J F Keefer, McSherrystown
F K Keefer, McSherrystown
S H Little, Straban
Walter H Little, Mountpleasant
H M Lauver, Arendtsville
Paul A Martin, Gettysburg
Henry Myers, Reading
Moses C Myers, Mountpleasant
A A Miller, York Springs
Daniel March, East Berlin
Jacob C Nary, Franklin
Harry S Noel, Conewago
Edw S Orner, Arendtsville
D F Plank, Mountjoy
Preston Peters, Bendersville
Theo Robinson, Gettysburg
Millard Stoner, Highland
J Edw Schriver, Gettysburg
L A Sneringer, Conewago
J Frank Spangler, New Oxford
Wm F Shull, Tyrone
Jesse B Snyder, Gettysburg
John A Trostle, Latimore
W Wierman, McSherrystown
Wallace Ziegler, Gettysburg.

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A new and handsome premium catalogue has just been completed and is now ready for distribution. If you are a reader of a Philadelphia daily newspaper, write to "The Philadelphia Press" for one of their latest premium catalogues and become acquainted with the twentieth century way of securing beautiful premiums. When they give to people who subscribe for the Great Philadelphia Newspaper by mail. Catalogue will be mailed free upon receipt of a postal card. Address "The Press, Circulation Department, Seventh and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia."

Mrs. Jacob Smith, of Johnstown, found a revolver and threw it into the stove. A moment later there was an explosion and her 5-year old son was shot in the head, and is expected not to recover.

THE CHARMING WOMAN—is not necessarily one of perfect form and features. Many a plain woman who could never serve as an artist's model, possesses those rare qualities that all the world admires: neatness, clear eyes, clean smooth skin and that sprightliness of step and action that accompany good health. A physically weak woman is never attractive, not even to herself. Electric Bitters restore weak women give strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, beautiful complexion. Guaranteed at Atker's Drug Store. 50c.

Good quality Figured Lawns and Challies at 5c. WENTZ Bros & Frey, Hanover, Pa.

Have your watches, clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. Blocher, 7 18-11, Gettysburg.

Reduction Sale!

Big Reduction in Price has been made on all Suits and Trousers made to order, in order to close out all this season's woolsens. It will pay you to see us before placing your order.

All Straw Hats must be sold—the prices have been cut on all of them. Come in and get fitted.

Men's Underwear, all grades and colors, from 19c a garment up—some extra large sizes.

Men's Dress and Work Shirts—50c quality at 35c.

Extra good quality and a big assortment in Plain and Fancy Hose for men.

Neckwear of all grades and latest styles.

Call to see us; no trouble to show goods.

—N. WAGNER & SON,
Tailors and Gents' Furnishings,
Fountain Square, — Hanover, Pa.

Notice.

Persons who use Street Sprinklers are hereby notified not to Sprinkle during July and August, after 7 o'clock a m., and not before 5 o'clock p. m.

By Order of Town Council.

G. R. THOMPSON,

Practical Auctioneer.

Desires to inform all who intend having public sale that he is open for engagements at all times. Several years experience; satisfaction guaranteed. P.O. Address—GRANITE HILL, PA.

WANTED!

2000 lbs. of Lard

—at the—

WEST END STORE.

No More Lard Can Trouble,
We Buy your Can or give
New Can in Exchange.

J. A. CASHMAN,
West End Grocer, ✕ New Oxford, Pa.

A Profusion of Styles

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE IN SEARCH OF FOOTWEAR FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Our store was never so full as now of beautiful and stylish Footwear for men and women who appreciate the nice details of dress.

Oxfords and Shoes to please the patrons who want the best that money will buy.

And plenty of Oxfords and Shoes in choice and unexceptionable styles for the man or woman whose expenditure is limited.

A wonderful choice to be had at \$1.50 a pair and upwards.

A full and complete line of FREEB Bros. Working Shoes for men and boys that are Strictly All Solid Leather.

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Center Square, ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ Hanover, Penna.

Farmers and Dairymen LOOK HERE!

If you are thinking of buying a Cream Separator, we want to present our De Laval Separator to you. NO MONEY DOWN, NO CONTRACTS, NO STRINGS OF ANY KIND, ONLY PURE BUSINESS. All we want to do is bring you a machine and set it up. We know we will make a gain to you for every three pounds of butter you are now making the old way, you can make four pounds from the same milk with a De Laval Separator. This is a proven fact, therefore you see the gain in butter and as it only takes a few pounds of butter to make a dollar you can again see that you are being well paid for trying it. Your labor and dairy expenses will be cut in half. Your prices will always be in the top notch; your skimmed milk will be pure and fresh. A De Laval Separator is the best paying machine on any farm or dairy, as it is used twice a day every day in the week, and makes you money every time you use it. Your neighbors are getting them, get one yourself and be in the lead. All you have to do is to tell us how many cows you are now milking and how many you intend to milk in the future, and we'll do the rest, and if after trying a DE LAVAL you conclude to buy it we can make settlement to suit you exactly. Catalog and price list for the asking.

JOHN S. WEAVER.

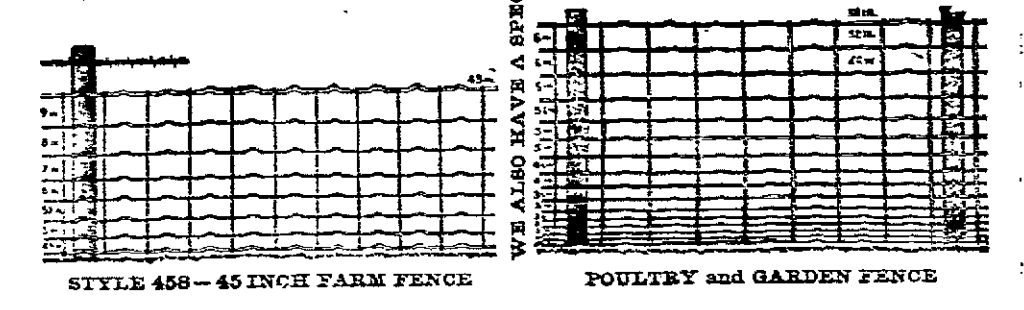
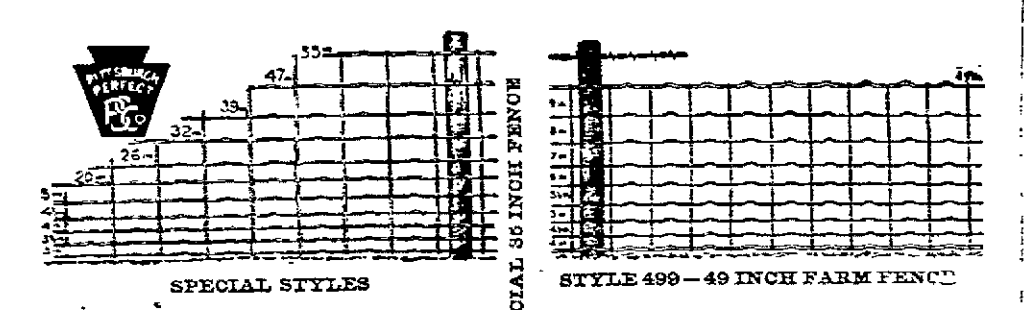
Farm Implements,

HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Distributing Depot for

"PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCES

THE ONLY ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCE



STYLE 498-49 INCH FARM FENCE

POULTRY and GARDEN FENCE

The Best, Neatest, Strongest and Most Durable Fence on the Market

We can Save You Money on Fencing

Call and See It

SOLD BY—

GILBERT & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

General Hardware, Paints, Oils,

✕ Glass, Cutlery, &c. ✕

Plumbing and Plumbers' Supplies.

CENTER SQUARE, ✕ ✕ NEW OXFORD, PA.

A MEMORABLE DAY—One of the days we remember with pleasure, as well as with profit to our health, is the one on which we became acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, the painless purifiers that cure headache and biliousness and keep the bowels right. 25c. at Atker's Drug Store.

Thomas Eagen, of Girardsville, was horrified to find the body of his father in an open well only 6 feet deep. He was aged 70 years, and it is thought, was in the act of getting water, when he slipped and fell.

Have your Job Printing done at the ITEM office. Prices the lowest.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

LONG LIVE THE KING!—is the popular cry throughout European countries; while in America, the cry of the present day is "Long live Dr. King's New Discovery King of Throat and Lung Remedies" of which Mrs. Julia Pain, Truro, Mass., says: "It never fails to give immediate relief and to quickly cure a cough or cold." Mrs. Paine's opinion is shared by a majority of the people of this country. New Discovery cures weak lungs and sore throats after all other remedies have failed; and for coughs and colds it is the only sure cure. Guaranteed by Dr. T. Atker, Druggist. 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PENNA.

Some Seasonable Goods At Reasonable Prices:

Now is your opportune time to make selection of

Dress Goods

as never before was there shown in Hanover such a variety in New Dress Materials as we are showing just now, either in

Woolen Goods, Silks or Wash Goods.

Also a Full Line New Dress Trimmings.

DRESS GOODS!

Black and Cream half-wool Dress Goods at 12½c; half-wool Danish Cloth, black, cream and colors, at 15c; all-wool Albatross Dress Goods at 29c, worth 50c. Silk Mulls in plaids and figures at 29c and 39c for the 50c quality. Silk Gingham at 29c, the 50c value. All shades Soisette, 25c. White and colored Ulster Cloth, imitation all Linen, at 10c, 12½c and 15c. White and Linen Suitings, 2½ yards wide, at \$1, also 36 inches wide at 25c and 50c. Silk Stripe Tanise, Paris Tissues, Mauselines, figured colored Swiss at 12½c; fast color Lawns at 5, 10, 12½ and 15c. Silk Striped Organdies at 15c.

20 Dozen Cotton Huck Towels at 6½c. 20 Dozen White Cotton Towels at 5c.
25 Dozen Huck Towels at 12½c. 25 Dozen Turkish Towels at 12½c.

Remnants Calico, in Navy, Black, Light and Gray, at 5c.

Remnants Unbleached Muslin,
27 in. wide 4c; 28 in. wide 5c; 36 in. at 6c.

Remnants Cretonne Swatches at 18 cents the pound.

Remnants Dress Gingham,

Ladies' Shirt Waists. Ladies' Long Gloves.

White Lawn Shirt Waists, a large selection, at 50c to \$3. White, also Black China and Silk Waists from \$1.50 to \$5. Ecru Net Waists at 2.75 to \$5.50. 8, 12 and 16 button lengths, White, Black and Tan, in Silk, Lisle, Taffeta and Kid; Lisle from 25c up; Silk from \$1 up; Kid \$1.50 to \$3.30.

A Large Selection Lace Curtains from 39c to \$3.50 a pair.

Ladies' Parasols and Colored Umbrellas, new styles; Umbrellas from 39c to \$5.00. A large assortment of Carpet, Crex Matting, Fibre Matting, Ingrain, Rag and Brussels Carpets, Oil Cloth and Linoleum.

3 doz. White Rustle Petticoats to go at 69c. 3 doz. Black Petticoats to go at 89c. 3 doz. Black Heatherbloom Petticoats, \$1.69.

Give us a call, and we will prove what we advertise is correct.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Baltimore Street, Hanover, Penn'a.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the ITEM office. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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NEW OXFORD'S

Leading

Horse Shoer

Hanover Street,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

DEATRISK BROS., Undertakers and Embalmers, NEW OXFORD, PA.

WANTED
Farm or Business
for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from owner only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address, L. BARNHART, Box 500, Baltimore, N.Y.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
WH Surely Stop That Cough.

Jurors Drawn
The jury list for August Court is as follows.

GRAND JURY.
O F Aster, Littleton
Howard J Blocher, Littleton
Morris L Bollinger, Conewago
B F Baker, Freedom
Robert H Black, Cumberland
James B Crist, Reading
John W Currens, Freedom
O A Decker, McSherrystown
Joseph Fink, McSherrystown
W H Fickes, Bendersville
J Blair Garretson, Menallen
Stephen Hiner, Reading
H G Lough, New Oxford
W B Leib, East Berlin
William Menges, Conewago
J E Melhorn, McSherrystown
S D Melhring, Littleton
Thomas G Neely, York Springs
Oscar A Starnes, Tyrone
J P Smith, Mountpleasant
Henry M Stine, "
Frederick Wolf, "
Wm J Walter, Gettysburg
Wm H Wisotzkey, Littleton

PEIT JURY.
Emory Alwine, Abbottstown
T C Buntz, McSherrystown
Wm W Boyer, Arendtsville
W H Cromer, Hamiltonban
James B Carns, Abbottstown
J Allen Crist, Tyrone
Curtis Dentrick, Reading
R M Elden, Menallen
Joshua L Hann, Mountjoy
Irvin Hoover, Reading
George W Harbold, Littleton
Edw C Keeter, Huntington
Joseph K Richter, Conewago
J F Keeter, McSherrystown
F K Keefor, McSherrystown
S H Little, Straban
Walter H Little, Mountpleasant
H M Lauver, Arendtsville
Paul A Martin, Gettysburg
Henry Myers, Reading
Moses C Myers, Mountpleasant
A A Miller, York Springs
Daniel March, East Berlin
Jacob C Nary, Franklin
Harry S Noel, Conewago
Edw S Orner, Arendtsville
D F Plank, Mountjoy
Preston Peters, Bendersville
Theo Robinson, Gettysburg
Millard Stoner, Highland
J Edw Schriver, Gettysburg
L A Sneeringer, Conewago
J Frank Spangler, New Oxford
Wm F Shull, Tyrone
Jesse E Snyder, Gettysburg
John A Trostle, Littleton
W Wierman, McSherrystown
Wallace Ziegler, Gettysburg.

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A new and handsome premium catalogue has just been completed and is now ready for distribution. If you are a reader of a Philadelphia daily newspaper, write to "The Philadelphia Press" for one of their latest premium catalogues and become acquainted with the twentieth century way of securing beautiful premiums, which they give to people who subscribe for this Great Home Newspaper by mail. Catalogue will be mailed free upon receipt of a postal card Address "The Press," Circulation Department, Seventh and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jacob Smith, of Johnstown, found a revolver and threw it into the stove, a moment later there was an explosion and her 5-year old son was shot in the head, and is expected not to recover.

THE CHARMING WOMAN—is not necessarily one of perfect form and features. Many a plain woman who could never serve as an artist's model, possesses those rare qualities that all the world admires: neatness, clear eyes, clean smooth skin and that sprightliness of step and action that accompany good health. A physically weak woman is never attractive, not even to herself. Electric Bitters restore weak women's give strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, beautiful complexion. Guaranteed at Auker's Drug Store. 50c.

Good quality Figured Lawns and Challies at 5c. WENTZ BROS. & FREY, Hanover, Pa.

Have your watches, clocks, Jewelry etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. Blocher, 7 18-19, Gettysburg.

Reduction Sale!

Big Reduction in Price has been made on all Suits and Trousers made to order in order to close out all this season's woolsens. It will pay you to see us before placing your order.

All Straw Hats must be sold—the prices have been cut on all of them. Come in and get fitted.

Men's Undewear, all grades and colors, from 19c a garment up—some extra large sizes.

Men's Dress and Work Shirts—50c quality at 38c.

Extra good quality and a big assortment in Plain and Fancy Hose for men. Neckwear of all grades and latest styles.

Call to see us; no trouble to show goods.

—N. WAGNER & SON,—
Tailors and Gents' Furnishings,
Fountain Square, Hanover, Pa.

Notice.

Persons who use Street Sprinklers are hereby notified not to sprinkle during July and August, after 7 o'clock a m., and not before 6 o'clock p. m.
By Order of TOWN COUNCIL.

G. R. THOMPSON,
Practical Auctioneer.

Desires to inform all who intend having public sale that he is open for engagements at all times. Several years experience; satisfaction guaranteed. P. O. Address—GRANITE HILL, Pa.

WANTED!

2000 lbs. of Lard

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WEST END STORE.

No More Lard Can Trouble,
We Buy your Can or give
New Can in Exchange.

J. A. CASHMAN,
West End Grocer, New Oxford, Pa.

A Profusion of Styles

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE IN SEARCH OF FOOTWEAR
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Our store was never so full as now of beautiful and stylish Footwear for men and women who appreciate the nice details of dress.

Oxfords and Shoes to please the patrons who want the best that money will buy.

And plenty of Oxfords and Shoes in choice and unexceptionable styles for the man or woman whose expenditure is limited.

A wonderful choice to be had at \$1.50 a pair and upwards.

A full and complete line of FREEBROS. Working Shoes for men and boys that are Strictly All Solid Leather.

E. J. CONRAD,
FORMERLY GITT & CONRAD,
Center Square, Hanover, Penna.

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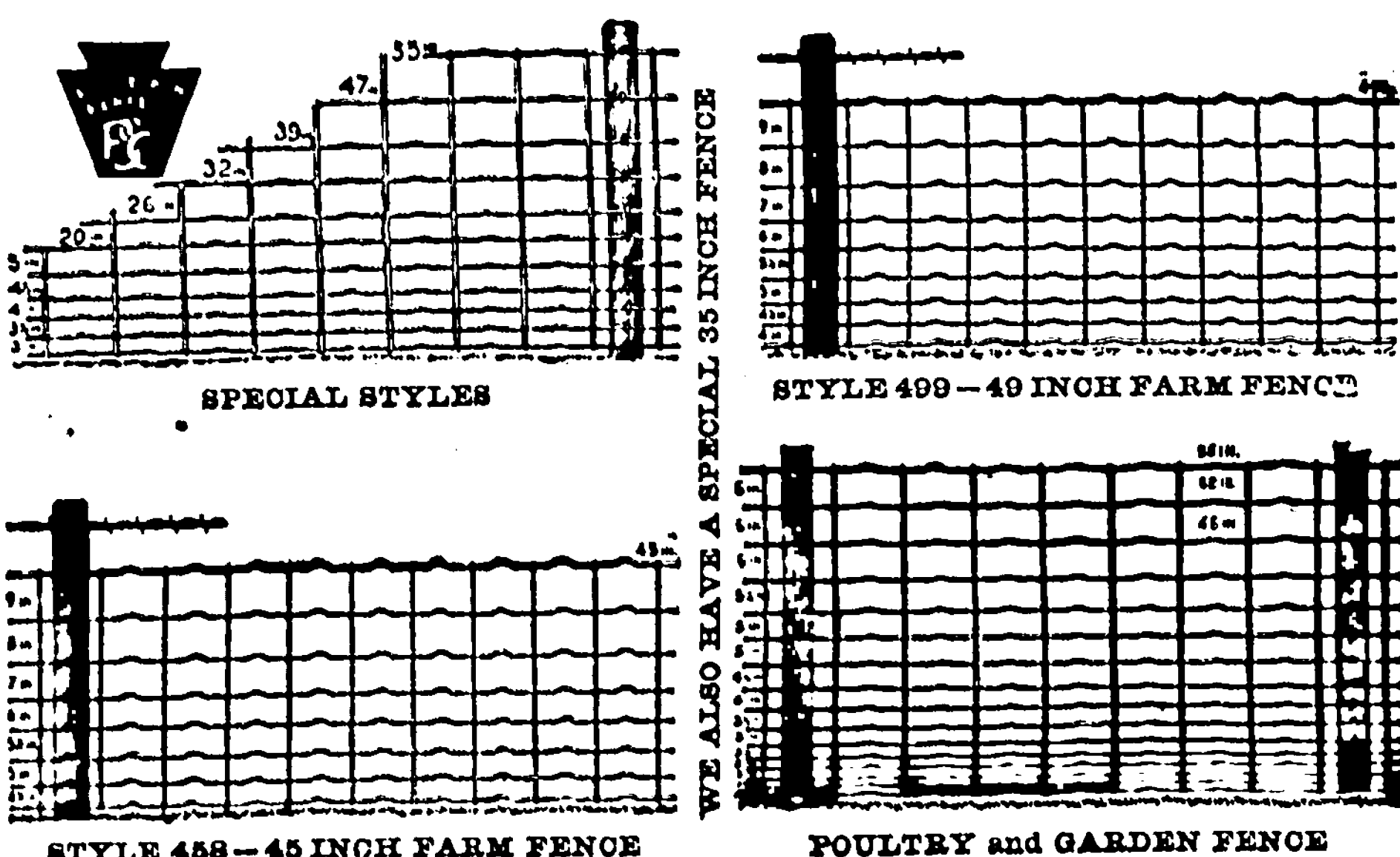
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White Lawn Shirt Waists, a large selection, at 50c to \$3. White, also Black China and Fans, in Silk, Lisle, Taffeta and Kid: Lisle from 25c up; Silk from \$1 up; Kid \$1.50 to \$3.30.

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